# ANASTASIUS:

OR,

# MEMOIRS OF A GREEK;

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE

OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1819.

London: printed by W. Bulmer and Co.
Cleveland-row, St. James's.

# PREFACE OF THE EDITOR.

Some apology may seem required for the publication of these Memoirs. The editor indeed trusts that no one will suspect him of proposing their hero as a model, his actions as examples, or his principles as praiseworthy: but he would not even willingly be supposed to present scenes—too frequently of vice—merely for the sake of affording an idle and unprofitable pastime. His aim is not wholly frivolous. In an age in which whatever relates to the regions, once adorned by the Greeks, and now defaced by the Turks, excites peculiar attention, he thought that this narrative might add to our information on so interesting a subject, not only by presenting a picture of national customs

and manners, but by offering many historical and biographical notices, not to be met with elsewhere, and yet, as far as their accuracy has been investigated, narrated with scrupulous regard to truth: — for though the author has probably brought forward under the mask of fictitious names, the persons and adventures of some private individuals, whom he might not have deemed himself warranted to drag before the public undisguised, he seems to have described public events and personages with all the fidelity of an historian. Unfortunately, the weeds in his work are so closely interwoven with its flowers, that only some of the rankest among the former could be plucked out, without detriment to the latter.

The MS. being ill written and full of erasures, some names of persons and places may have been mistaken; and in all of them it was extremely difficult to alter the original orthography to that which in

English would produce the same sounds. As a great part of the language was moreover in a familiar tone, and full of idiomatic and proverbial expressions, a still greater difficulty occurred in the necessity of rendering these by such English equivalents, as might convey the sense, and render it intelligible to the English reader, without wholly destroying the Eastern turn of the style, and the French, and Greek, and Turkish peculiarities of phrase, in which the narrative abounds.

For the explanation of such Turkish words or allusions to Eastern customs as might be least generally understood, the editor has added a few notes, conveying what little information he has been able to collect, respecting the constantly shifting scene of action, to which we are conveyed by the restless writer of these unvarnished *confessions*.

# ANASTASIUS,

OR

# MEMOIRS OF A GREEK.

## CHAPTER I.

My family came originally from Epirus: my father settled at Chio. His parentage was neither exalted nor yet low. In his own opinion he could boast of purer blood than any of the Palæologi, the Cantacusenes, and the Comneni of the present day. "These mongrel descendants," he used to observe, "of Greeks, Venetians, and Genoese, had only picked up the fine names they flourished about in, when the real owners dropped off: he wore his own;" and signor Sotiri saw no reason why he should not, when he went forth into public, toss his head, swing his jubbee,[1] like a pendulum, from side to

side, and shuffle along in his papooshes, with all the airs of quality.

This worthy man combined in his single person the various characters of diplomatist, husbandman, merchant, manufacturer, and master of a privateer. To be more explicit, he was Droguemann[2] to the French Consul at Chio; in town he kept a silk loom at work; in the country he had a plantation of *agrumi*;[3] he exported his stuffs and fruits to the principal sea ports in the Archipelago; and in the first Russian war he employed all his spare money in fitting out a small vessel to cruise against the enemy;—for so he chose to consider the Russians, in spite of all their amicable professions towards the Greeks. As a loyal subject of the Porte, and an old servant of the French government, he felt no sort of wish to be delivered from the yoke of the Turks; and he looked upon those barbarians of the North, who cared no more for the Patriarch of Constantinople than for the Pope of Rome, as little better than rank heretics, not worthy of being treated even like his silk worms, which every year he got carefully exorcised before their spinning time. I however remember, when a child, some buzz in the family, about my father's partner in the privateer—an Ispariote reis[4]—having one day made a mistake in capturing under the rocks of Jura a rich Turkish

vessel, which he went and sold to the Russians themselves, then stationed at Paros. Signor Sotiri shook his head at this intelligence, as if he did not approve of the transaction, and observed, "the less that was said about it, the better." I suppose therefore it was out of sheer humanity, that he preferred receiving his share of the prize money, to the sterile and barbarous satisfaction of hanging his associate.

Much improved in his circumstances by this untoward accident, my father would have given up his interpretership. Besides rendering him more or less dependant, it was uncomfortable in as far as, being very deaf, he never heard what it was his business to translate. But my mother liked the title of Droguemaness. She had never heard of the necessity of a Drogueman reporting speeches as he received them; and she reminded her husband how essential the protection of the French mission might be to some of his Greek speculations.

My mother was a native of Naxos, and esteemed a great heiress in her country. She possessed an estate of three hundred piastres a year, clear, managed by a relation of her own, Marco Politi; very wealthy himself, primate of all the Greek villages of the island, and a very great rogue.

My brothers and sisters—and there came, one by one, just three of each—all contrived to take

precedence of me at their birth, and consequently throughout the whole of their subsequent lives. The punctilio of the thing I should not have minded, but, among my countrymen, a foolish family pride exhausts people's fortunes during their lifetime in portioning their daughters: the elder sons ran away with what remained, and poor Anastasius brought up the rear with but an indifferent prospect. My kind parents, however, determined to make up for leaving me destitute at their death, by spoiling me as much as possible during their lives.

My eldest sister (I begin, as is proper, with the ladies) married a physician of the country, graduated at Padua. Robust as a hamal,[6] and never until her marriage having known a moment's illness, Epiphania seemed to bid defiance to her husband's utmost skill in medicine. But she was not proof against her own imaginations. Signor Sozimo expressed such constant anxiety about his "dear wife's" precious health, and gave her so much viper broth to keep up her strength, that she soon began to fancy herself in a bad way; and died at last of the mere apprehension of not living.

My sister Roxana, who would have been a beauty, but for a scar, which she chose to call a dimple, at an early age fell desperately in love with a Turk; and spite of all the remonstrances of her

friends, bestowed her hand upon this unbeliever. Nor was it until the very last of her offended relations had been prevailed upon to grant her an unlimited pardon, that she became conscious of the heinousness of her crime, and began to feel an unconquerable desire to re-enter the pale of our holy communion. This she at length effected, by never ceasing to bewail her apostacy, until her husband, in disgust, allowed her a divorce. Immediately she flew back at once into the arms of the church and into those of a young Greek, who, an effective instrument in her reformation, obliterated every trace of her first unhallowed wedlock, by a more canonical union. He truly laboured for the church; for he was by trade an agio-graphis, or painter of Saints; and connoisseurs esteemed him the Apelles of our district, in that line. His spouse sat for all his Virgins; and accordingly as she behaved well or ill, he used to paint them handsome or ugly: a practice which kept her very much upon her good behaviour. She was conceited about her looks, and wasted as much paint upon her cheeks as her husband did upon his canvass; a circumstance, however, which produced a striking resemblance between the portraits and the original.

As to my youngest sister, she deemed a two years obedience, well or ill performed, to a single

lord and master, quite trial enough for a woman, in this world. Her husband dying, she took the habit of a caloyera,[7] in a nunnery near the delightful district of the Lentiscs. There, the interest of her portion, together with the produce of her handy-work, enabled her to set up, according to the practice of our religious communities, an independent establishment; and to entertain her friends of both sexes, in a manner at once comfortable and decorous.

What shall I say of my brothers? The eldest was a loose and dissipated youth. To cure him of his extravagance, my father had him nailed to the desk of the strictest merchant of Smyrna. The consequence was that, instead of the clerk staying at home, desk, contents, and all, followed him out of doors, until, in a notorious tavern, the well tempered Brescia blade of a Zantiote captain put an end to his prowess, and saved him the mortification of being returned on our hands, as a hopeless profligate. Of all the family I felt the most grieved for his loss. He had a dark complexion, and a fine commanding figure. I looked upon Theodore with a certain veneration, as the prop of the house, and had purposed some day to take him for my model.

The dove is not more distinguished from the game-cock, than differed from the noisy blustering Theodore the sly, demure Eustathius, destined to succeed

my father in his place of Drogueman. A sleek, smooth-spoken, sanctified lad, with a round face and a red and white complexion, Eustathius, beside that little treasure his own dear self, which he always kept with the utmost care, valued but one other thing in this world, namely, money. Of this, after a long courtship, he had the good fortune, through dint of unabating perseverance, to marry a prodigious heap, encumbered, however, with a wary widow its mistress, who, after four distinct refusals, at last condescended to accept my brother as her slave, under the name of her husband But the chains Eustathius wore were of massy gold; and all he wanted was the pleasure of contemplating their glitter.

Constantine, my third brother, managed the farm. This hopeful youth, only a few years older than myself, used to hate me with singular asperity: though I never could account for it, except that he was crooked, and I, unfortunately, straight; an offence, however, which so many others shared with me, that he must have hated the whole human race, —as perhaps he did. It is true, I much aggravated my crime by one day observing, on his talking slightingly of the advantages of a handsome person, that "they were what none affected to despise, except such as could not make good their claim to them;" —I thought he would have stabbed me.

After all the rest of the brood had taken wing, I

remained alone at home, to solace my parents. Too fond of their favourite to damp my youthful spirits by fitting me for a profession, they kindly put off from day to day every species of instruction, probably, till I should beg for it; which my discretion forbade. Unfortunately, nature chose not, in the mean time, to be equally dilatory with my parents; and from an angel of an infant, I by degrees became a great lubberly boy, without any other accomplishment but that of flogging my top with the left hand, while with the right I dispatched my sign of the cross: for in some things I understood the value of time. My parents, as may be supposed, were great sticklers for punctuality in every sort of devout practice; mass-going, confession, lent observance, &c. Of moral duties—less tangible in their nature—they had, poor souls, but a vague and confused notion; and the criminality of actions, in reference to one's neighbour, they taught me chiefly to estimate according to the greater or smaller risk connected with them of incurring the bastinado from the Turks. As to manual correction at the hands of my own father, it seemed so desirable a circumstance, from the ample amends my mother never failed to make me for her husband's cruelty to her poor boy, that my only despair was at being able to obtain it so seldom.

Having contented themselves for a reasonable

number of years with wistfully contemplating—the Drogueman my active make and well set limbs, and the Droguemaness my dark eyes, ruddy cheeks and raven locks,—they at last began to ponder how they might turn these gifts to the best advantage. Both agreed that something should be done, but neither knew exactly what; and the one never proposed a profession, which the other did not immediately object to,—until an old relation stepped in between, and recommended the church, as a never-failing resource to those who can think of no other. My cousin had set the example by making his own son a little caloyer at twelve. Prohibited by the Turks from the trade of soldier, and by my parents from that of sailor, I myself saw nothing better, and agreed to the proposal. It now became necessary to give me a smattering of learning, and I was put under the tuition of a teacher of the Hellenic language, who assumed the title of Logiotatos, and only averred himself inferior to Demosthenes, out of sheer modesty. My idleness got the better of my preceptor's learning and diligence. All the gold that flowed from the lips of St. Chrysostom his favourite, could not, to my taste, gild the bitter pill of his lessons; and even Homer, much as I liked fighting out of doors, found but an indifferent welcome in school hours. The truth is, I had a dislike

to reading in the abstract; but when away from my books, I affected a great admiration for Achilles; called him, in reference to Epirus the land of my ancestors, my countryman, and regretted that I was not born two thousand years ago, for no other purpose but to be his Patroclus. In my fits of heroism, I swore to treat the Turks as he had done the Trojans, and for a time dreamt of nothing but putting to the sword the whole Seraglio—dwarfs, eunuchs, and all. These dreams my parents highly admired, but advised me not to divulge. "Just rancour," they said, "should be bottled up, to give it more strength."—Upon this principle they cringed to the ground to every Moslemin[9] they met.

The inclinations of the little future papas[10] for the church militant meantime began to appear more prominently. I had collected a troop of ragamuffins of my own age, of whom I got myself dubbed Captain; purloined from my uncle, the painter, one of his most smirking Madonnas for a banner; and, under the auspices of the Panagia,[11] set about robbing orchards, and laying under contribution the villagers, with all the devotion imaginable. So great was the terror our crusades inspired, that the sufferers durst not even complain, except in a body. Whenever, as chief of the band, I became the marked object of animadversion, I kept out of the way, until my father

had paid the damage, and sued my pardon for his backwardness in doing so. Once indeed when, tired of my pranks, he swore I would be his ruin, I begged he would quiet his fears, by granting me an unlimited leave of absence; pledging myself not to return till doomsday. This was too much for him. Sooner than part with his Anastasius, he would have bribed the peasants before hand to suffer all my depredations.

Thus early disposed and trained to the business of tithing, my father felt a little suprised when, on the eve of taking orders, I begged to be excused. For the first time in his life, signor Sotiri insisted on implicit obedience; but that first time came too late. I made it the last, by swearing that if he forced me to take the mitre[12] I would clap over it a turban. He gave way, and contented himself with quietly asking what I finally meant to do. "Nothing," was the answer of my heart: but the profession of doing nothing requires ample means. I therefore pretended a wish to learn trade. My father forthwith wrote to a Smyrna merchant of his acquaintance, to receive me into his counting-house.

Mean time I found an employment for my leisure hours, which put an end to all childish pastimes. Signor Sotiri, though, as before mentioned, a little hard of hearing, wanted not fluency of speech. His oratory had chiefly been exerted to render his patron

dumb. He constantly represented to him how absolutely the dignity of his station forbade his having the least conversation with the natives; and how incumbent upon him it was, though born and bred in the Levant, to appear not to understand a single word of its idioms. By this device, he kept all the speechifying to himself; and in truth, with the Turks in office, at all times more prone than strict politeness permits to compliment the representatives of Christian powers with the titles of "infidel, yaoor,[13] Christian dog, &c.," and at this particular juncture, more than usually out of humour, in consequence of the Russian war,[14] this was often the only way to save the consular pride from some little rubs, otherwise unavoidable in the necessary intercourse with the government. Hence Mr. de M—— not only never stirred from home without his interpreter by his side, but had him constantly at his elbow within doors; and made him the sole channel of all his official transactions: a circumstance which my father perfectly knew how to turn to the best advantage.

I too, in my capacity as the Drogueman's chief assistant and messenger, was in daily attendance at the consular mansion; which proved useful to me in one respect, as it gave me an opportunity of learning the French language, and that with the

greater fluency, from the circumstance of no one offering expressly to teach me. The old Consul having, between his dignity with the Greeks, and his punctilio with the Turks, but little society, I soon became, by the sprightliness of my repartees, a very great favourite. M. de M—— not only encouraged me to take a part in conversation, but would even condescend to laugh most heartily both at my witticisms, and my practical jokes; whenever neither himself, nor his servants, nor his relations, nor his friends, nor his protegés, were in the least implicated in them, or made to feel the consequences.

Mr. de M—— had an only daughter, the blue eyed Helena, the child of his old age. Deprived of a mother's watchful care, this lovely girl was allowed in her father's house an unrestrained latitude, and availed herself of her privilege with all the freedom of unsuspecting innocence. Her father, without being fond of music, loved the sound of an instrument. The daughter had been taught the harpsichord; but, full of life and spirits, she hated the mechanical drudgery of running over the cold clumsy keys of a huge cumbrous fixture, to which the performer, she thought, looked a mere appendage. Our light portable lyre, which the arms so gracefully encircle, and the fingers touch so lightly, she would learn to play upon most readily,—could

she but find a proper master. "Who more so," thought I, "than the son of the father's interpreter?" and forthwith offered my services. Though but a moderate performer, I had the advantage of always being at hand, and without being positively either accepted or refused, was soon employed.

Parents! who do not particularly wish your daughters to fall in love with their teachers, above all things avoid admitting under your roof any music masters, except such as are antidotes to that passion. Where harmony alone is to rule the sense, how can souls remain unattuned to each other? The boy's hand, in guiding the taper fingers of his pupil, will sometimes make them stray from her chords to his heart, and mistake for the vibrations of the one the pulsations of the other. The very lips of the fair one accustomed to re-echo the sounds of her teacher's voice, will by degrees respond to his feelings: and he who has so many means of disclosing his passion, and of insinuating a reciprocal warmth, without any imputation of forwardness, or breach of respect, will be more anxious to interpret the sounds he utters, than to disavow their sense.

For my part, I almost immediately felt my heart on fire, and soon Helena too caught the consuming flame. Nothing could tear us away from each other. The duets, begun in the heat of the day within

doors, were repeated in the cool of the evening on the stone seat before the house. Sighs interrupted the songs: and when the advancing night forced Helena to retire, her blue eyes looked like drooping violets steeped in dew.

The Consul had destined his little favourite, as soon as arrived at a suitable age, to a rich young Smyrniote, nephew to his correspondent. He dreamt not of the possibility of her falling in love with a Greek boy, habited in the dress of the country, and the son of his interpreter. It was rather a gratification to him, on seeing us so much together, to think that in her solitude she should have found the harmless pastime of our concerts.

My father saw deeper into the business. Had he conceived it likely to end in a marriage, and that marriage likely to bring his family any accession of weight or of fortune, he would, I make no doubt, have become as blind as he was deaf; but this he by no means thought probable. The old Consul was a good deal distressed, his salary must cease with his life, and he had nothing to leave his daughter at his death but his consular pride;—"and with that portion," observed my father, "she might indeed become a gem of the first water in the hands of a rich Smyrna merchant, who would set her in gold, but round our bare necks she could only prove a

millstone." He therefore warned me against carrying the intimacy too far.

His caution came too late. The less experience my pupil at first brought to her lessons, the more rapid was the progress she made under my tuition. Love's fullest harmony was struck, almost ere she suspected it whispered in our sighs. Indeed so much was she still in the first spring of her innocence, that she scarce seemed aware that in due time blossoms turned to fruits, until taught by experience. Then only she grew frightened, and at first sobbed incessantly; but by degrees, persuading herself that our attachment, when divulged, must end in our permanent union, she recovered a kind of composure, and resolved to let the discovery take its course; neither hastening the disclosure, nor yet trying to avert it, and rather rejoicing than dismayed that the slim Perote's[15] dress, which she wore for the sake of consular dignity, must betray the secret of her father's villa sooner than the ample involutions, of which our more wary females so well know the advantages.

I by no means sympathised in this calmness, or agreed in these wishes. What the too confiding Helena looked upon as the harbour in which her inquietudes must end, my father had taught me to consider as the quicksand on which all my hopes

must perish. I therefore tried to impress Helena with my utter inability to support her as my wife; and with the expedience of her enabling the Consul, by a timely confession, to save her honour without my inadequate assistance.

To the fair one flushed with love, the least proffer of prudential considerations is an insult. Exasperated at my discreet suggestions, Helena treated me with haughtiness—with contempt. "When she could bring herself to stoop to my lowness, did I fear any sacrifice that raised me to her level?"

Feelings such as mine could ill brook this taunting speech. To be told I was to consider as an honour beyond my deserts, the pennyless hand of one whose heart had attested too warmly my merits;—was this to be endured? All the blood of Achilles rose within me; I ran to the quay, and there let it rage in unison with the foaming breakers.

As long as the Smyrna scheme had remained in suspense, I saw an opening through which to escape; but my father had just received a flat refusal in that quarter. The merchant to whom he applied in my behalf, acquainted with my brother's adventures, felt little anxious for another scion of the same stock.

This disappointment had soured my father's temper, and disposed him to visit on me the sins of my brother. Having begun my education at the

wrong end, by leaving me every species of latitude: when he might easily have curbed my licentious disposition, he now gave it the finishing touch equally injudiciously, by trying, after my unbridled habits had become confirmed, to restrain me even in what I considered as reasonable freedom. I now was thwarted in every wish, deprived of every indulgence; and all this, apparently, for no other fault, except that from a chubby pratling child, to be hushed with toys and sweetmeats, I had not prevented myself from growing into a slouching, thoughtful youth, who too often demanded a supply of solid cash.

My mother too was to me an altered woman. The moment I no longer submitted to be fondled like a baby, she transferred her affections—against all rule and precedent—from me to the one among us, who had neither the claims of the youngest, nor of the eldest;—to Constantine. His hump had evidently operated the revolution in his favour; but whether, by making my mother wish to console him for this defect, or by causing her to consider him as endowed with an additional perfection, I never could make out. Certain it is, she used to gaze on his back as she before had done on my face, until her admiration sometimes put his own modesty to the blush.

Not habituated early enough to filial submission.

I no sooner felt the weight of parental authority, than I began to question its justice; and able to derive its rights only from the voluntary concession of the child, while its feebleness forces it to barter obedience for food, I considered its continuance, when the boy, enabled to earn his own livelihood, loudly demands his liberty, as an usurpation. Long, therefore, had I been meditating to seize some opportunity of eluding the parental yoke, even before I got entangled in the snares of love. The wound which my mistress inflicted on my pride, added new incentives to this resolution, and, after her mortifying speech, the only wish my mind remained capable of forming was, to abandon father, mother, mistress, friends, relations and home for ever. Indeed, no way in which I might sever myself from Helena seemed to me unfair, when I considered the stamp of humiliating selfishness she had chosen to imprint upon my constancy.

My brain thus in a ferment, I entered the first tavern I found open; and, though by no means addicted to intemperance, drank off draught after draught of our strongest wine, until the houses of the street seemed familiarly to nod to the ships on the wave.

Among these latter lay in the road a Venetian brig, ready for its departure. While I sat pondering

over my grievances the evening breeze sprung up, and the song of the sailors on board marked the heaving of the anchor. I accepted it as the summons for putting my design into execution. Running out of the house, I was soon rowed to the vessel; and reached it just as the sails were unfurling. I offered my services to the captain. He had lost half his crew in his last Egyptian caravan;[16] but still would only receive me as a simple cabin boy. The office seemed little suited to the son of a Drogueman, whose garment alone, I thought, should sweep the deck; but it was not a time to bargain, and I submitted. I crept into the hold among the ballast, until we should be out of reach of pursuit, and, when informed of my safety, jumped upon the deck, and ran to the stern to see what way we had made.

The moon was just rising in all her splendor, and a bar of silvery light ran across the spangled waves. The gradually increasing breeze rapidly carried us out of the streights of Chio. The different objects on the shore—mountains, valleys, villages, and steeples—seemed in swift succession first advancing to meet us, then halting an instant opposite our vessel to greet us on our passage, and lastly again gliding off, soon entirely to vanish away;—until, launched into the open main, we saw the whole line of coast more faintly marked, and gradually disappearing in distant darkness.

Various and opposite were the feelings which, as I stood contemplating the luminous track we left in the ripling wave, agitated my bosom: but, whatever direction I tried to give to my thoughts, they always reverted to Helena. In vain I sought to banish from my guilt-struck fancy her upbraiding image. As if in mockery of my endeavours, it seemed to assume a tangible shape. I persuaded myself I actually beheld the pale form of my mistress, half rising, with her hair all dishevelled, from the roaring billows, follow the fleeting ship, and with piteous moans call me back to her outstretched arms. I wished I could have stayed the swift-moving mass, and have rendered, by some magic spell, the rapidly receding keel a motionless rock on the wave, in order to enable the dear phantom to join me; or at least in order to have a few instants more to reflect on my conduct, and to retract my errors, ere the opportunity should pass by for ever. In vain! I felt as if an uncontrollable force kept impelling me on,— and at last; "it is useless," I exclaimed, "to contend! I feel it; I must yield to my destiny: I must perform the things set down for me be they good, or be they evil!"

As the dawn began to dispel the dark visions of the night; as the sun rose in all his glory to pervade the blue expanse of the heavens, and the

returning day shewed Chio like a faint cloud floating on the utmost verge of the waters, my thoughts assumed a brighter hue; my heart felt the weight upon it lightened; and the idea that I now was going to explore those distant realms which I so long had yearned after, filled me with expectation and delight.

Yet even this new joy was mixed with a terror of its own. At no period of my life had I yet outstepped the narrow pale of my native island, or obtained so much as a peep at the nearest objects beyond the streights by which it was bounded. Crossing over to the neighbouring islets seemed to me a long voyage. Smyrna had been, in my imagination, the utmost limit of the habitable globe; and as to Europe, I deemed it to lie somewhere not far from the antipodes. The unbounded prospect of the whole wide world bursting all at once upon me, struck my young heart with awe; and the sight of nothing around me but strangers, utterly unknown, and indifferent to my fate, was sad and appalling.

Soon, however, I was recalled from these vague and indistinct reflections, by feelings more definite, and more immediately connected with my present situation. I had scarce closed my eyes, when the captain, not wishing that I should have unpleasant

dreams, or any dreams at all, with a familiar tap on the shoulder, reminded me that it was time to begin earning my passage; and handed me over to his crew, to instruct me in my task. Mine no longer were indulgent teachers; and from being the little tyrant of my father's domestics, I now found myself the slave of every common sailor. While my companions—my masters I should say—sat down to their meals, I had to fast; and when they slept, I must watch. Their scanty leavings were my food, and it was only now and then that I could snatch from my constant toil a few moments of hurried and broken rest. Whatever awkwardness I shewed was followed by immediate blows; nay, it became a standing joke to call me to different places at once, that I might in some incur the punishment of unavoidable delay. My appeals to the mercy or justice of those around me, were treated with equal derision.

As I found it useless to complain, I stifled my feelings, and only kept watching an opportunity for escape or revenge. This made me particularly observant of all the manœuvres of the captain; some of which seemed sufficiently strange. At times, for instance, when not a cloud was to be seen in the sky, he would pretend to expect foul weather, and run for shelter under some lonely cliff, where he seemed more intent upon looking out for something

on the water than in the air; and though he affected vast displeasure at the unceasing drunkenness of his crew, one could almost have sworn that he put flasks of brandy purposely in their way.

One evening, in a profound calm, and while all the sailors, drunk as fishes, were capering round a tall pole crowned with myrtle, a boatful of Maynote[17] pirates, concealed behind the rocks of Antiparos, stole unperceived under our stern, and climbed up by the poop into the cabin. The master, who just before had gone below on some errand, and had been seized in the midst of his business with a most unaccountable fit of sleeping, was soon laid hold of, and gagged. All the stand of arms, neatly arranged round the room, were next secured; and the pirates, now rushing up stairs, easily mastered the few among the sailors who were still able to stand upon their legs; while they had nothing to do but to bind, hands and feet, the remainder, lying about the deck in a state of perfect insensibility.

Amid the general intoxication, I had been kept sober by my grief, and happened to stand near the cabin door, just when, at the window opposite, appeared the ugly features of the foremost of the Maynotes, who was preparing to slip in. My figure caught his vigilant eye, as he advanced his head; when, drawing it back, he put his finger on his

mouth, and frowned most formidable threats, should I disobey the sign. To this I felt not in the least inclined. I might indeed, by giving the alarm immediately, have saved the crew from the captain's treachery; but all had used me ill alike. I therefore answered the command by a gesture of ready compliance, and let things take their course.

In the beginning of the fray, the pirates affected to treat the captain very outrageously; but this appearance of enmity soon subsided, and by degrees they sat down amicably together, like old friends who understand each other's ways. Having so handsomely performed my neutral part in the business, I now was thinking to approach and put in my claim, if not for poundage, at least for hush-money,—when a new incident most provokingly blew up the well-concerted scheme.

It happened that just at this juncture, the famous Hassan Capitan-pasha[18] was in the act of delivering the Morea from its Arnaoot[19] oppressors. One of his caravellas,[20] stationed before Nauplia, by chance espied our doings, and immediately gave us chase. She soon obliged us to bring to; but, instead of liberating the vessel, treated her as a lawful prize. It is true that, while the Turks tied the pirates back to back, they only handcuffed the real owners. The captain shared the fate of his crew.

Thus was poetical justice dealt out to all, except myself; and thus was I, hapless Greek, compelled, in the space of four days, to bear the yoke of four different nations—French, Venetians, Maynotes, and Turks. Whether I gained by the last change, or only fell from Charybdis upon Scylla, I can only relate after I have premised a short account of the celebrated expedition, which I was so unexpectedly made to witness

## CHAPTER II.

In the first war between the Russians and the Turks, the most natural proceeding for Russia would have been, to attack Turkey from its southern extremity, where the two countries joined. The most surprising was, to send an armament from its northern shores, where the Russian and the Turkish empires were separated by the whole intervening diameter of Europe; and whence its entire circumference of coast was to be sailed round, before Russians and Turks could meet. This therefore was the measure preferred: and the Russian fleet had wintered, in its progress, at Leghorn, ere its commanders were determined in which part of Turkey to strike the first blow. The Greeks decided the question for them. A few turbulent Codgea-bashees[1] of the Morea, fearing the lash of the Turkish governor of the province, sent to the Russian commanders a forged plan of insurrection, as one already organised; and, on the return of the deputation, employed the promise of Russian assistance thus fraudulently obtained, to produce the commotion they had described as ready to break

out. Their labour was assisted by the Turks themselves. Suspecting a plot against them, these pusillanimous oppressors acted like men who, from the fear of falling from a precipice, plunge headlong down it. In their panic they massacred a whole troop of Zaccuniote peasants, peaceably returning from a fair at Patras, whom they mistook for an army of rebels marching to attack them. The cry of revenge now resounded from all quarters; and when, therefore, in the spring of 1770, the Russian fleet cast anchor in the bay of Vitulo, its commanders were received by the bishops of Lacedemon[2] and of Christianopolis, followed by Greeks of all descriptions, only begging as a favour to enlist under the Russian banners. Fair as seemed this beginning, the understanding between the two nations was short-lived. The Greeks expected the Russians alone to accomplish the whole task of their deliverance. The Russians had laid their account with a powerful co-operation on the part of the Greeks. Each, alike disappointed, threw on the other the blame of every failure. Their squabbles gave large troops of Arnaoots time to pour from every neighbouring point of Roumili into the peninsula; and the Russian commanders, seeing all chance of success vanish in that quarter, sailed higher up the Archipelago; leaving the Moreotes to their fate, and carrying away no other

fruits of the momentary contact of Greeks and Russians, but an increase of rancour between the two nations.

The ferocious mountaineers of Albania, who, under the name of Arnaoots form a chief part of the forces of the Othoman empire, and of the body-guard of its various Pashas, presented in their rugged and yet colourless countenances the greatest possible contrast to the regular features and rich complexions of the Greeks. In the faith of the two nations the difference is less marked. Wavering for the most part between Christ and Mohammed, the worship of the Arnaoots is generally determined by the master they serve; and many of those who, on the spur of pay and plunder, came to assist the Moreote Moslemen against the Christians, themselves professed the Christian faith. Their total number was computed at about twenty thousand: and when their work was achieved, they demanded their wages. The money was wanting, or at least the pay was withheld. This furnished them with a plausible pretence for disbanding on the spot, and paying themselves, by pillaging the country. Some, after laying waste the villages, drove the inhabitants before them, like herds of cattle, through the derwens or defiles that guard the entrance of the peninsula, and thus regained, with their new slaves,

their native mountains. Others remained stationary in the Morea: by installing themselves in the houses and lands of the Greek peasantry, they deprived the soil of its husbandmen, and the Turks of their subjects; and at last, finding no more rayahs[3] to oppress, turned their violence against the Moslemen themselves, and treated like the vanquished those whom they had come to defend.

Nine following years had seen eleven governors come, one after the other, with the most peremptory instructions to exterminate the banditti, and again depart without succeeding; some for want of sufficient force to repress their outrages; others, it is said, for want of sufficient resolution to resist their bribes.—At last the Porte sent Hassan.

By birth a Persian, by the fate of war a Turkish slave, by choice among the recruits yearly raised at Smyrna for the Barbary powers, and by his own merit advanced to the rank of Port-admiral of Algiers, Hassan-bey became at variance with the Dey. Justice was so entirely on his side, that prudence urged his immediate flight. After many wanderings, he found a patron at Constantinople in the famous Raghib, Grand Visier[4] under two successive Sultans, and yet permitted to die in his bed. In the memorable battle which the Russians, after abandoning the Morea, gave the Turks in the streights

of Chio, he commanded the admiral-ship of the Turks, which was attacked by that of the Russians, while the two commanders, Khassim and Orlow, both kept aloof from the fight. Prevented by his instructions from unmooring, Hassan towed his ship on its anchors, boarded the Russian vessel, and only threw himself into the sea, and swam ashore, when both hulks, on fire, and blown up together, mingled their wrecks in the sky. The Sultan, seeing his navy annihilated, and himself threatened with bombardment in his Seraglio by a fleet from the Baltic, now named Hassan his Capitan-pasha, and was saved.

At the peace, this commander exerted himself to form a new navy, and to introduce among the Turks as much of European tactics as their prejudices could bear. He had no immediate opportunity to try the effect of his improvements against a foreign enemy; but in an empire so extensive as that founded by Othman, when age has enfeebled its head, some distant extremity will always refuse obedience: and Hassan constantly found disturbances to quell in some quarter. In 1776, he made the Arab Daher—usurper of the sovereignty of Acre—atone with his life for the league he had formed with the Egyptian rebel Aly. The year following he punished Daher's sons for con-

tinuing their father's rebellion; and finally, in 1779, he received the Sultan's orders to expel from the Morea the refractory Arnaoots. Already was his army encamped in the plains of Argos, when one of the caravellas of his fleet stationed in the Bay of Nauplia, conveyed our mixed party of Venetians and Maynotes to that port, where, with my companions, I was—unceremoniously enough—stowed away for the night under a strong guard in a crazy barn; wondering what was to be our fate the next morning.

The place of our confinement had long been the undisturbed domain of swarms of musquitoes, who, ignorant of our unwillingness to trespass on their premises, seemed determined to resist the encroachment to the utmost. The constant buzzing and stings of these troublesome insects would alone have sufficed to deprive us of all chance of repose; add to which that, paired as we were according to the fancy of our guardians, and each closely connected with his immediate companion by every strongest tie of twisted hemp, the blows which each intended for his winged enemies in general only fell upon his pinioned associate. Excuses indeed followed, but were of little use in composing us to sleep. My other, but not my better half, in this forced union, suffered as much as myself, but seemed endowed

with more philosophic resignation. On my throwing out a few hints respecting the inconvenience of our bed chamber, the patient personage assured me I was fastidious. He had often seen worse apartments, and without the comfort of so much good company. This excited my curiosity; and, observing that it was impossible to think of sleeping, I entreated him to favour me with the description of some of those habitations, compared with which our present abode was such a fairy place.

"And so you want," he cried, "to know my adventures?—Well! and why not? You are young, and seem of a promising disposition. My example and my precepts cannot fail to benefit your inexperience, and I will therefore this once do violence to my natural modesty, in order to gratify your wish for instruction. What in fact is the use of great achievements, but to tell them? Only let me entreat that your feeling heart may not be too deeply touched by the distressing tale of my ill rewarded virtues."

"My early years," continued my companion, "offer nothing remarkable. They were spent in the inglorious occupation of cultivating my paternal soil. I thought it rather hard upon me that, whether I sowed my field or let it lie fallow, and whether it was I that reaped its produce or the locusts, the waywode[5] should equally exact the same enor-

mous yearly tithe, should look upon the destruction of my crops by hail and tempests, as the mere effects of my own malice, and should seize upon my instruments of husbandry, in order to make me more industrious. I thought it harder still that, on hearing how the conflagration of my hovel had consumed all my haratsh tickets[6] for ten years back, he should demand the whole sum, already paid, over again; and I thought it hard beyond all bearing when, after a temporary absence, in order to save my dearly taxed poll, I should, on coming back with some money, laboriously scraped together, for the purpose of redeeming my person and property, find all my little patrimony confiscated to the profit of my tyrant, as a punishment for abandoning what I returned to. In my rage, I flung myself on the ground; with my teeth gnawed the earth, that I might at least carry away some morsel of my paternal inheritance; and swore to make every Mohammedan I could lay hands on, however innocent, pay for the murderous waywode."

"This oath brought me good fortune. I succeeded in sacrificing several victims to my just resentment; and as I chose by preference such as, being in good circumstances, had most to lose, I always made a point of retaining what I found about them, lest other Mussulmen should profit by my performance.

"Steadfast attention to this particular gave my task a double interest. The only person I admitted to share with me, was the magistrate of the district; except, of course, where he himself happened to be the person stopped. Justice was much the gainer by this proceeding. Instead of the usual process of hanging a single individual, the Cadee[7] generally fined the whole community, for not being able to produce the offender."

"I had a distant cousin at Zante,—the flower of the family, and so much admired by all ranks for his bravery, that people used to contend for his assistance in settling their affairs of honour. The nobleness of his sentiments equalled his courage. He only killed, as it were, to oblige his friends; and so nice were his feelings, where his character was concerned, that, on being paid one day before hand by a certain nobleman, to chastise another sprig of nobility, and, on mature deliberation, thinking the reward too ample for the service, he dispatched his man outright, and so quieted his scruples, to the great delight and surprise of his employer. But these too disinterested sentiments at last obliging him to quit Zante, where merit excites envy, he came and joined me at Patras. From that period we only went out in search of adventures together, like Theseus and Pirithous, Orestes and Pylades,

and all the other worthies of old, whom my cousin had at his fingers ends;—and astonishing was the number of monsters of which we rid the world, not only above ground but under: for one night, in a cellar, we killed half a dozen Arnaoots, lying dead drunk on the spoils of our country; and that, without any body the next day being the wiser, or thinking but that the scoundrels had done the deed themselves, in a frolic. Never did we take a fellow's booty, whom we did not also rid of his life. To do otherwise would have been tempting Providence, and was against my oath. My conscience being thus kept clear of premeditated sin, and my mind regularly unburthened by confession of unintentional offences, I continued to prosper, until justice, entirely disregarding gratitude, chose maliciously to turn against me. In disgust, I joined some Dulcignotes, who, with the help of Algerine colours, avoided some aukwardness in taking Christian vessels. I myself had now begun to consider religious prejudices as unworthy of a liberal mind, and to view all men as equal before God. What right had I to indulge in partialities founded upon my own fallible judgment?—On this principle I no longer made a difference between Turks and Christians, and most conscientiously treated both alike. Still, such is the force of habit, that I own I always felt a

particular zest in stripping an heretic. To this moment, my mouth waters at the thoughts of the broad-bottomed Hollander, full of the richest spice and gew gaws, which I once helped to unload. She was going right before the wind, and with a brisk gale, just at the rate of two knots an hour, and had not a single picture of a saint, nay, not so much as a crucifix on board, or a taper to burn to the Virgin; though so tenacious were her punchy crew of their pipes, that, when chucked over-board, they kept puffing on, as long as their tobacco or themselves lasted. Their cargo set me up for a while, until fresh misfortunes led back the way to my old trade. The greatest piece of ill luck I reckon to have been my partnership with our present captain. Had I foreseen the bungler he would prove, I should have carried my wits to a better market. But no matter! — The most laudable intentions are sometimes defeated; and a little rub disconcerts not Panayoti."

Highly edified with the incidents of this worthy man's history, and still more with his candid and unassuming manner of relating them, I almost regretted that the dawn should so soon, through the chinks of the wall, break in upon his artless and unvarnished tale, to announce a speedy change of scene. In fact, very soon after, the doors of our

saloon were thrown open, and our party called out to be formed into marching order. The separate pairs, connected together by a thick rope into a single body, of small width but of prodigious length, offered the beauties of distinctness combined with those of blending; and, all set in motion by the simple mechanism of a kick bestowed in the rear of the foremost pair, immediately advanced, guided by a few spahis before, while others followed behind. Argos was the place of our destination, and in less than four hours our column reached Hassan's camp, scattered over the whole plain. Not only all the troops of the province had flocked round the commander's standard, but several Greeks even had obtained permission to join the Turks against those very Arnaoots whom, some years before, the Turks had called in to save them from the Greeks.

I had never seen an encampment, and the novel and striking sight absorbed all my faculties in astonishment and awe. I thought I beheld forces sufficient to subdue the whole world; and I knew not which most to admire, the endless clusters of tents, the enormous piles of armour, and the rows of threatening cannon, or the troops of well mounted horsemen, who, like dazzling meteors, darted by us in every direction, leaving clouds of dust behind them. The very dirt with which they bespattered

us seemed to me imposing; and every thing upon which I cast my eyes, gave me a feel of nothingness, which made me shrink within myself like a snail in its cell. I envied not only those who were destined to share in all the glory and success of the expedition, but even the meanest follower of the camp, as a being of a superior order to myself; and when suddenly there arose a loud flourish of trumpets, which, ending in a concert of cymbals and other warlike instruments, re-echoed in long peals from all the surrounding mountains, the clang shook every nerve in my body, thrilled me to the very soul, and infused in all my veins a species of martial ardour so resistless, that it made me struggle with my fetters, and try to tear them asunder. Proud as I was by nature, I would have knelt to whoever had offered to liberate my limbs, and to put into my hands a sword.

The tumult of my senses had not yet subsided, when, leaving the camp on our right, we were ushered into the court of a small habitation, in the town of Argos, to undergo an interrogatory from Hassan's Drogueman. We waited a good while before the gentleman came. At last he arrived.

How widely things often differ in reality, that bear the same names! In the Drogueman of the Capitan-Pasha, I had figured to myself a personage nearly of the same stamp with the consular interpreter at

Chio, who had the honour of being my father. I might as well have compared a wren to an eagle. The individual of the Tergiumanic genius, before whom I now stood, came with the state of a little prince, and seemed surrounded by a miniature court of his own. When he spoke his attendants only answered in a whisper: at his slightest commands they flew as if the fate of the empire were at stake; and when he smiled at a joke of his own, they all shook with laughter. As his movements were abrupt, and rather eccentric, it was amusing to see them scamper after him, trying to keep close to his heels, and not to be thrown out of their ranks by his vagaries.

From what cause it so happened I know not, but the moment this great man addressed our captain, who stood first and foremost of our troop, his eye fell upon me, though one of the very last in the column; and from that time forward he never more changed the object of his attention. For the space of half a second or so, indeed, he might glance at the intervening individuals whom he successively interrogated; but, uniformly, after addressing two or three words to them, his eyes again began to wander, to seek something further off, and when they had found me, they fixed themselves with their former steadfastness upon my humble

person. My business was to have looked respectfully away from so exalted a personage, or to have modestly dropped my eyes on the ground, as if I durst not encounter his sublime aspect. But this I attempted at in vain. As if under a fascination, I scarce could keep myself from gazing on him, with the same steadiness with which he perseveringly eyed me.

At last came my turn to speak. Questioned respecting my birth, parentage, country, cause of absence from home, &c. I told my little tale with tolerable ease as well as veracity, and my candour particularly shone in my strictures on the captain, who had not perhaps yet had so impartial and so observant a biographer. My recital amused, and when finished: " You little Greek rascal," exclaimed the Drogueman, " you will corrupt all these worthy Roman Catholics, if I leave you among them; so I'll keep you here, and let them go home, to swing on St. Mark's after their own fashion." With this compliment my companions were dismissed. They slunk sway, muttering some curses, which, under the Drogueman's mighty wing, I could afford to disregard.

Mavroyeni belonged to the most distinguished family in the island of Paros. He had from a child felt a spirit too expansive tamely to brook the restraint of his confined birth place. The rest-

lessness of his temper was increased by the predictions of a priest of Santirene;—one who foretold so much, that it was impossible but something, now and then, must fall out as he predicted. Fixing his eyes on the little Taooshan:[8] "Young man," cried he, as if inspired; "brilliant will be thy career; but may thy end be happy!" The first part of this twofold oracle gave an additional stimulus to the youth's ambition, the latter a new motive to his parents for checking its sallies: but, like other predictions, the one in question at last worked its own accomplishment. When Hassan Capitan-Pasha made the harbour of Drio in the island of Paros the summer station of his squadron, in its yearly cruise through the Archipelago, young Mavroyeni threw himself so frequently in his way, so anxiously implored his accepting an entertainment from his father, and so successfully paid his court to the commander, as to obtain the promise of his protection at Constantinople. Upon this he immediately went forth, plunged headlong into all the intrigues of the Fanar,[9] and through his own dexterity, and the patronage of the High-Admiral, in less than three years supplanted Argiropoli the old and long respected Drogueman of the navy; and gave his new situation an importance it never yet had known. Former Droguemen were nothing more than interpreters and spokesmen,

even to the most imbecile and stupid of commanders. To the most energetic and quicksighted of Pashas whom the Turkish navy yet had obeyed, Mavroyeni became an adviser and a friend. The lion at whose roar Moslemen trembled, shewed with the subtle Greek the meekness of a lamb; and even when, informed of his interpreter's unlawful transactions, Hassan for a moment felt his anger rise, and swore he would cut off the head that resisted his commands, Mavroyeni's appearance was sufficient to turn his wrath into complacency, and to draw down new favours on that head just devoted to destruction. Every outrage of Mavroyeni's on the laws, and on the habits of the Turks, only seemed to increase his influence with his patron; and the Greeks, still as prone as of old to ascribe each strange effect to some supernatural cause, ceased wondering at the Drogueman's sway, only to wonder at the drugs of which he composed his philter.

## CHAPTER III.

Received among the suite of this important Tergiuman,[1] I was soon made to exchange my miserable tarred jacket, for the ample benish[2] of finest broadcloth trailing on the floor, the first mark of my promotion; but I could not help regretting the loss of my raven locks, indifferently replaced, in my opinion, by a clumsy calpack[3] of short black lamb's wool. I swore I would some day, cost what might, doff my uncouth head-dress for one of those smart turbans of gilt brocade or shawl, worn with such a saucy air, over one ear, by the Pasha's Tshawooshes;[4] gentlemen who were seen every where, lounging about as if they had nothing to do but to sport their handsome legs, their vests stiff with gold lace, and their impudent bullying faces.

I had confidently expected that my first apprenticeship in my new service would have been to the use of the carbine and the sabre. Great, therefore, was my mortification when, instead of learning to shoot an enemy, or to cut down a rebel, I had to practise carrying a coffee pot, or presenting a pipe: and once, when a young fellow attendant displayed his wit in jokes on

my aukwardness, I got into such a passion, that I thrust the lighted pipe head foremost into his grinning mouth, and made his pert tongue smart for its petulance. An oldish, mild looking man, a privileged domestic, who, having served out his time, now acted as a sort of pedagogue to the new comers, discerning my aspiring disposition, took me aside.

"Listen, young man," said he, "whether you like it or not. For my own part, I have always had too much indolence, and too little ambition, not to make it my study throughout life, rather to secure ease than to labour for distinction. I have therefore avoided cherishing in my patron any outrageous fondness for me, which would have increased my dependance while it lasted, and exposed me to persecution, whenever it subsided;—but you, I see, are of a different mettle: I therefore may point out to you the surest and speediest way of attaining the more perilous height, short of which I know you will not rest satisfied. When you have compassed it, you may remember me, if you please."

"Know first that all masters, even the least loveable, like to be loved. All wish to be served from affection rather than duty. It flatters their pride and it gratifies their selfishness. They expect from this personal motive a greater devotion to their interest, and a more unlimited obedience to their

commands. A master looks upon mere fidelity in his servant as his due; a thing scarce worth his thanks: but attachment he considers as a compliment to his merit, and if at all generous, he will reward it with liberality. Mavroyeni is more open than any body to this species of flattery. Spare it not therefore. If he speak to you kindly, let your face brighten up. If he talk to you of his own affairs, though it should only be to dispel the tedium of being all day long the vehicle of other men's thoughts, listen with the greatest eagerness. A single yawn, and you are undone! Yet let not, however, curiosity appear your motive, but the delight only of being honoured with his confidence. The more you appear grateful for the least kindness, the oftener you will receive important favours. He will feel a pleasure in raising your astonishment. His vanity knows no bounds. Give it scope therefore. When he comes home ready to burst with its suppressed ebullitions, be their ready and patient receptacle. Or if at first he should feel some hesitation to indulge in familiar talk with one so inferior, discreetly help him on, provide him with a cue, hint what you heard certain people, not knowing you to be so near, say of his capacity, his merit and his influence. He wishes it to be believed that he completely rules the Pasha. Do not flatly tell him he does; but assume

it as a notorious fact, a thing which no one disputes. Be neither too candid in your remarks, nor too fulsome in your flattery. If too zealous a worship of truth would savour of disrespect to your master, too palpable deviations from fact might appear a satire on his understanding. Should some disappointment evidently ruffle his temper, appear not to conceive the possibility of his vanity having received a mortification. Preserve the exact medium between too cold a respect, and too presumptuous a forwardness. However much Mavroyeni may caress you in private, never seem quite at ease with him in public. A master still likes to remain master; or at least to appear so to others. Should you get into some scrape, wait not to confess your imprudence, until concealment becomes impossible; nor try to excuse the offence. Rather than that you should, by so doing, appear to make light of your guilt, exaggerate your self-upbraidings, and throw yourself entirely upon your master's mercy. On all occasions take care how you appear cleverer than your lord, even in the splitting of a pen. Or if you cannot avoid excelling him in some trifle, give his own tuition all the credit of your proficiency. Many things he will dislike, only because they come not from himself. Vindicate not your innocence when unjustly rebuked. It would be a reflection upon your master, and

exasperate him the more. Submit for the moment; and trust that, though he never will expressly acknowledge his error, he will in due time pay you for your forbearance."

To this friendly but rather long admonition, I made the customary return for good advice. I listened, while pinned down, with an air of impatience, and ran away, as soon as I was able. But though I thanked not the author, I took care to profit by the remarks.

Mavroyeni's situation subjected him to a species of persecution which almost balanced the pleasure of beholding the proudest Agas of the country daily cringe at his levee as lowly as at that of the Pasha himself. It was the annoyance of being visited by all his own relations and kindred, from every island of the Archipelago, far or near, large or small. He had not, in the remotest corner of the Levant, a cousin in the fiftieth degree, known or unknown, whom the fame of his favour drew not out of his den, to come to Argos, for the purpose of sharing, equipped after one fashion or another, in the good things which they imagined the Drogueman had nothing to do but to give for the asking; and relationships before dormant, or wholly obliterated, were now brought to light and supported by oral and written proof, so as sometimes absolutely to confound my master.

—nor could these anxious kinsfolks and friends be made to comprehend why the particular time when Mavroyeni went forth into public, or was surrounded by his whole court, should not be the very best for bustling up to their cousin, and roaring out their claims, or reminding him of their former intimacies. All day long they beset the Drogueman's door, when he was at h me, or lay in ambush for him, when he went out; and so great became at last the persecution, that at every new disembarking of passengers at Nauplia, he used to be seized with a fit of the ague.

There is a danger in doing things too well. What was at first volunteered as an extraordinary feat, is soon assigned as an every day task. I once happened to dismiss one of these troublesome visitors from my master's door too dexterously; and from that time it became my regular office. The appointment, it is true, could not have been in better hands. Without troubling the Drogueman for particular instructions, or annoying him with aukward messages, painful to the delicacy of a man who would rather have been thought only allied to Jove, whenever a new face presented itself at the door, I knew at once by its cut and dimensions whether it could conveniently be suffered to pass the threshold, or not; and when I found it either too long or too wide, or too red or too shining, or otherwise inadmissible or questionable,

I resolutely defended the pass committed to my care, was as formidably repulsive as Cerberus himself, and minded not even a little scuffle in the cause. sure of never being taxed by my master, for disrespect to his blood. Hence it happened that once or twice, on the Drogueman's expressing a fear that certain of these visitors might call, I had the pleasure to inform him that they had called, and would call no more; after which, whenever a stranger was announced, the answer: "Let Anastasius go to him," was quite sufficient to explain the reception he was to meet with, and the way in which his importunities were to be treated.

By thus anticipating my master's sentiments, I rose to such a degree of favour, that often, after having in public caused Turks of the highest rank to stare at his haughtiness, he would in private put his humble Cafedgee[5] in no fear but from his excess of familiarity; for frequently it left me almost unable to bear in mind the old preceptor's caution, and to refrain from overstepping my station. One evening, after other conversation: "Anastasius," said the Drogueman, "I told the Pasha to-day what a graceless stripling I had picked up. He will see you to-morrow."

A person so terrible as this Pasha, and who so filled the world with the mere sound of his name,

must, I thought, equal Homer's heroes in size. I estimated his stature, at the least at eight feet; and accordingly, when ushered into his presence, kept looking up at the cieling, until I nearly fell over a little man squatted on the floor, whom I only, by the commotion my heedlessness excited, recognised as the formidable Hassan. I know not whether the Pasha felt nettled at the abruptness of my approach, or had been discomposed before; but when, ready to sink into the ground with dismay at my blunder, I stepped back to repair it and kiss the hem of his garment, he no more heeded me than the dust of his feet which I brought to my forehead. Mavroyeni soon perceived that the moment was inauspicious, and made me a sign to withdraw. I immediately slunk away.

There is a something in my nature that revolts at every act of humiliation performed towards a fellow creature. Nothing but the extreme kindness of Mavroyeni could reconcile me to my servile situation; and his indulgence had made me expect equal caresses from Hassan himself; "I only stoop," thought I, when appearing before him, "to rise the higher." But when I found myself left in the dust in which I had been cringing, without gaining any thing by my submission but a contemptuous look, how deeply in my heart sunk the mortification!

Scarce could I contain myself while hurrying out of the room. On the very threshold I burst into a flood of tears.

Fresh constraint, however, soon again became necessary. My fellow attendants, to whom I had been boasting of my summons, were all waiting in a row, to know the result of my visit. Least its luckless and ill termination should make them too happy, I had to convert my sobs into smiles, at the inexpressible graciousness of my reception.

The principal tribe of the rebellious Arnaoots, the Beckiarees, established to the amount of about ten thousand in the very capital of the Morea, kept its governor, Mehemet Pasha, as some supposed, a willing prisoner. Hassan, ere he engaged in actual hostilities, once more offered them, on condition of immediately quitting the country, an unqualified pardon; but the hardened banditti, whether confiding in their numbers or in other less apparent means of averting the blow, rejected all compromise, entrenched themselves under the walls of the city, and bade defiance to the Pasha's forces.

Probably they expected to awe him by this shew of resolution. They were deceived. On the tenth of June, about noon, Hassan set out with four thousand picked men for Tripolizza, and continued on the march the whole night. Mavroyeni followed the

Pasha, and I followed Mavroyeni. In my capacity of Greek, and still more of Cafedgee, I had not the least hope of personally contending with the foe, and all my solace was the chance of a sly thrust at some run-away. But my master, desirous to let me have my share of all the good things that offered, after whispering something in the Pasha's ear, suddenly turned round to me: "Anastasius," he cried, "I have obtained his highness's permission for you to shoulder a musket, and to join in the fight, like an Osmanlee."[6]

The favour no doubt was inestimable; but its suddenness somewhat confounded me. I however felt that I must seem delighted, and though with something of a flutter about my heart, endeavoured to look all joy in the face. In order to confirm my assurance of unutterable satisfaction, I kept singing all the way; though now and then perhaps a little out of tune. But let it be recollected what I was:— a Greek, in whose hands, until that moment, a musket had been deemed, among Moslemen, a positive sacrilege, and who had only learnt by stealth to take aim at a sparrow.

I shall therefore not attempt to deny that, when the early dawn shewed in front of our column, between ourselves and Tripolizza, at the distance of only a few hundred yards, the whole Albanese encampment,

my stout heart began to beat; and that when, the next moment, I heard Hassan gave orders for the charge, breath seemed for a moment to forsake me. Shame however supplied the place of bravery. The danger I could not avoid, I determined not to think of; and, following the example of the more experienced warriors around me, I swallowed in a hurried manner several copious draughts of a certain nameless liquor, which on particular occasions the High Admiral wisely allowed himself to distribute among his followers; whereupon, whether it be that the inspiring potation did its duty, or that courage is infectious like cowardice, my heart, the very moment before almost sunk to my heels, rebounded with such energy, that, in my outrageous bursts of bravery, I could scarce refrain from breaking from the ranks, and engaging some hero of the adverse party in single combat, even before the line was formed;—and when the trumpet sounded the charge, when the onset began, and the whole body of cavalry at once rushed forward, causing the earth to shake under the horses hoofs, such grew my delirium, that I scarce saw, heard, or felt; much less had senses to think.

Mavroyeni had taken care to confide his Cafedgee, excellently mounted, to a trusty Spahee,[7] whose side he enjoined me not to quit. But at that moment

not heaven itself could have prevented my giving the reins to my warlike spirit. The cloud of smoke which arose, soon baffling the vigilance of my guardian, I gave him the slip, and, spurring my steed with all my might, at once plunged into the thickest of the fray. There, finding the loading of my pistols too tedious a process, I began hacking and hewing with my yatagan;[8]—consoling myself for any mistake I might make in the objects of my ire, with the thought that my blows never could fall amiss, where all alike were enemies to Christianity, and oppressors of the Greeks. If, upon this principle, I hit one or two of our own men, too much engaged to heed whence came the compliment, I made amends by cutting down as grim an Arnaoot as ever wore red whiskers, in the very act of measuring one of our Spahees for a back-handed blow; and by this feat, so happily timed and more happily observed, gained prodigious credit. It elated me to such a degree that, thinking myself quite invulnerable, I was next going to rush headlong amidst the only little knot of Lalleotes who still were maintaining their ground,—when my guardian, again catching a glimpse of my person, stopped my mad career, grasped me by the arm, and spite of my despair at not seeing the end of an affair in which I had taken such an active part

began dragging me away. The rout of the Arnaoots, however, at that moment becoming complete, he listened to the entreaties of those who had witnessed my behaviour, and again let me go. I darted forward like an arrow from the bow, and gave chase to the now dispersing foe.

Foremost in the attack, I soon was foremost in the pursuit. Among the Albanians, flying before us like chaff before the wind, two particularly caught my eye, who, somewhat apart from the rest, and brushing by a small patch of furzes, thought them a convenient cover in which to slink away. Steadfastly however I kept watching their progress, and enabled to trace their route by the motion of the bushes, I left the rest of the troop to follow this promising scent. Fortunately my fugitives, in their panic, instead of turning short upon me, when separated from my friends they might have cut me to pieces, only pushed forward, until the hindmost getting entangled among the briars, I lodged the contents of my carbine in his side, and made him bite the dust; while the other only ran the faster for his comrade's groans.

My great ambition had been to take a prisoner: to possess a slave. I therefore left the disabled man, as secure, to his own meditations, and with my biggest voice called to the other to surrender. Luckily he did not even look round at the stripling

who addressed him; but presently leaping down a little eminence, disappeared in a thicket, where I thought it prudent to give up the hazardous chace.

I now returned to the fellow whom I had left writhing on the ground, apparently at the last gasp. Thinking, as I approached, that I still perceived something in him like a latent spark of life, which might only wait to spend itself in a last home thrust, I swiftly sprung forward, and, for fear of foul play, plunged my dagger to the hilt in his heart, ere I ventured to take any other liberties with his person. This done, I deliberately proceeded to the work of spoliation. With a hand, all trembling with joy, I first took the silver mounted pistols, and glittering poniard, and costly yataghan; next collected the massy knobs of the jacket, and clasps of the buskins, and still more valuable sequins lying perdue in the folds of the sash; and lastly, feeling my appetite for plunder increase in proportion as it was gratified, thought it such a pity to leave any part of so shewy an attire a prey to corruption, that I undressed the dead man completely.

When however the business which engaged all my attention was entirely achieved, and when that human body, of which, in the eagerness for its spoil, I had thus far noticed the separate limbs only one by one as I stripped them, all at once in its full

dimensions struck my sight, as it lay naked before me; when I contemplated that fine athletic frame, but a moment before full of life and motion unto its utmost extremities, now rendered an insensible corpse, and that by the random shot of a stripling, whom in close combat its little finger might have crushed, I could not help feeling, mixed with my exultation, a sort of shame, as if I blushed for having taken a cowardly advantage of a superior being; and in order to make a kind of atonement to the shade of an Epirote—of a kinsman—I exclaimed with outstretched hands, "Cursed be the paltry dust which turns the warrior's arm into a mere engine, and striking from afar an invisible blow, carries death no one knows whence to no one knows whom; levels the strong with the weak, the brave with the dastardly, and, enabling the feeblest hand to wield its fatal lightning, makes the conqueror slay without anger, and the conquered die without glory!"

On the very point of departing, after this sort of expiatory ejaculation, with my heavy trophy, the thought struck me that I might incur a suspicion of sporting plumes not my own, unless I brought my vouchers. In that view I began detaching from his skull the Arnaoot's ears, as pledges for the remainder of the head, when at leisure to fetch it; but con-

sidering how many gleaners stalked the harvest field, and that if I lost my own head, I should get no other, I determined to take at once all I meant to keep. The work was a tough one, and the operation aukwardly performed, but I succeeded at last, and now in an extacy of delight, though almost afraid to look at my bundle, I returned to our party—for ever cured, by an almost instantaneous transition to temerity, of every sentiment of fear. Indeed such remained for some time the ferment of my spirits, that while I carried my load on one arm, I kept brandishing my sword with the other, still eager to lay about me, and to cut down whomsoever I met.

My master already informed of my prowess, and on the look out for my return, on seeing me arrive thus fierce and turbulent, immediately cried out: "Bravo, Anastasius. At your first outset, you are become a complete hero!"—"But," added he, laughing, "since the fight is over, and the enemy routed, suppose you put up your sword, and wash your face!"

The advice was seasonable. I had in the heat of the engagement received, I know not how, a cut across the jaw, of which the scar remains to this day, and shews a shining white ridge across my strong black beard.

The head, which, in imitation of my companions, I laid before the Pasha, he only treated as a foot-ball;—an usage which made me feel vexed for its dignity and my own: but when the whole harvest was got in, he ordered the produce to be built into the base of a handsome pyramid. The remaining Arnaoots of the peninsula, cut off at the Dervens, afterwards supplied its top, and thus afforded the inhabitants of Tripolizza a most agreeable vista, which they enjoy to this day. One of our men, indeed, attempted to keep back from the common store a skull of his own collecting, meaning to turn it into a drinking cup for private use: but the Pasha severely censured an idea "so disgraceful," he observed, "to a civilized nation like the Turks;" and was near making its author, in punishment of his offence, contribute to the building materials from his own stock. As for myself, when I came to offer my mite, I found that same Hassan, before so supercilious, all condescension. Bravery was with him the first of virtues: some said the only one!—Putting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out and gave me a handful of sequins; adding: "you are a brave lad; and if you will but become a true believer, you may rely upon me for promotion."

At this flattering offer, my heart rose to my lips. At once I would have answered: "Moslemin, or

heathen; or whatever your highness pleases!"—but a look from my master stopped my complying speech. I read in it a positive prohibition, and durst not disobey. Prostrating myself on the ground, I begged the Pasha would command his servant any thing but to renounce his precious faith. This behaviour had the good luck not to displease the Visier, and much to gratify the interpreter. It entirely gained me the heart of a nephew of Mavroyeni, his uncle's agent, named Stephan;—a man who was said to keep his accounts between this world and the next much more even than his older relation. Indeed, so little had the Drogueman the reputation of being tenacious on the score of religion, that I could not refrain from asking him, "why he should thus have stood in the way of his servant's fortune?"

"You fool," was his answer, "I only stood in the way of your ruin. Had you accepted the High Admiral's proposal, you would immediately have received some inferior appointment, and in that you would have been left to waste the remainder of your life. Your first promotion would have been your last. Despised by the Turks and shunned by the Greeks, you would have found support no where; and must henceforth have lived not only degraded, but what is worse, forgotten. Has it never struck

you," added he in a whisper, as if afraid of being overheard, "that if much were to be gained by a Christian turning Moslemin, there are others besides yourself sufficiently reasonable not to stick at the difference between Kyrie eleïson, and Allah, Illah, Allah?"[10]

This observation set all reply at defiance. I laid by my sword, and resumed my coffee-tray.

The interior of the Morea being liberated from the Albanians, Hassan determined to spend the remainder of the season in clearing its seas of the Maynotes. A strong detachment was sent with instructions to force the passes of mount Taygetus, the abode of those miscreants; and our encampment was in the mean time removed from the plain of Argos to that of Nauplia. Precisely the small slip of this otherwise delightful valley which is closest to the city, and extends under the tremendous rock of the Palamida, had, by the sea water constantly oozing in, been rendered a swamp, vying for noxious exhalations with the opposite morass of Lerna. Hassan, while waiting the issue of the expedition to Mayno, resolved, without knowing much of the garden of the Hesperides, to make this pestilential nook its fac-simile. And, by way of restoring to their pristine innocence and purity the somewhat deteriorated minds of his Arnaoot prisoners, had them

conveyed on shore every morning, chained two and two, to forward this rural design. Hands that never yet had wielded any thing but weapons of war and destruction, were now reluctantly seen to grasp instruments of peace and husbandry, and to exchange the sword and the carbine for the rake and the spade; and men only accustomed to cut and clip human limbs, gnashed their teeth with rage, at being compelled to prune orange trees, and to tie up carnations.

Like other distinguished personages, Hassan had his enemies in the capital. They represented his attempt on the impregnable fastnesses of Mayno as a mad scheme; they ceased not to inveigh against his extortions: but the crime they dwelt upon with peculiar eloquence and pathos, was his atrocity in employing Mohammedan captives to lay out his shrubberies; and one morning that Hassan, in the midst of his works, was inhaling in copious streams the incense of his courtiers vying in compliments on his taste, came a fulminating hattisherif from the Porte, to enjoin the immediate liberation of all his prisoners, and the return of his squadron to Constantinople.

Vain would be the attempt to paint the Pasha's rage. Striking his forehead with the imperial mandate, he swore he would obey its commands—

would deliver his prisoners from their bondage: but only in death! and ordered them to be marshalled for immediate execution. The signal was given; and at each waving of his hand fell a head. Every beholder looked aghast, but none durst breathe even a syllable of intercession for the victims. Fifteen heads already lay gasping amidst the parterres their wearers had planted; and seemed only a prelude to the fall of as many hundreds: when Mavroyeni at last stepped forward, and throwing himself at his master's feet, begged he would have mercy, not on the culprits who deserved their fate, but on his own innocent lilies and jesmines; which had done nothing to deserve being deluged in blood, instead of moistened only by the dews from heaven.

Perhaps the Pasha himself had already begun to reflect, not on the cruelty of his conduct, but on its consequences. Perhaps he was not sorry for an excuse to desist from his rash vow. His jocularity, between each new act of the disgusting spectacle, might only in reality be intended to slacken the progress of the slaughter. The flowers were pitied, the massacre stopped, the garden abandoned, and the not yet pollarded Arnaoots conveyed to the passes out of the Morea, there to be turned loose upon the remainder of the Turkish empire.

By the sacrifice of a few of the purses which he had collected, Hassan still obtained leave only to resign the command of the Morea to Hadgee Ibrahim, his own kehaya:[11] a man who, in turns pilgrim at Meccah, chief of banditti in Roumili,[12] slave merchant on the Black Sea, and soldier at the Dardanelles, was by no means the Pasha's unapt representative; but who nevertheless was only allowed to succeed him with the subordinate rank of Moohassil,[13] —the exhausted state of the Peninsula disabling it from supporting, in a governor, the burthensome weight of the three tails.

The news of the entire failure of the Maynote expedition became the signal for our departure. In my impatience to behold the capital, I had been counting the days and hours till we should sail, and had been frightened by many a report of our wintering at Nauplia. Inexpressible therefore was my joy, when, on the fifteenth of November 1779, I actually saw the anchors heaving, and the sails unfurled.

Behold me now at sea a second time, not like the first, on board a paltry trading vessel, only surrounded by tarred sailors, and myself toiling like a galley slave, but in a superb three decker, a positive moving city on the waves; basking in the sunshine of a visier of the first class; viewing, whichever way I turned my eyes, glittering officers

and guards; and having nothing myself to do but to wonder at all I saw. This I did abundantly. Not a hole or corner of the vessel was left unexplored; and, though exceedingly wroth on board the Venetian at being obliged to bear a part in working the ship, which I then thought an intolerable drudgery, I here, on the contrary, from being very much discouraged by the sailors in my attempts to assist them, found no pleasure so great; and was constantly lending a hand in setting the sails, bracing the yards, and imitating like a monkey, all I saw others do. Frequently, when my master sent for me to my birth below, I was up in the main top, and I seldom came down from this favourite station except to listen open mouthed on the carriage of a gun, to the glowing descriptions of the wonders and delights of the capital—the city by pre-eminence,—which some one or other of my companions was constantly praising. It seemed to me, though the wind continued unabatingly fair, that we never were to reach this earthly paradise.

On one occasion indeed the current of my thoughts, thus far uninterruptedly directed toward Stambool,[14] experienced a sudden stop, a total reflux. The intellectual tide, till then only flowing in one direction, at once ebbed, and set the contrary way. It was when we came in sight of my native land, of

my beloved Chio. While rapidly sailing before the wind along its verdant shores, a pang shot to my heart,—an indescribable yearning seized upon my soul. At the back of that ridge of purple crags, which I could almost touch with my hand, lived my aged parents; lived, sighed—perhaps sighed no longer—my injured Helena, the first loved of my heart! Were not the rocky screen betwixt, I might actually at that instant behold their now melancholy homes, and in less than an hour I might restore the mourning tenants to their wonted serenity. I might receive and bestow the embraces of love and of duty; I might again possess the united blessings of those whom I had so cruelly abandoned: I might tell them: "Anastasius has fought, Anastasius has vanquished, Anastasius returns to you. He returns to deposit at your adored feet, and to sacrifice to your love and your pardon, the laurels he has gathered and the praise and promises he has gained." "Now is," thought I—"but soon irretrievably to vanish—the moment in which to recover kindred, country, peace of mind, and connubial happiness. If again cast away, they must be lost for ever!"

Frantic at this thought, I hastily left the deck, and hurried to the Drogueman, to entreat that I might be put ashore, and allowed to return among my friends.

On what trifling circumstances depends the fate of our lives! Had I felt less anxious, I should have succeeded. I should have reached my master's presence, have preferred my petition, have obtained my suit, have been reinstated in my filial privileges, and probably at this time have been the happy father of a numerous progeny of my own, with the soothing prospect of a tranquil and respected old age.

A nail-head made the difference!—A nail head causes me, by remote consequences, at the distance of many years, to die in a strange land, a premature and painful death. Not sufficiently clenched in the boards, this unfortunate iron, (on which may lie all my sins!) protruded most unwarrantably from the steps of the cabin. Several times already it had caught my flowing dress; and each time condemned to decapitation, it had only been reprieved from thoughtlessness. In the eagerness of the moment, I hooked it with my shaksheer,[15] as I ran down stairs, and, losing my balance, fell, and came with my skull against the floor of the cabin.

Senseless from the shock, I only recovered to find myself lying on the deck, with my head in the lap of one of the Pasha's tchawooshes. The first thing upon which my eyes opened was his vest,—was one of those gorgeous specimens of embroidery,

which I had so greedily coveted, and had so fully determined some day to obtain: the first thing I heard was a condescending message of inquiry from the Pasha himself! So much glare dazzled my senses; so great an honour overpowered my weak brain For some time indeed, I scarce could remember what had occupied my thoughts, prior to my accident. All in my mind was confusion and darkness; and when I again began with some clearness to retrace my ideas, the contact was too immediate with one species of object near my heart, not to feel the attraction of other more distant treasures, weak in comparison. It now seemed to me a womanly act to cast away all the fruit of the perils I had past, of the reputation I had gained, and of the favour I had earned:—to exchange the fame and greatness that awaited me, for obscurity and oblivion; to prefer to the destinies of the eagle, soaring from region to region, those of the worm, content to die in the same clod in which he was born, and perhaps crushed to death before his time. by the more bold and aspiring. I knew I should be laughed at by all on board only for hinting such a whim; and, on further reflection, I felt not at all sure that my very filial duty itself did not make it incumbent upon me to seek at Constantinople that rank, which might be so powerful a protection to my parents on their little island.

Still, however, some inward doubt remained. As soon as I was able to move, I rose and ran to the side of the ship, to see what way she had been making since my accident, and whether there still was time to execute my design. Chio had already dwindled away into a scarce visible speck. The magnet ceased to act; my lately excited feelings subsided, and my no longer distracted mind gradually resumed its former hopes, its vanities, and its ambition. Its current again, as before, only flowed whither our prow was tending. Stambool again became as before its polar star;—and if some natural regrets still arose at intervals, the new and bustling scene which ensued, during the few days we lay at anchor before Mytilene and Tenedos, completely dispelled them. These days appeared to me so many ages, only from their delaying our arrival in the capital.

At last we entered the Boghaz![16] Stunned by the incessant thundering of an almost uninterrupted succession of batteries, lining the shore right and left all the way, I felt not the less as if sharing all the honours of their salutes, and could scarce repress my joy and exultation. In a few hours, I was to behold that celebrated city, whose origin lay hid in the obscurity of ages, whose ancient greatness had often been the theme of my infant wonder, and whose humiliation under the Othoman yoke I had,

in concert with my didaskalos[17] of Chio, frequently lamented with tears; but which—even in its present degraded state, and groaning under the despotism of the Turks—had, from a child, been the final object of all my views and wishes.

A most favourable wind continued to swell our sails. Our mighty keel shot rapidly through the waves of the Propontis, foaming before our prow. Every instant the vessel seemed to advance with accelerated speed; as if—become animated—it felt the near approach to its place of rest; and at last Constantinople rose, in all its grandeur, before us.

With eyes rivetted on the opening splendours, I watched, as they rose out of the bosom of the surrounding waters, the pointed minarets, the swelling cupolas, and the innumerable habitations, which, either stretching away along the winding shore, reflected their image in the wave, or creeping up the steep sides of the mountain, traced their outline on the sky. At first agglomerated in a single confused mass, the lesser parts of this immense whole seemed, as we advanced, by degrees to unfold, to disengage themselves from each other, and to grow into various groups, divided by wide chasms and deep indentures,—until at last the clusters, thus far still distantly connected, became transformed as if by magic into three entirely dif-

ferent cities,[18] each individually of prodigious extent, and each separated from the others by a wide arm of that sea, whose silver tide encompassed their stupendous base, and made it rest half on Europe and half on Asia. Entranced by the magnificent spectacle, I felt as if all the faculties of my soul were insufficient fully to embrace its glories: I hardly retained power to breathe; and almost apprehended that in doing so, I might dispel the gorgeous vision, and find its whole vast fabric only a delusive dream!

## CHAPTER IV.

It was with difficulty I could collect my scattered senses, when the time came to step down into the nut-shell, all azure and gold, which waited to convey the Drogueman's suite to the Fanar, where, with the other principal Greeks, Mavroyeni had his residence. Each stroke of the oar, after we had pushed off from the ship, made our light caïck [1] glide by some new palace, more splendid than those which preceded it; and every fresh edifice I beheld, grander in its appearance than the former, was immediately set down in my mind as my master's habitation. I began to feel uneasy when I perceived that we had passed the handsomest district, and were advancing towards a less shewy quarter; I suffered increasing pangs as we were made to step ashore on a mean looking quay, and to turn into a narrow dirty lane; and I attained the acme of my dismay, when arrived opposite a house of a dark and dingy hue, apparently crumbling to pieces with age and neglect,[2] I was told that there lived the lord Mavroyeni. At first I tried to persuade

myself that my companions were joking; but, too soon assured they only spoke the truth, I entered with a fainting heart. A new surprise awaited me within. That despised fir-wood case of dusky brown, the regular uniform of all the Fanariote palaces, and which seemed so much out of repair, that the very blinds were dropping off their hinges, contained rooms furnished in all the splendour of Eastern magnificence. Persian carpets covered the floors, Genoa velvets clothed the walls, and gilt trellice work overcast the lofty ceilings. Clouds of rich perfumes rose on all sides from silver censers. And soon I found that this dismal exterior was an homage paid by the cunning of the Greek gentry. to the fanaticism of the Turkish mob, impatient of whatever may. in Christians, savour of ostentation or parade. The persons of the Fanariote grandees were of a piece with their habitations. Within doors sinking under the weight of rich furs, costly shawls, jewels, and trinkets, they went out into the streets wrapped in coarse, and dingy, and often thread-bare clothing.

My arrival in the capital was almost immediately followed by a removal from my private situation, to a more public office. Whether the Drogueman of the Capitan-Pasha thought it unbecoming for a sprig of his own body—a Drogueman's son—to

appear in the capacity of a domestic, or whether he conceived a taooshan like himself, unconnected with his rivals in office, and entirely dependent on his nod, was, in point of trust-worthiness, the next thing to a Mamluke;[3] or whether, finally, he considered my acquirements and my capabilities as above being circumscribed by the exigencies of a coffee-tray, he had scarce had time to look about him, ere he conferred upon me the employment—I would say the dignity—of relieving him in some of the lesser details of his business, which consisted in every day attending at the arsenal, there to introduce to the High Admiral the persons, and to interpret the petitions, of Greeks and of foreigners;—for in the style of the Turkish diplomacy, a Christian Embassador demanding an audience, was introduced as a suppliant preferring a suit.

While, to perform the duties of his office, Mavroyeni himself held his usual station in the Capitan-Pasha's own apartment, I was installed in a small adjoining room, where I had to hear, to understand if I could, or, whether I understood or not, to set down, and to condense into the shortest possible written abstract, the long stories of petitioners, and the endless dialogues of disputants; a thing which, the less I could make out of the business, the better I always succeeded in. It was here I learnt that

art of generalising, so esteemed, as I am told, among Frank[4] philosophers.

Undoubtedly, had I had my choice, I should have preferred the truncheon to the pen. But the Drogueman had not the former in his gift; and the tedium of the latter was materially relieved by certain circumstances attached to its exercise. For it soon became notorious, that nothing assisted me so much in giving weight to a case, as a few sequins slipped from sheer absence of mind, between the leaves of the huge quire of paper always before me; and in this respect the difference between my master and myself only consisted in his receiving purses,[5] where I received single pieces.

Still, to one who loved money only as the means of pleasure, my confinement could not but be irksome; and the moment Mavroyeni disappeared, I too used to break up my levees, and to saunter about. Whenever my master was employed by the Pasha in some long-winded expedition, I proceeded, either to spend the money already earned in some of the costly articles displayed for sale in the various Tchartchees and Bezesteens,[6] or to procure new customers for my own shop, by boasting in the coffee-houses and taverns of my influence with the Drogueman. Was Mavroyeni, on the contrary, only expected to make a short absence, I contented

myself with taking a turn round the precincts of the arsenal.

In one of these rambles I remember being shewn two highly esteemed productions of the pictorial art, presented by the Drogueman to the Pasha. They were representations of two of Hassan's most memorable achievements; the surprisal of the Russians at Lemnos, and the bombardment of Daher at Acre. In these chef-d'oeuvres, all was depicted with the utmost accuracy—the vessels, the batteries, the guns, the very balls whizzing through the air, and the shells falling on the buildings. One feature alone was omitted in compliment to Turkish prejudices; a mere trifle—the combatants themselves! The picture certainly was not painted to the life; but this very circumstance—I averred to the Turkish officer my Cicerone—so far from lessening its value, was in my opinion, the most judicious thing I had ever beheld. The great point in works of art, my language master at Chio had told me, was only to bring forward the leading objects, the essential supporters of the action; and to discard all insignificant and superfluous accessories. Now, what was it that, in engagements by land or by water, did all the execution? The men?—By no means! They only stood aloof. It was the shells, the bullets, the grape shot. So much did the acuteness of this remark delight the officer,

that in his rapture he clapped his broad whiskers on my face, and swore I was the only sensible Greek he ever had met with. It was evident that he knew not a countryman of mine, whom I found one morning in excessive wrath with a Perote artist—a Frank,—for having painted him a Madonna with such force of light and shade, as absolutely to stand out from the canvass. He swore it was a scandalous production; —almost as bad as an image! And the poor artist could not even obtain praise for his talent, much less payment for his labour.

I had been several weeks at Constantinople, without yet seeing my patron's lady. Not that, like Turkish wives, she was kept secluded in his harem,[7] but, on the contrary, because, in order to enjoy greater freedom, she preferred spending her autumn at his villa on the Bosphorus. One afternoon Mavroyeni took me to Therapiah[8] in his caïck, and I was there presented to the Domina. She happened to be sunning her plump charms on the quay. Nothing could exceed the stateliness of her appearance; and had she not been as broad as she was long, she would have looked uncommonly dignified. Half a dozen female attendants who surrounded her had nothing to do but to support her august person; too important to support itself. One walked on before with a peacock-tail fan, to keep the flies from

her shining face; and another behind, to shake the dust off her still more lustrous gown.

An untoward accident was fated to happen, just as every thing seemed disposed to strike a new comer with all possible awe and admiration. At the furthest outlet of the channel, in the very middle of its silvery expanse, on the verge of the horizon, was descried a dark speck that looked endowed with motion. Rapidly the opaque body advanced, skimming the surface of the waters like a swallow; and, as it approached, it encreased in size and in consequence. Its wide extending fins dipped into the waves like the pinions of the swallow, while its sharp and prominent beak cut its way through the billows like the shark or the sword fish. All eyes were rivetted upon the threatening monster, and presently no one but myself any longer remained in ignorance of its nature or purport. It stood confessed,—O horror!—not exactly a dragon come to devour our princess on the seashore like another Andromeda, in order to give me an opportunity of signalising my gallantry as her Perseus; but something as bad, something worse, something full as savage, and much more inglorious: the Bostandgee-bashee[9] in his police boat, coming to nibble at the trains of the Greek princesses, which exceeded the standard of the Turkish sumptuary laws. At

this terrific sight the arms of the six suivantes all dropped with one accord by their sides, and with them dropped to the ground their mistress's train. The snow white ermine swept the filth of the road; while its wearer—who just before had appeared scarce able to stir a step without assistance—suddenly recovered the entire use of her legs, and waddled away by herself as nimbly as a duck pursued by a kite, until she got behind a wall, where she stopped to take breath.

As soon as the terrified party had safely reached the house, the fault of the precipitate retreat was laid on the impending shower. I had the imprudence, fool that I was, to run and look for a cloud. The only one I could find was that gathering on the lady's own brow; and my officiousness got me a look in that quarter, which boded more storms than hovered in March over the Bosphorus.

What could the company do, in the uncertain state of the sky, but collect round the tandoor?[11] —that safe refuge against the winter's rigours, that Eastern non-descript, which, in the angle of the mitred sofa, holds a middle character between the table and the bed; and underneath whose embroidered coverlet all the legs of the snug party converge round a pot of lighted charcoal, there to stew for the evening; while from its fringed outskirts, drawn over the shoulders, pop out and diverge

on every side their respective heads and head-dresses. Like the rest, I crept under the bed clothes.

This was my first time of being admitted to a gossiping party of quality; and I must in justice to its members confess, that it yielded not to those of inferior rank. In the course of an hour or two I heard a very reasonable quantity of scandal. There was no recent occurrence in church or state, army or navy, boards or bedchambers, the Bab-Humayoon,[11] or the back stairs, but was properly collected, combined, compared, dissected, amended, and circulated. I now for the first time learnt, to my infinite satisfaction, both the precise offence of the last Visier beheaded, and the precise length of the last feridjee[12] curtailed. I was informed in the same breath how the great Morosi managed his principality, and how the little Manolacki conducted his courtship; how the Patriarch had quarrelled with the Archons,[13] and how the Spatar[14] had beaten his wife; how the mortgages of the Church were redeeming, and how the Slipper money[15] of the Sultanas was engaged: and I so confidently heard it asserted by a gentleman on my right, that the conference between a certain Embassador and the Reïs Effendee[16] would produce a new war; and by a lady on my left, that the meeting between a certain Archimandrite and his ghostly daughter would produce a new Christening.

that I no longer doubted that the fumes of the brazier over which we sat, must have all the oracular virtues which issued from the cave of Delphi. On going to bed I expected from them very surprising effects, but to my disappointment I experienced none other than a dream, in which I beheld the Sultan pounding the Grand Mufti in a mortar,[17] and the pope of Rome standing by, crying bravo!—"Bravo!" echoed I with all my might,—when my own voice waking me, I got up to return with my master to the capital.

"Well, Anastasius," said the Drogueman to me as we were cleaving the waves of the Bosphorus, "how do you like our Constantinople life?"

"Very much;" was the answer evidently expected, but which I did not give;—feeling little edified with my visit to Therapiah, where I had had my share of the second hand insolence, which the Fanariotes take very quietly from the Turks, only to put it off among the Taooshans. "Not at all;" was the short reply I made.

The Drogueman stared. I felt I had been too laconic. "Were the rest of the Greeks I see here," added I, "at all like your Highness, the place would indeed be a paradise; but this capital seems to change the nature of whatever it harbours; and my countrymen, so gay, so light hearted at Chio,

seem at the Fanar at once dull and important. Besides, the difference made between Christians and Mohammedans here is too great, too mortifying. The few Moslemen of Chio mingle with its rayahs on a footing of equality. They almost reckon it a favour to be admitted to their junketings. But here, the very noblest of the Greeks—your Highness alone excepted—is daily exposed to the insults of the meanest Turk. Were it not for my principles, I would rather be a Turkish porter than a Greek prince."

Mavroyeni looked thoughtful. After a little pause: "You mistake, Anastasius," replied he, "in thinking the Greek of Constantinople different from the Greek of Chio. Our nation is every where the same. The same at Petersburg as at Cairo; the same now that it was twenty centuries ago."

I stared in my turn.

"What I say," continued my master, "is perfectly true. The complexion of the modern Greek may receive a different cast from different surrounding objects: the core still is the same as in the days of Pericles. Credulity, versatility, and thirst of distinctions from the earliest periods formed, still form, and ever will continue to form the basis of the Greek character; and the dissimilarity in the external appearance of the nation arises, not from any

radical change in its temper and disposition, but only from the incidental variation in the means through which the same propensities are to be gratified. The ancient Greeks worshipped an hundred gods, the modern Greeks adore as many saints. The ancient Greeks believed in oracles and prodigies, in incantations and spells; the modern Greeks have faith in relics and miracles, in amulets and divinations. The ancient Greeks brought rich offerings and gifts to the shrines of their deities, for the purpose of obtaining success in war, and pre-eminence in peace; the modern Greeks hang up dirty rags round the sanctuaries of their saints, to shake off an ague or to propitiate a mistress. The former were staunch patriots at home, and subtle courtiers in Persia; the latter defy the Turks in Mayno, and fawn upon them at the Fanar· Besides, was not every common-wealth of ancient Greece as much a prey to cabals and factions as every community of modern Greece? Does not every modern Greek preserve the same desire for supremacy, the same readiness to undermine by every means fair or foul his competitors, which was displayed by his ancestors? Do not the Turks of the present day resemble the Romans of past ages in their respect for the ingenuity, and at the same time, in their contempt for the character of their Greek subjects? And does the

Greek of the Fanar shew the least inferiority to the Greek of the Piraeus in quickness of perception, in fluency of tongue, and in fondness for quibbles, for disputation, and for sophistry?—Believe me, the very difference between the Greeks of time past and of the present day arises only from their thorough resemblance, from that equal pliability of temper and of faculties in both, which has ever made them receive with equal readiness the impression of every mould, and the impulse of every agent. When patriotism, public spirit, and pre-eminence in arts, science, literature, and warfare were the road to distinction, the Greeks shone the first of patriots, of heroes, of painters, of poets, and of philosophers. Now that craft and subtlety, adulation and intrigue are the only paths to greatness, these same Greeks are—what you see them!"

To me it mattered little whether the modern Greeks resembled the ancient or not, as long as I was not reckoned on a footing with my neighbours the Fanariotes. I therefore paid Mavroyeni a compliment on his oratory, and let the subject drop; still muttering to myself: "Stambool was a detestable place!"

It remained not always so. The Fanariotes—whose defect is not want of quicksightedness—soon perceived that I was a great favourite with the

favourite of the favourite *par excellence:* and as no ramifications of this genus, however distant, were to be neglected, I began to enjoy my due share of adulation and of consequence. Those who before were deaf when I spoke to them, now addressed me the first; and the identical joke which formerly left the muscles of every face unmoved, now had the power to set a whole table in a roar. With my situation, my manners underwent a total change. The rude exterior of the islander had been exchanged among the Caleondjees[18] of the Capitan-pasha for a swaggering braggadocio air. The martial strut was now laid aside for the smooth simpering smile of the courtier. Instead of spluttering out my unpolished sentences by half dozens in a breath, as if I had more words crammed in my throat than my mouth could give utterance to, I now practised with a nonchalant air to drop only now and then a significant monosyllable, so profound in its meaning that no body could get at it;—and as to the mother tongue, the Romaïc[19] idiom, it was no longer to be used, except interlarded with such scraps of French, Italian, and Turkish, as to render it almost unintelligible to the vulgar auditor. Athwart my borrowed languor and effeminacy, however, the native vigour and raciness of the soil would break forth now and then with such energetic bursts, as both astonished and

delighted the Fanariote fair. To them my rough-cast homage offered an acceptable contrast to the mawkish tenderness of their every day admirers. My freedom passed for naiveté, my neglect of forms evinced a flattering devotedness, and my rustic exterior promised affections more robust and lasting, than could be expected from the sickly natives of a large capital. Flattered by the men and smiled upon by the women, I now said to myself—"Stambool is a charming place!"

So great, indeed, became in it my vogue, that, had my fastidiousness been less, I might have boasted my mistresses, as our great men have their pelisses, suited to every season of the year: for while autumn still continued to pour forth from her golden lap every richest fruit and dainty, a grocer's fair spouse—herself the image of ripeness and of plenty—offered to feed my good will with figs and raisins, to pay for the sweets of my converse in honey and comfits, and to support the ardour of my affections with rosoglio and with spice: when winter began to chill the blood, the sleek helpmate of a furrier would fain have dispelled my freezing coldness, by means of cat and rabbit skins, nay, have raised the wished-for warmth in my heart, at the expense of all her husband's rarest ermines and sables; and, when

returning spring enamelled every field with fresh flowers, I beheld at my feet a whole bevy of beauties, just budding, like the violet and the daisy, and, to own the truth, as little exalted:—but comfits were only lures for boys; ermine had no charms, except as the garb of royalty; and even beauty itself could scarcely obtain even my passing attentions, when destitute of rank and fashion.

The first lady possessed of these latter attributes, whom I found disposed to cast an eye of compassion on my sufferings, was of the devout order, and the very domina who had excited the oracular ingenuity of one of the party, on my first visit to Therapiah. The worthy Archimandrite, to whom were entrusted her spiritual concerns, had, on the application of her husband, been exiled by the Patriarch to the holy mountain,[20] in order to pursue his meditation with less interruption. The lady, now finding that even the long beard of a priest was not able to screen her reputation, resolved to try whether the beardless face of a boy would ensure it from further scratches.

A first success, obtained in a distinguished quarter from real preference, leads to others granted by vanity. But with my fashion increased my fastidiousness. All could not catch that laid snares for me; nor could all keep that caught me. My favour was

precarious, and,—a little tyrant in love—I treated the tender passion quite in the Turkish style.

Still I continued undistinguished, nay, unheeded, by the proud Theophania. Not even by accident could this lofty lady's looks descend to my level. She appeared unconscious that a being so insignificant as myself existed, filled its portion of space, and breathed the same air with her noble lungs. If she wished to move from one part of the room to another, and I happened to stand in her way, her hand would mechanically push me aside, without the participation of her mind, like a chair or a table, while her averted eye was directed to some more distant point of space. In vain I might lay myself out for her approbation,—I could not even obtain her satire. The very ridicule of Theophania would have been too much notice for one so low as me. It was positive condescension in her, one day when, in an humbler quarter, I shewed myself insatiate of adulation, to turn round to me, and with some impatience to say; "great people, sir, are praised: little ones should be at the trouble of praising themselves!"—So violent indeed was her temper, and so sarcastic her conversation with individuals of every rank and degree, that even the most distinguished among the Fanariotes only approached her with fear and trembling, and, as soon as the indispensible rites

of politeness had been performed, hastened away, ere, like the drones in a hive, they felt the sting of this intractable queen bee. The shafts of Cupid she had usually turned aside by her petulance; but the few times they happened to draw blood, she had loved as others hate.

Undismayed by these difficulties, I swore she should be at the feet of the Taooshan, whom she vouchsafed not to suffer at her own; and thenceforward bent the whole force of my genius toward attracting her attention, and exciting her interest. When therefore she, who at first had feared to disgrace her pretty pouting lips with the mere sound of my name, began to abuse my person and my character with most loquacious virulence, I considered my triumph as secure. "Theophania," cried I,—though not yet loud enough to be heard by herself,—"you only pursue me with contemptuous looks, to feast your eye on my person; and you only load me with opprobrious epithets, to fix your mind on my image!"

If at last—which love and discretion forbid my ever boasting!—the prize rewarded my pains, yet troublesome was its tenure. The Euxine passes not more quickly from tranquillity to storms, than from serenity to passion changed my tempestuous and variable mistress. One moment, infatuated to per-

fect forgetfulness of her pride and station, she would clasp my knees in extacy, and, humbling herself unto my very feet, glory in her debasement; the next, choaking with rage, she would suddenly start up again, rail at her degradation, wonder what she saw in me to admire, and charge me, on my life, to disclose by what spell I had compelled her affections; but again, after having heaped upon me every direst execration which her fertile fancy could suggest, her passion would take another turn, and, bursting into a flood of tears, she would conjure me by all that was most sacred, if I could not return her love, at least to pity her agony—and assist in breaking the charm I had wrought, by rendering myself purposedly as hateful as possible.

What more could I do than I did? The only thing she ever saw me coax were my own little budding mustachoes, whose education and growth I watched over with the tenderness of an anxious parent: the only thing she ever heard me praise, were the qualities to which she had the least pretension; self-command, endurance, meekness. The preferences I felt in other quarters, I freely owned; and the consolations I found, when she banished me her presence, I regularly enumerated. In my vulgar exultation (for vulgar it was) I treated with the familiarity of a clown one who had been used to the

deference of a queen; and to all such as had formerly suffered from Theophania's insolence, I boasted of being their avenger. Yet in spite of my conduct her love lessened not; it only became more notorious; it afforded a sneering public a richer treat; and at mass every eye in the church seemed constantly vibrating between the grated gallery above, where Theophania sat with the other women, and the part of the nave below, where by her express desire I took my station, in order that she might see me during her devout prayers.

Let man make his confidential friend of no woman, except such an one as he cannot possibly make his mistress; viz. his mother, his sister, or his aunt. If she happen not to stand with him in any of these forbidden relationships, be she ever so old, or ugly, or infirm, she will end by feeling disappointed; and will accuse her unsuspecting friend of both too much and too little reserve.

A quiet demure looking woman—one of those persons with whom one feels as much at ease the first time of seeing them as with an old acquaintance—once or twice so good naturedly cautioned me, when on the point of imprudently courting public censure, that I determined professedly to open to her my whole heart and circumstances. Why not? "She

herself had renounced all love engagements. They gave more trouble than they were worth; and she infinitely preferred to the feverish enjoyments of passion, the calm pleasures of friendship—that is, of stable male friendship, which one could depend upon. A tenderer intercourse she only contemplated in others, at a distance, by way of amusement, and in order to study human nature in its different varieties and shades. As to female friendship, she held it in the contempt it deserved." The looks of this good lady had informed me that she perfectly knew all my doings. Giving her my confidence, therefore, was only binding her to discretion; and at first I saw every reason to congratulate myself upon this determination. The tone of my new friend with me was that of a mother with her son; overflowing only with parental tenderness. Her whole anxiety was to keep an unexperienced youth out of difficulties. But I soon found that from her appeals to my prudence, the company present was always excepted. Incensed at this discovery, I spoke in anger, and was answered with asperity. We parted, no more to meet in friendship;—but I continued not the less to live in the remembrance of this excellent person.

Theophania's husband held one of the highest offices at the court of Moldavia. He was wont to

date his days of repose from those of my attentions to his wife. He could have raised a statue to my merits from sheer gratitude, were statues ever raised in modern times from such an antiquated motive. All he prayed for was the permission to keep his eyes shut. This was precisely what my little friend would not grant. Qualified for the task she undertook by my former confidence, she kindly forced upon him such irrefragable proofs of his wife's imprudence, as permitted him no longer to be blind to her conduct.

I was so accustomed always to be the last in my appointments with Theophania, that one day in the verdant valley of Kiad-hané,[21] the favourite haunt of the Cupids of Constantinople, I felt rather nettled at finding myself, though much after my time, the first at the place of rendezvous. Still I waited, and waited on; until impatience began to fan my languid flame, and Theophania's star began to mount. Alas! while I was trying to cool my ardour by contemplating from the Keoschk the fleeting stream in which the weeping willow was gently dipping its delicate spray, as if striving to steal a last parting caress from the waves that fled its embrace, little did I imagine that the proud Theophania was jogging along in a rumbling kotshi—screaming until she was able to scream no longer—to the borders of the

Black Sea; thence to he conveyed in an open boat —much too sick with the motion even to scold—to the port of Galatsch, where a stout mule waited to carry her, bumping in a basket, to the presence of her loving husband! He gave her a tender embrace, assured her she had a decided vocation for the monastic life, and accordingly, whisked her off the next morning to the most secluded convent in the province of Valachia; where I understand she has continued ever since fasting, praying, and scolding, by turns. As soon as I heard of her adventure, I went and thanked my little friend for the service she had unintentionally rendered me.

My own day of retribution from the hands of my master was approaching. Neither my affair with Theophania, nor even, I believe, my daily neglect of my official duties, was the cause of my disgrace. It was the cloud, the fatal cloud, which I could not see, when the Bostandjee-bashee passed by Therapiah; but which nothing could dispel from *madame's* angered mind, except my dismission. Her husband would have preferred to have kept me; but, among the tongues he commanded, that of his wife had never been numbered in the family. He neither could stop it, nor yet had acquired the facility of listening to its explosions as to the softer murmur of a mill. He therefore might rule in great affairs abroad, but

always ended by obeying in little matters at home: content to save his credit by pretending to do from choice what he did from necessity.

One evening, after having repeated my frequently pardoned error of staying out the whole day, I was, on coming home, disappointed of the lecture I expected at my master's hands. Instead of blustering as usual, Mavroyeni asked what had detained me, in the most placid tone imaginable. I now gave myself up for lost. It was precisely the tone which the Drogueman was wont to assume when fully resolved to have no further dealings with the person who had offended him, he deemed reproach an useless waste of breath. I however made out a little story, which Mavroyeni listened to very patiently; and then pointing to the door, desired me to walk out, and never to walk in again.

I knew him too well to have the least hopes of his recalling a sentence uttered in this manner. My only remaining solicitude, therefore, was to make a dignified retreat. After a profound bow—of defiance rather than of respect,—I strutted away, carrying my head so high that I knocked it against the sofite of the door.

But in spite of my seeming indifference I felt injured, if not degraded; for in surveying my conduct, I only took into account the last drop that

rose above the brim; the rest was hid within the vessel.

I need not observe that what to me appeared the heighth of injustice, was deemed by the remainder of the family only a tardy and inadequate act of equity. Such as it was, however, it caused great jubilation; and in the twinkling of an eye, the whole Fanar was informed of the Secretary's disgrace:—only it was ascribed to my having, with a pistol in one hand, and a sword in the other, made such proposals to madame la Droguemane, as she could not possibly listen to—from her husband's clerk.

Eaves dropping never was among my fancies. Nor was I fond enough of puzzles, to put together broken sentences, which in general may be made to bear any signification; but one's own name is a great stumbling block in the way of one's discretion: and when, crossing a dark passage as I went out of the house, I heard mine pronounced with great vehemence, the sound acted like a talisman. It rivetted me to the spot. I stopped to hear my panegyric. All I could collect, however, was only that, most abundantly hated while, in the fresh zeal of my service, I chose to perform more than was set down for me, and to do better than others, I had since retrieved my character in the family, by mending my ways, and neglecting my business.

On that account I now carried away a certain portion of good will. The party present regretted my fall; but the chief orator consoled himself by thinking me such a daring and dexterous fellow, that, happen what might, I was always sure to come down upon my legs.

"Amen!" cried I, walking out, "I accept the omen!"

## CHAPTER V.

As the night was already far advanced, I went, until the next morning, to one of those temples of hospitality, which are never shut against a stranger who sues for admission with a silver tongue. It was sheer churlishness in me, no doubt, to defer for so many hours affording my numerous friends the constantly wished-for opportunity of testifying the sincerity of their regard. As soon however as the sun had risen high enough to shine upon their munificence, I determined no longer to delay their happiness. I even resolved, in order that none should complain of being omitted, to begin my visits methodically at one end of the Fanar, and not to leave off till I had reached the other extremity. In the course of this experimental round, I found the warmth of my well-wishers precisely in an inverse ratio to their means. The higher classes made it a matter of conscience not to receive a servant discarded by his master. Those of a lower degree expressed their willingness to continue my friends, as

long as I had a piastre left: only reserving to themselves the privilege of dropping me, the moment their poor assistance became desirable. Nothing however stopped me in my circuit, until I had knocked at the furthest door in the district:—for I still bore in mind the last words I had heard under my master's roof, and wished to preserve an authentic record of my obligations to each of my friends. When no one remained to apply to, I cast up the sum total, and finding it a cipher, wished them all at the devil, and crossed over to Galata.[1]

I here got, for my money, a new set of cronies: —jolly souls, who, not possessing a para[2] of their own in the world, never inquired what others were worth, but lived from hand to mouth, banished care, and set melancholy at defiance. They initiated me into a lower and more riotous species of intemperance than the decorum of my former situation had admitted. Every day we met in some of the taverns of the neighbourhood, where my new friends contributed their share of the entertainment in sallies at the expense of my old one's; and I, in ready cash. It was quite consoling to hear how they pitied the Drogueman for losing such a treasure as me; how they laughed at my wit even before I spoke, and how they drank every instant to my health, and the success of my schemes. No day passed without

a party of pleasure being proposed, for the sole purpose of keeping up my spirits. And, lest I should not be aware how entirely they all joined in it for my sake, no one ever ventured to enquire the cost. Indeed, so far from presuming to offend my delicacy by requesting to share in the expense, they thought it a proper compliment to my liberality, to borrow from me whatever money they wanted. Not for the world would they give another the preference!

As soon as my finances were exhausted, my companions of course disappeared; not, however,—to do them justice,—from choice, but from sheer necessity, and because having been entirely supported by me, they now had to shift for themselves. When my embarrassment became known, one person only came forward to relieve me, and that a female too, and one who had not much reason to be pleased with my proceedings—the little grocer's wife, whose figs and raisins I had disdained. Hearing an exaggerated account of my distress, and thinking me absolutely starving, she trundled away with all her pristine affection still at the heart, and a large pot of marmalade under each arm. These, and all else her shop contained, she pressed me to dispose of. Too proud to owe to charity what I could not earn by love, I pointed to my dress, which had cost a

great deal, and still was worth a few sequins, even to an old clothesman; and begged she would not urge me. " I will not receive," cried I, " where I can make no return; but when you thought I wanted bread, you brought me conserve of roses; and if any fresh ones ever strew my path, the deed shall be found recorded in the very kernel of my heart!"

Without leaving the poor little woman time to answer, I ran off to the only one of my dispersed associates whom I knew where to find. I wanted his advice; and felt sure he would not refuse what those who will give nothing else, are often the most profuse in.

An ascent of about fifty steps brought me to his exalted abode. Its tenant might truly be said to look down upon the world. Just at mid-day signor Vasili was awaking from his night's repose. On entering his aerial apartment, I still found him sprawling on his couch,—stretching one arm, putting one leg to the ground, rubbing his eyes, and giving such a yawn, that I thought he would have swallowed at least half Constantinople, spread out before him. At my unlooked for visit he stared, shook himself, as if to be certain he was not dreaming, and disposed his ears in silence to listen to my story.

" I came,"—I said,—" to ask how people lived

who had not the usual and ostensible means of subsistence?" This Vasili had done so long, that it never struck him it could puzzle any body. He therefore still continued some time staring at me in utter silence as before, in order to collect his thoughts. At last, jumping up in such a fury as almost to startle me, he seized hold of my arm, and led me to the window. The prospect from it extended over the immense city of Stambool unto its utmost boundaries, and shewed the inside like a prodigious ant's nest, where, far below the eye, myriads of little insects were bestirring themselves, crossing and jostling each other, and running backward and forward in every direction. I praised the view, said it was undoubtedly delightful to the eye, but still I could not see how it was to feed an empty stomach." "It may teach how to fill it with something else, though;" cried my friend Vasili; —now for the first time breaking his long protracted silence. "Of the thousands you behold in those streets, on those quays, in those boats, on the land, and on the water, one half scarce knew this morning how to get a meal at noon, and a place of rest at night; yet I will engage that every blockhead of them by this time has broken his fast, and will find a hole to sleep in! Why therefore should you fail, but from possessing too transcendant abilities? Only scare not away your invention by your fears, and—depend upon it—some means of livelihood will

present itself! However, what leisure I can give to help it forward, I shall willingly bestow.

So saying, Vasili thrust his hand in his pocket, and hauled forth a heap of the smallest coin of the realm. This treasure he poured on the sofa, and divided into three equal parts. Then, laying his finger on each in succession, "the first," said he, "we shall drink together this morning, in order to whet our invention; the next I reserve for my own wants to morrow; the third is yours, until you find it particularly convenient to repay me. Your brain thus will have an entire holiday, before you need call upon your wits for your livelihood; and, when you thus are upon a par with myself, the deuce is in it, if you cannot do as well!"

I thanked my generous friend: but just as we sallied forth to fulfil the first article of this partition treaty, he cast his eye upon my attire. It was no longer the flowing robe of the Fanar[3]—the anteree of state: I had exchanged that for the more dashing short dress of my last intimates. A rich embroidery covered the seams, and a costly velvet formed the ground work. "I am thinking," said Vasili, "that your present wardrobe ill suits your purpose. Who can fancy a purse, stiff with gold outside, to be empty within? Supposing, therefore, on this occasion we give business precedence over pleasure, and, reversing the dreams of the alchymists, change gold into

baser substances. We may afterwards adjourn to a tavern to drink success to your metamorphosis. The showyest caterpillar, you know, must become a chrysalis ere it can soar a butterfly."

I could have dispensed with the chrysalis state: for though poor, I still liked to look well; but I yielded to my friend's arguments, and hied with him to Sultan-Bayezid,[4] to change the outward man. While we were looking for something suitable to our purpose, in stepped a worthy Israelite, who came like ourselves, not to sell, but to buy. A still decent beneesh—but of a dusky hue—hid under a heap of gaudier dresses, seemed to catch his fancy; which the salesman no sooner perceived, than all the powers of his oratory were summoned to extol the article in question. He had better have been modest about it. The Jew,—both by nature and by cultivation an adept in the business,—now put upon his mettle, at once began to pour such a torrent of profound observations on the art of old clothes dealing, that the seller was glad at last to give him the cloak for nothing, ere he let all the by-standers into every deepest mystery of the trade.

In truth it was diamond cutting diamond. The Hebrew himself had long professed, in the elegant quarter of Hash-keui,[5] the noble trade of old clothesman; until bankruptcy forced him to quit his dis-

trict and his profession. Having early in life served an Esculapius of his own nation, with whom he learnt a few terms of medicine, he now resolved to turn physician himself. The thing was easy enough at Constantinople, where a man need only stalk about in a furred cap [6] and a dark coloured gown, followed by an attendant with a small square chest, to have all the men hold out their wrists, and all the women put out their tongues to him—in consultation.

The cap had already been provided. The beneesh was immediately put on, and the very attendant chosen in petto. For, to the hawk's eye of my Israelite, my anxious look at once bespoke me the very thing he wanted. Calling me aside, he made the proposal without much ceremony. I was ostensibly to be his servant, but in reality his partner. Even that clause, however, could not sweeten the nauseous draught. I felt so indignant at being proposed to for an apothecary's apprentice, that, without making any answer, I went and imparted the impertinent offer to my friend Vasili. But in that quarter I found little sympathy. "See," said he, laughing, "how fortune throws herself into your way. I wish you joy of your good luck." This speech I was willing to take as a joke, but I found it to be serious; and more incensed than before, "Sooner," I cried, "if all other trades fail, would

I in one of those coarse and dingy Lahse[7] jackets there, work for my bread in the fields! The earth cannot degrade its children, and no one requires a character to plough the           True," replied Vasili: "but one may require a constitution, though. and who in their senses, pray, would take such a spindle-shanked fellow as you are just now, with a face as pale as a turnip already, and an eye, round which "rake" is written in most legible black letters, to dig his garden for him? Ere you had half done, he would expect to have your own grave to dig! For my part, I would try what requires neither stock, nor capital, nor labour, nor even science as I take it, nor any thing but the impudence of which you possess a sufficient stock; were it only for the fun, and to see what no one but a physician ever sees. For, more potent even than gold, medicine will let you into the deepest recesses of the harem; and who can tell but, like our friend Lorenzo,[8] you may feel Sultanas' pulses."

This was setting the masquerade in its most tempting light. It tickled my fancy; and I struck the bargain with the Jew. He was to carry his own Galen, in the shape of the best half of an old missal, stolen from a Capuchin; I undertook the medicine chest, with all its pills of starch, and all its powders of pipe-clay. The only thing I insisted

upon as a *sine qua non* in the treaty, was not to appear in my new character in any of the streets I had before frequented; and to this ultimatum the Jew readily enough agreed. Matters thus settled between us, I somewhat dolefully exchanged my gaudy apparel for a dress in unison with that of my principal, and, after vainly begging, in gratitude for my friend Vasili's advice, to have the honour of making upon him my first experiment in this new profession, walked away with my grotesque patron.

Immediately we began stalking through all the lanes and by-streets of the capital; I, with a pace exactly regulated by that of my master who walked before me, and both of us turning our heads constantly from right to left and from left to right, like weather cocks, to watch every call from a door or signal from a window; but full as much on the alert to avoid old faces as to court the notice of new ones. Now and then, when we had time for idle chat, I used to advise Yacoob—that was my principal's name—to provide himself with a proper license for killing the Grand Signor's subjects, in the shape of a diploma from the Hekim-bashee.[9] He denied not the expediency of the measure, but he always found some pretence for delaying the performance. At first his poverty prevented the purchase; afterwards, the pressure of business; and so long did we go on, without

any inconvenience from the neglect of the said formality, that at last we began to think we never should feel the want of it, and totally forgot there was such a person as a Hekim-bashee.

Ours was an off-hand method of practice. As all cases were pretty much alike to our skill, a single feel of the pulse generally decided the most difficult treatments. Our patients—chiefly of the industrious class—could not afford long illnesses; and these we certainly prevented. What most annoyed us was the headstrong obstinacy of some individuals, who sometimes insisted they still felt disordered, when we positively assured them they were cured. Had they been killed instead, they would not have complained! Still more disagreeable incidents now and then occurred. Called in one day to a woman in convulsions, Yacoob, I know not why, prescribed a remedy which the Turks regard as an insult. In her rage, the woman flew at him, and bit off half his ear. It was all I could do to save the other half. Another day (a Mohammedan festival) a set of merry-making Osmanlees insisted on Yacoob's putting on an European dress, which they carried about on a pole, that they might kick him through the streets as a Frank; and though he actually refused a fee for gratifying their whim, he nevertheless was made to go through the whole ceremony.

I remember a quieter but more impressive scene.

One evening, as we were returning from the Blacquernes,[10] an old woman threw herself in our way, and taking hold of my master's garment, dragged him almost by main force after her into a mean looking habitation just by, where lay on a couch, apparently at the last gasp, a man of foreign features. "I have brought a physician," said the female to the patient, "who perhaps may relieve you." "Why will you,"—answered he faintly,—"still persist to feed idle hopes! I have lived an outcast: suffer me at least to die in peace; nor disturb my last moments by vain illusions! My soul pants to rejoin the Supreme Spirit; arrest not its joys: it would only be delaying my eternal bliss!" As he spoke these words—which even struck Yacoob sufficiently to make him suspend his professional grimace—the last beams of the setting sun darted across the casement of the window upon his pale yet swarthy features. Thus visited, he seemed for a moment to revive. "I have always," said he, "considered my fate as connected with the great luminary that rules the creation. I have always paid it due worship, and firmly believed I could not breathe my last whilst its rays shone upon me. Therefore carry me out, that I may take my last farewell of the heavenly ruler of my earthly destines!"

We all rushed forward to obey the mandate. But

the stairs being too narrow, the woman only opened the window, and placed the dying man before it, so as to enjoy the full view of the glorious orb, just in the act of dropping beneath the horizon. He remained a few moments in silent adoration; and mechanically we all joined him in fixing our eyes on the object of his worship. It set in all its splendor; and when its golden disk had entirely disappeared, we looked round at the Parsee. He too had sunk into everlasting rest!

Our easy successes amongst the lower orders, by degrees made us aspire at higher patients. We took to attending the poor gratis, in order to appear qualified to try the constitutions of the rich; and by appearing to have respectable customers, we got them. A Beglier-bey [11] of Roumili—the great-grand son of a Sultan on the mother's side (for on the father's, such filiations are stifled in the birth) was passing through Constantinople. One of his Armenian grooms chose to thank Yacoob for having been relieved by nature from a troublesome quinsy, and recommended him to his master's kehaya. The kehaya also—in spite of Yacoob's attendance—got the better of his rheumatism, and praised us to the head eunuch. The head eunuch, left by us as we found him, spoke of us in high terms to his master; and the Visier, on being seized with an indigestion

for which he had laboured very hard, himself condescended to send for us to advise him. He however determined to have two strings to his bow, and to consult the stars as well as the faculty: so that my master found himself pitted against a Moonedgim,[12] who recommended an emetic, while Yacoob insisted on a contrary remedy. The Visier, determined to be right, slily took both, thinking thus to make the opposite opinions meet. The medecines certainly did; and by their conflict kept us, for a while, in as violent a perspiration as the Pasha himself. As however the disorder only proceeded from too free an indulgence of a good appetite, the double remedy, though a little violent, in the end proved beneficial; and after suffering a few sympathetic pangs, we ultimately reaped both reputation and profit from our treatment of this three-tailed patient.

Thus we were enabled to quit our itinerant mode of life, and to set up near the Backtché-capoossee[13] a shop of decent appearance, furnished with jars and phials of all sorts and sizes. These we inscribed with the names of the most costly medecines, while the inside bore witness to their rarity. Instead of going in pursuit of patients we now waited till they came or sent. In the course of his practice my principal had discovered that, if some ailments will only obey a face furrowed with age, youth and fresh-

ness best dispel certain others; and these he left to my sole management.

Our Visier, (he was ours, body and soul) had his two regular wives—fixtures in the capital. But to his home establishment he added a lighter travelling equipage of half a dozen slaves, Circassians and others. Among this latter troop, the stag-eyed Fathmé shone like the full moon among the stars. Besides her patron of eighty or thereabouts, this fair one boasted two other equally strenuous admirers; the black eunuch who guarded the harem, and the old governess who kept its contents in order. These two personages used to devote half their time to the cares of their own persons, and the other half to watching that of their rival. Both having intrusted us with their health, each took an opportunity of hinting how agreeable I might make myself, by putting that of the other beyond the reach of contingencies. It was a glorious hint! Without going the whole length of the modest request, I might contrive to keep Signor Suleiman and Signora Zelidah confined to their beds, while I made my enquiries after the health of their prisoners; but unlooked for incidents marred this bright scheme.

Disappointed at Yacoob's not being able to restore him at fourscore to the vigor of forty, the Visier had, unknown to my master, called in a new ally;—

the very person whose lynx-eye Yacoob dreaded more than the spectacles of all the imperial Moonedgims put together, namely, the chief physician of the Seraglio. No wonder that on beholding the crabbed visage of this crusty Triestene the first thing one morning, as he came in triumphantly with a phial of soap-suds and cinnamon, which he swore would renovate the last defunct Mufty himself, poor Yacoob should have looked as if he saw the Medusa. He however had presence of mind enough to dash the phial to pieces, and then to be in despair at the accident. It gave him, in the pretence of running home to repair the loss, a decent opportunity of making his retreat, with the full determination never more to go near the Pasha's door. This availed him little. The old devil of a Triestene, who at his exit sent after him the ugliest grin I ever beheld, had our characters inquired into; and, satisfied that we practised unlawfully, denounced our doings to the president of the killing college. The Visier, the more incensed at being duped, from the pleasure he promised himself in bringing together two such eminent men as the Hebrew and the Christian doctors, threw in his weight against us, and the consequence was our being sentenced to an exemplary punishment. As we sat brooding over the misfortune of the Pasha's proving less a fool than we

thought, a posse of police myrmidons entered to ransack our shop and to take us to prison. These gentlemen, however, as usual, began their official functions by emptying all our phials and gallipots into their stomachs. This proceeding, and its consequences, caused us a short respite.

While our first guardians were engaged, a new set was to be sent for: but these conveyed us without further delay to the place of our confinement. The very hour I had destined for consoling the fair Fathmé in her prison, I was ushered into that of the Bagnio.[15]

## CHAPTER VI.

The vast and high enclosure of the Bagnio, situated contiguously to the arsenal and the docks, contains a little world of its own, but a world of wailing! One part is tenanted by the prisoners made on board the enemy's ships, who, with an iron ring round their legs, await in this dismal repository their transference on board the Turkish fleet. This part may only be called a sort of purgatory. The other is hell in perfection. It is the larger division, filled with the natural subjects of the Grand Signor whom their real or supposed misdemeanors have brought to this abode of unavailing tears. Here are confined alike the ragged beggar urged by famine to steal a loaf, and the rich banker instigated by avarice to deny a deposit; the bandit who uses open violence, and the baker who employs false weights; the land robber and the pirate of the seas, the assassin and the cheat. Here, as in the infernal regions, are mingled natives of every country —Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews and Gipsies;

and are confounded individuals of every creed—the Mohammedan, the Christian, the Hebrew and the Heathen. Here the proud and the humble, the opulent and the necessitous, are reduced to the direst of equalities, the equality of torture. But I err: for should some hapless victim—perhaps guilty of no other crime but that of having excited the Sultan's cupidity, still wear on his first entrance the livery of better days, his more decent appearance will only expose him to harsher treatment. Loaded with the heaviest fetters, linked to the most loathsome of malefactors, he is compelled to purchase every alleviation of his burthen, every mitigation of his pain, at the most exorbitant price; until the total exhaustion of his slender store has acquired him the privilege of being at least on a level with the lowest of his fellow sufferers; and spared additional torments, no longer lucrative to their inflictors.

Every day a capital fertile in crimes pours new offenders into this dread receptacle; and its high walls and deep recesses resound every instant with imprecations and curses, uttered in all the various idioms of the Othoman Empire. Deep moans and dismal yells leave not its dismal echoes a moment's repose. From morning until night, and from night until morning, the ear is stunned with the clang of chains, which the galley-slaves drag about while

confined in their cells, and which they still drag about when toiling at their tasks. Linked together two and two for life, should they sink under their sufferings, they still continue thus linked after the death of either; and the man doomed to live on, drags after him the corpse of his dead companion. In no direction can the eye escape the spectacle of atrocious punishments, and of indescribable agonies. Here perhaps you see a wretch whose stiffened limbs refuse their office, stop suddenly short in the midst of his labour, and, as if already impassible, defy the stripes that lay open his flesh, and wait in total immobility the last merciful blow that is to end his misery; while, there, you view his companion foaming with rage and madness, turn against his own person his desperate hands, tear his clotted hair, rend his bleeding bosom, and dash to pieces his head against the wall of his dungeon.

A long unpunished pirate, a liberated galley-slave, Achmet-reïs by name, was the fiend of hell who, by his ingenuity in contriving new tortures, and his infernal delight in beholding new sufferings, had deserved to become the chief inspector of this place, and the chief minister of its terrors. His joys were great, but they were not yet complete. Only permitted thus far to exercise his craft on mortals, he still was obliged to calculate what degree of agony

the human frame could bear, and to proportion the pain he inflicted to the powers of suffering which man possessed, lest, by dispatching his victims too soon, he should defeat his own aim. He was not yet received among his brother dæmons, in the blissful abodes where tortments do not kill, and where the sufferer's pangs might be increased in an infinite ratio.

Of this truth, the very hour of my arrival had afforded him a sorely lamented proof! An Armenian cashier, suspected of withholding from the Sultan—sole heir to all his officers—the deposit of a deceased Pasha, had just been delivered over into Achmet's hands; and many were the days of bliss to which the executioner looked forward in the diligent performance of his office. On the very first application of the rack, out of sheer malice, the Seraff expired!

Two days later, the whole of Achmet's prospects of sublunary happiness were near coming to a close. Some wretches, driven by his cruelty to a state of madness, had sworn his destruction. Their hands, tied behind their backs, could be of no use to them in effecting their purpose. They determined to crush him with their bodies. All at the same instant fell with their whole weight upon the executioner, or upon their own companions already pressing to the ground the prostrate monster, in hopes of burying

his corpse under a living tumulus. But Achmet's good star prevailed:—ere yet his suffocation was completed soldiers rescued the miscreant. He recovered, to wreak on his disappointed enemies his fiercest vengeance. Their punishment was dreadful! Sanguinary but not cruel, prone to shed blood in anger, yet shuddering at torture, I was horror-struck at the scene, and the yells of the victims still ring in my ears.

Characters meet at large in the world, which may almost count as sure their meeting again, some time or other, within the narrow precincts of the Bagnio. Of this species was the captain of the Maynote pirates who took our Venetian cutter. He now occupied his winter quarters among the galley-slaves. Though I had had but little time on our first interview to cultivate his acquaintance, I could not help remembering that, from the moment his tall commanding figure rose above the side of our vessel and stepped on board, my stars had assumed a milder aspect, and my situation had been improved. Each, therefore, was glad of the *rencontre*; each expressed his sincere pleasure at meeting the other; each politely hoped the other might be destined to stay a good while in the place.

There are men so gifted, as, in whatever situation fate may place them, still to inspire a certain awe and

respect; and though fallen through dint of adverse circumstances into the most abject condition, still to retain over all around them an innate superiority. Of this sort was Mackari. He had been one of the chieftains of that small tribe of mountaineers, pent up in the peninsula of Mayno, who, like greater nations, claim dominion over the seas that gird their native rocks. He had only considered himself as acting conformably to his natural right, in capturing the vessels that trespassed on his domain without purchasing his permission; and in his conduct he discerned neither injustice nor treachery. His lofty soul therefore still preserved all its dignity amid his fallen fortunes. Patient under every insult, unruffled by torture, he was never heard to utter a sigh, to offer a remonstrance, or to beg a mitigation of his sufferings. Even when his keepers, unable to wrest from his scornful lip the smallest acknowledgement of their ingenuity in torturing, began to doubt their own powers, and—irritated at his very forbearance—resolved to conquer by a last and highest outrage his immoveable firmness; when with weights and pullies they forced down to the ground that countenance, which, serene in the midst of suffering, seemed only fit to face the Heavens; when they compelled him, whose mental independence defied all their means of coercion, constantly to



behold the fetters that contracted his body, they only succeeded to depress his earthly frame; they were not able to lower his unbending spirit. Still calm, still serene as before, he only smiled at the fresh chains with which he was loaded; and at each new fetter added to his former shackles, his mind only seemed to take a loftier flight.

Yet, impassible as he appeared to his own woes, was he most feelingly alive to those of his companions. Of every new hardship which threatened to increase their sufferings, he uniformly stood forward to court the preference; and while his fortitude awed into silence the useless complaints of his troop, his self-devotion still relieved its real misery. One day when a ferocious soldier was going to fell with his club the comrade of Mackari's fetters, whom his manacled hands could not save from the blow, he opposed to the frightful weapon all he could command, his arm; which, broken by the stroke, fell by his side a wreck.

Thus did the Maynote captain's former crew still view in their chief, though loaded with irons like themselves, not only the master to whom they continued to pay all the obedience they could shew, but the protector on whom they depended for all the comfort they could receive. His very keepers were unable in his sight to shake off the awe felt by all who ap-

proached him. They confessed by their fears their nothingness in his presence: they scarce could derive a sufficient sense of security from all the fetters which they had heaped upon their victim! In vain would he himself with a bitter and disdainful smile point to his forlorn state, and ask what they apprehended from one on whom they might trample with impunity? The mere sound of his voice seemed to belie his words. It was the roar of a lion, dreaded even when emitted through the bars of his cage. And when, with shackles somewhat loosened in order to perform his daily labour, Mackari was enabled to raise his head and to resume his erect posture,—when his majestic forehead shone far above the brows of his tallest companions,—he looked like the cedar of Lebanon which, though scathed by the lightning from heaven, still overtops all the trees of the forest; and the wretches to whose care he was committed, used immediately to recede to a fearful distance.

Unendowed with any of the forbearance of the Maynote chief, I had scarce been an hour in the Bagnio, before I began to measure with my eye the height of its walls, to consider the strength of its gates, and to count the number of its guards. A good-natured fellow-sufferer, who guessed my thoughts, called me aside. "Take care what you

do," whispered he; "there is danger even in looking at these walls. The mere suspicion of a plan to escape from this place meets with the severest punishment: the execution is impossible. Should you have succeeded so far as to clear every impediment, every barrier, every centinel; should you have reached the very heart of the city; should you in its seemingly impenetrable vortex think yourself most secure from any search, you have yet achieved nothing; you have not advanced a single step toward your liberation. Many inmates of the Bagnio, possessing families in the city, enjoy unrestrained regress on the express condition of bringing back the missing, or of taking their place. The most active and watchful of the spies they employ are stationed precisely wherever the security from discovery seems the greatest; and the sufferings of those whose attempts at evasion have been baffled by their vigilance, are so cruelly aggravated, that a man must have lost all hope of any other deliverance on this side the grave, ere he attempt so desperate a mode of regaining his freedom."

Not such was my case. As soon as, recovering from my first dismay, I had begun to cast my eye around, it had been arrested by a neat little spire with a handsome gilded top, peeping over the battlements of the western inclosure, and which somehow

struck me as an old acquaintance. No wonder that it should! It crowned that very pavilion of the arsenal where the Drogueman held his office; where sat Mavroyeni; where I myself had performed with applause my first part on the stage of the capital! An immediate gleam of hope beamed from its golden ball, and glanced on my mind. " How !" thought I, " Mavroyeni, my old master, shall spend all his mornings within a stone's throw of the place in which pines his Anastasius ; shall only be impeded by the thickness of a wall from seeing his hapless favourite ; shall almost in the midst of his business hear the moans of his suffering servant ! and, if applied to, can he refuse to relieve me ?—Impossible ! He needs only know where I am, and what miseries I experience, to restore me, not perhaps to his pristine favour, but to the common privilege of living, or at least of dying, where I choose.

My only doubt was whether I should demean myself so far as to implore his intercession. This scruple, however, one of my satellites soon helped me to get over, by an opportune application of his switch—only to keep his hand in practice—just as I was weighing the pros and cons. Accordingly I adjured the first fellow-prisoner who was liberated, by all that was sacred, to acquaint the Drogueman with my confinement, and to lay before him my

petition. I must confess that there was nothing the good-natured creature did not promise, in his joy, to do for me. But there I rather imagine his generosity stopped. Though he had sworn that the sun should not set before he spoke in my behalf, the sun set and rose, and set and rose again, and I heard nothing more of the fate of my request. I hereupon repeated it to another person allowed to leave the Bagnio, and after him to a third, and to a fourth; but always with the same result. All professed equal readiness to serve me, but all either were alike forgetful of their promise, or unsuccessful in their application; for no notice was taken of me by Mavroyeni. In vain I lingered day after day in wearying suspense, and feverish expectation! In vain I questioned every new face that appeared! No one knew any thing of my business; no one had heard my name mentioned. At last I became convinced that the Drogueman was determined to leave me to my fate; and I resolved to give up all further hopes of being freed, at least by the hand of man. I say, "by the hand of man;"—for a higher power was beginning to manifest its awful presence, which held out a prospect of speedy release, not only to me, but to the whole Bagnio.

This was the plague.

The scourge had been expected for some time.

By several of the prisoners had the frightful hag, its harbinger, been distinctly seen hovering with her bat's-wings over our drear abode, and with her hooked talons numbering one by one her intended but still unsuspecting victims. In the silence of the night she had been heard leisurely calling them by their names, knocking at their several doors, and marking with livid spots the damp walls of their cells.[1]

Nothing but the visitation of this destructive monster seemed wanting to complete the horrors which surrounded me: for if even, when only stalking forth among men free to fly from its approach, and to shrink from its contact, the gaunt spectre mows down whole nations like the ripe corn in the field, it may be imagined what havoc ensues when it is permitted to burst forth from the inmost bowels of hell, in the midst of wretches close-wedged in their dungeons, or linked together at their tasks, whom it must trample down to the last, ere it can find a vent in space. It is there that,—with a focus of infection ready formed, a train of miasma ready laid on every side,—though this prime minister of death strike at random, it never misses its aim, and its progress outstrips the quickness of lightning or of thought. It is there that even those who thus far retain full possession of health, already calculate the hours they

still may live; that those who to day drag to their last abode their lifeless companions, to morrow are laid beside them; and that those who are dying, make themselves pillows of the bodies not yet cold of those already dead. It is there that finally we may behold the grim destroyer, in one place awaited in gloomy silence, in another encountered with fell imprecations, here implored with anxious cries, there welcomed with eager thanks, and now perhaps received with convulsive laughter and mockery, by such as, trying to drink away its terrors, totter on the brink of the grave, from drunkenness as well as from disease.

The before busy bee-hive of the Bagnio, therefore, soon became a dreadful solitude. Its spacious inclosures, so lately teeming with tenants of every description, now began to present a void still more frightful than its former fulness. Universal silence pervaded those endless galleries, but a few days before re-echoing with the confused din of thousands of prisoners, fighting for an inch of ground on which to lay their aching heads; and nothing any longer appeared that wore a human shape, except here and there some livid skeleton, which, as if again cast up by the grave, slowly crept along the clammy walls. When however the dire disease had devoured all that could offer food to its voracity, it gradually

fell like the flame which has consumed its fuel; and at last became extinct. What few miserable remains of the former population of the Bagnio had escaped its fury, were again restored to the regular sufferings of the place, suspended during the utmost height of the desolation.

I was among these scanty relics. I who, indifferent to life, had never stooped to avoid the shafts of death, even when they flew thickest around me; had more than once laid my finger on the livid wound they inflicted; had probed it as it festered, I yet remained unhurt: for sometimes the plague is a magnanimous enemy, and, while it seldom spares the pusillanimous victim, whose blood, running cold ere it is tainted, loses the energy necessary to repel the infection when at hand, it will pass him by, who dares its utmost fury, and advances undaunted to meet its raised dart.

Not that my old master Yacoob can be quoted as another instance in point. He too escaped indeed: but it was from any thing but excess of courage. Probably the plague thought his former campaigns in her cause as an old clothesman, should not be forgotten in his later acts of hostility as a physician. Little trusting, however, to the generosity of his old ally, who might consider the obligation repaid by the ample stock of goods she occasionally had procured

him, his mind had, during the progress of the disease, brought forth nothing but plans of evasion. Each later device indeed miscarried, as all the former had done before it; but this was only to give birth to some plan still later and more preposterous. One day, astride on the lofty summit of the outer wall which surrounds the prison, he had nearly given his enfeebled guardians the slip, by softly letting himself down upon a heap of rubbish, thrown up outside as if on purpose to break his fall, when most unluckily espied, he was hauled down to receive a hundred lashes on the soles of his feet, for the nimble use he had made of them. This castigation inflicted must have ended his troubles. Fortunately he had laboured before under a suspicion of madness; and so violent a paroxysm of raving now suddenly seized him, that some of the by-standers began to think an hospital fitter for his residence than a prison. The sacredness of insanity saved his skin. The keepers durst not execute the sentence passed upon him; and Achmet, to whom a treat in his own way was of late become a rarity, since the plague had begun to rob him of his pleasures, walked off sorely disappointed, and devoutly praying God to deliver the Bagnio from all such madmen!

Yacoob's contrivances to be releasedfrom his confinement did not end here. He had got by heart

all the prayers of the Mohammedans, and secretly made himself perfect in all the accompanying gestures. One morning, after he had attracted the eye of a Turkish visitor of some distinction, he suddenly fell on his face, crying: "he saw the prophet, and was not only bidden by him to embrace Islamism,[2] but actually instructed how to perform its rites;"—of which indeed he forthwith acquitted himself with great dexterity. The bait took with the stranger; but the farce was laughed at by the familiars of the place, who told Yacoob he might go to the Mosque if he chose, but reminded him that there was one in the Bagnio. This damped his religious ardour, and the vision sneaked off, as visions do. Still did he from time to time repeat his grimaces: and he was always observed to invoke Allah most lustily, when a stranger came in sight, whose heart he had hopes of moving. It was curious to see the holy violence with which, on these occasions, he went through his Namaz,[3] until large drops of perspiration trickled down his greasy face. No disappointments had power to stop these pious but unavailing exercises.

He and I herded little together. The ordinary companion of my toil was a young Greek, nearly of my own age, but, from his less elevated stature, his rounder features, and his more delicate complexion,

seemingly three or four years younger. His dress, though at the time rather the worse for wear, preserved an appearance of something beyond mere neatness, or even costliness: it had a sort of studied, and what would be called in Christendom theatrical, elegance. His gait and manners corresponded. They too offered, not an air of quality, but a species of recherche carried beyond natural grace. This artificial exterior, this refinement of appearance were the more remarkable, from the simplicity of mind, the singleness of heart (if I may say so), on which they seemed superstructed. The varnish penetrated not beyond the surface. Yet there it adhered pertinaciously; and, with the most sincere and heart-felt piety, Anagnosti never fell upon his knees to say hi prayers, without an air, and never rose from his devotions, without a grace. He himself, when aware of these superfluous ornaments, blushed, and would have given all he possessed to shake them off: but they clung to him in his own despite. Sometimes I used to rally him on a semblance of affectation so little suited to our abode, and so discordant with his real character. "Is it my fault?" cried he one day. "If the plant has so long been trained to formal symmetry, can the utmost neglect itself, immediately recall its primitive ease and wildness?

The subject, as you may have observed, is one I do not like to think of, and hitherto have carefully avoided: but your good nature assures me of your pity. Hear my story, and judge."

## CHAPTER VII.

"My father," continued Anagnosti, "was Proësti' of Stavro: Phonea gave birth to my revered mother. . . . . ."

"No doubt," cried, I, interrupting him, "all the world knows those two important places; but fancy me very ignorant, and tell me where they lie?"

"Near Corinth," answered the youth, somewhat surprised, and resumed his tale.

"The inhabitants of Phonea,"—said he,—"justly boast of their proficiency in the mysteries of divination. This art formed my mother's principal portion. Unfortunately, her skill made her foresee every calamity, but it found a cure for none: and she spent her life in bewailing her sorrowful endowments. Those of my father were of a different cast. They consisted not so much in doubling present evils by the fear of future mischiefs, as in making the best of the ills we laboured under. When therefore one evening a troop of Arnaoots,—in order to pay themselves for the unwelcome protection they had afforded us against the Russians,—

plundered our house, made fire-wood of our olive trees, and turned out our cattle into our vineyards, my much respected father observed, how fortunate was this misfortune, as we possessed at Salonica a rich relation, who would do better for us than we could do for ourselves—unless, as my mother added, with a shake of the head, he should be dead or ruined."

"This kinsman we determined to seek out. Leaving our patrimony at the mercy of the way-wode, as a trifling acknowledgment for his trouble in selling us to the robbers, we bade adieu to our native land, which never had looked more charming than it did at that moment, and set out upon our journey. My father trusted for our travelling expenses to the charity with which he was sure Providence would inspire every mortal we met; while my mother trembled lest we should only meet banditti. If any thing could move the hardest heart, it certainly was our procession. Imagine, first, a man already in years, loaded with the scanty wrecks of his property; next, a woman, pale, emaciated and borne down by illness, with a baby at the breast, and leading another by the hand, hardly able to follow; while myself, between two little girls, one of ten and one of twelve, in a most tattered condition, brought up the rear. We did not beg, for we knew not the

way; but we looked wretchedness itself: and sometimes we found relief, and to those that bestowed it, we gave in return all we had to give, our blessing. As however we advanced on the journey, we began to need less assistance. This my mother had said would happen, and she herself was the one that accomplished her prediction. Sinking under her grief, she turned out of the path, sat down on a stone, and urged us to proceed;—for she could go no further. I threw my arms round her neck, tried to cheer her, and sobbed. "O my Anagnosti;" said she as she pressed my little fingers within her clammy hand, and fixed on my countenance her anxious boding look,—"O my curly headed boy! remember your poor mother's last words: let others fear their foes; you, my sweet innocent, beware only of your friends!" Then, in convulsive agony, she clasped me to her breast, laid down her head, and died."

"Much as my mother's weakness had retarded our progress, her decease was the only event in which my father could not at first see any advantage. Long he wept for his loss, and at last he dug a grave by the road-side, at which we all helped to work. In it was buried my poor mother,—all but this lock of hair, which shall only return to dust with her child."

"Just as we again set forward from the dismal spot, the baby, which long had pined, expired for want of sustenance. We would not divide in death what in life had thus far still been as one: and turning back, deposited the child in the lap of its tender parent:—they sleep together!"

"My father now observed, 'it was better for my mother to be dead than to suffer; and my little brother was provided for.' Still he never ceased to weep until we arrived at Volo. A lady of that place, who had lost an only child, took such a fancy to my rosy face, that she begged to have it. Her nauseous kisses had stamped it her's already! After my mother's I could not bear them. My father was but indifferently inclined to part with his Anagnosti—the only one of his children who in all his looks and sayings reminded him of his Zoë: but he was poor, he thought that his loss would be my advantage, and he only proceeded on with the other three. I staid, to cry and to be kissed."

"At Salonica my father found that his affluent relation had died a bankrupt, as my mother had predicted "This," he observed, "must make him return to the labours of the field, which after all were the healthiest." Alas! In the damp deleterious country we had got into they carried him off. It was what my mother knew would happen. In

a quarrel with a neighbour at home, she had heard the spiteful wretch wish my father a seven year's ague.[2] The disease only took seven months to bring him to the grave; and this he thought a great mercy. While ill he remembered that one day in the fields, on suddenly turning round, he had seen his fellow-labourers stamp on his shadow. How could he after that be expected to live? At the last gasp, his eye lit up at the thoughts of rejoining his Zoë! Charitable persons took in the little orphans: I sent them the few pence I had collected: but alas, my little hoard evaporated by the way!"

"My own good fortune was of short duration. The old lady at Volo who had promised to adopt me, changed her fondness into aversion when she found how dearly I loved to play in puddles, and how little I liked to be kissed. She scolded me for being a boy; and sighed to think what a tidy little girl she might have had in my place, who never for an instant would have quitted her side. The first of these faults I acknowledged, and observed that she might have been aware of it before; and, as for the other grievance, I told her "if I could not always stay by her side, I could do the next best thing; which was never to go near her again." She made no reply, and I ran away."

"As I had always promised the Holy Virgin

faithfully to divide with her whatever I might earn, I made no doubt that she would direct me well in my search for a livelihood. I cannot think she did; though it might be for my good. She made me engage on board a Hydriote[3] laden with corn for the Black sea. A single family formed the crew, from the captain down to the lowest cabin-boy. But to that family poor Anagnosti belonged not; and when all the rest in a calm used to dance on the deck, I alone was left out to listen to their mirth in the hold. Alas, I have since had dancing enough! At the time however I thought the hardship so great, that I begged of the captain on my knees to let me dance with the rest, and to flog me afterwards as much as he pleased. Had he granted my petition, I might not have had leisure to discover, as I did, how ill my amphibious life suited my abilities, or agreed with my duty to the Panagia. I therefore resolved to abandon it. The moment we touched at Constantinople I took to my heels, not doubting to find an easy subsistence in a place where, as I had heard, the streets were paved with silver, and the houses roofed with gold. For two long days I waded knee deep in mire; only sleeping all night in the cinders of the public baths, and in the morning, without a morsel to break my fast. So great became my hunger, that, at a sudden turn which brought me opposite a cook-shop near

the Tophana,[4] the sight of a plate of smoking kiebabs,[5] just taken out of the oven, almost bereft me of my senses. Not daring to approach, I involuntarily fell on my knees, and half worshipped the dear hissing cutlets at a distance An ill-looking fellow saw the action, and guessing the motive, told me, 'if I was hungry, to come along with him: - I should not want for bread, as he was a baker.' He wanted a shop-boy; and hard as it might seem for the son of Proësti of Stavro to sell rolls at Constantinople, my stomach audibly groaned the words: "necessity had no law!"

"My apprenticeship was short. The very second day of my ministry, after a flying visit from a Turk, my master came up to me, and said 'he liked me so well, he had determined immediately to give me a share in the business; and I had nothing to do—whoever might call—but to say the concern was my own.' On this my principal ran out, leaving me in astonishment at my speedy promotion."

"A person did call; and I did say the concern was my own: but as that person was the Stambool Effendee,[6] who had set apart that day for weighing the weights and for measuring the measures of the different tradesmen, the deficiency he found in ours made him—though very condescending and chatty at first—end by ordering that I should be dealt by as I dealt by my loaves; namely, baked in my own oven.

In this consisted the chief advantage I was to derive from the partnership."

"My cries of 'Aman'7 at this intemperate sentence, brought out the whole neighbourhood. It knew my master's character, vouched for mine without knowing it, and through dint of strenuous intercession, moved the Effendee to such excess of lenity as, in regard for my innocence, only to order me three dozen strokes on the soles of my feet."

"The change, undoubtedly, was to my advantage: yet did I feel so angry, that I swore rather to go without bread all the days of my life, than ever again to trust to a baker. Lame as I was, I tried to hobble away. An odd-looking man, who had been eyeing me all along from head to foot, asked me whether I loved dancing. The question seemed insulting; but, lest I should commit myself, I neither answered yes nor no. 'You have been ill-used'—added he,—'My compassionate heart moves me to take you home and cure your bruises.' I fancied not the man's countenance, but my feet told me not to mind his face, and I saw the less of it as he took me on his back. While riding along I conceived very sinister forebodings; but when set down, where we stopped, I smiled at my fears. Nothing could look less terrific than the place of my destination. Around the walls hung suspended by elegant

cords and tassels, lutes, cimbals, guitars, and other musical instruments, inlaid with mother of pearl. The richest dresses were airing at the windows; and if the habitation resembled any one thing more than another, it was a temple of mirth. In fact, when, restored by wholesome applications both outward and within, to my pristine condition, I asked what I could do in return for so much hospitality? the answer was: " to dance."

" I immediately fell a capering. But this was not the thing meant. My host—a Greek of Scyra—had in his youth been a dancer by profession. Age having stiffened his joints, he now gained his livelihood by giving suppleness to younger limbs. He had a number of boys whom he trained to perform ballets in the conacks or palaces of the great. His eye had been caught by my nimbleness when about to be put into the oven, and he roused my ambition by pledging himself to make me a first-rate dancer."

" The greatest natural genius still requires the assistance of culture. For a while, I toiled beyond conception. But as I never attempted a difficult step without addressing the Panagia, I at last succeeded. I may say without vanity, I acquired the perfection of the art. The exactness of my poise, the precision of my movements, the apparent ease with which I performed the most difficult steps—people

maintained—were positively sublime. From the ends of my fingers to the tip of my toes, all was expression and sentiment. The best connoisseurs declared that in me alone they had found the poetry of the heel; and my very shadow was lighter than other people's shadows. But I do not wish to praise myself!"

"That I became celebrated, I need not tell. Every other dancer was voted execrable. Whenever I appeared I was stunned with applause before I moved a step; and the spectators were in trances at my performance of what in others would have been hissed: for it was not always that I exerted my best abilities. With indifferent judges I scarce would stir; and even with the best I sometimes had my bad days, when all the coaxing in the world could not draw out my powers. Once I felt so ill in reality, that another dancer was sent out in my clothes, who, accomplishing with evident effort what I performed with ease, made the blockheads declare that I never yet had danced so well as I did that evening."

"My emoluments kept pace with my celebrity. At each pause in my exhibitions my forehead used to be studded with gold coins;[8] and at the conclusion of the performance, heaps of sequins showered from all sides into my spangled cap. Who then

could have fancied me otherwise than happy? But it is one thing to divert others, and it is another to taste of joy one's self! The constant fatigue, the sense of dependance, the fear of not succeeding, the liability to the humours of a capricious audience, the danger of losing the attraction of novelty, the chance of being eclipsed by some abler competitor, are alone dreadful drawbacks on a profession like mine. Yet with me they were minor evils. Keener sufferings peculiar to myself assailed me, and that in general by preference just when my situation seemed most enviable. For it was almost always in the intoxication and flurry of spirits produced by the exertions I made, by the bravos I excited and by the crowds of people, the glare of lights, and the din of instruments I moved among, that the image of my deceased mother, as she appeared in her last moments, would rise with most distinctness to my heated fancy. And often have I, between the several acts of the entertainment, retired to some lonely corner to weep at liberty, while the whole assembly seemed in extacies of pleasure. It is true that if dancing produced melancholy, melancholy more than once in its turn produced dancing Sometimes, in the sort of phrenzy brought on by the clang of a full band, I have started up, and like the Mewlewi Derwishes,[9] have reeled round the room like a person

toxicated; until, completely exhausted, I fell senseless on the floor."

"To add to the discomforts of my situation, I was not even allowed to retain the hard earned fruits of my labour. Of the gold which I gained by the sweat of my brow, not a penny remained my own, except what in the evening, when I crossed the cemetery of Galata, I had the address to slip into a hollow tree, or to drop behind a mouldering tomb-stone, where the crows often were the first to find my little store. The moment I got home from our nightly exhibition I was regularly searched, and every farthing found about me went into my master's pocket, as his pay for my board, lodging, and maintenance. Enraged at his illiberality, I one evening threw my gilt jacket in his face, saying I wished to keep nothing that was his, but would go and exercise my talent, naked as I stood, on my own account. Hereupon the vampire—the odious blood sucker—brought against me such a bill for bestowing that talent, of which he said I wanted to rob him, as must have left me all my life a mere drudge—a puppet moving at his nod,—had I not determined to settle the account my own way."

"In fact, now clearly discerning the whole drift of the hospitality which the Scyrote so kindly had afforded me, I henceforth watched my opportunity to slip

away from the ballet-master at Galata, as I had done from the lady at Volo, the Hydriote captain, and the fraudulent baker. This was not an easy matter. Our manager was vigilance personified, and never allowed me to go out of his sight. An accident befriended me. One of my companions had long cherished the greatest envy of my superiority. In a *pas-de-deux* we performed together as a lover and his mistress, he kicked my shins; I boxed his ears; he retorted by breaking on my head the guitar with which he was serenading me, and scratching my face in such a manner that, the next time the troop went out, I was left at home as unfit to be seen. Whatever might ail my head, my heels were in good order; I took to them as usual; and never stopped till I had reached the quarter most remote from where the Scyrote lived."

"Here I might dance on my own account as much as I pleased, but found nobody to dance to, except the lowest rabble. In retiring out of my master's latitude I had outstepped my own vantage-ground. From exhibiting in palaces to assemblies of the great, amid showers of gold, I was reduced to toil in taverns for the amusement of ruffians, who thought a few paras a very liberal reward; after perhaps mortifying my pride into the bargain, by invidious comparisons with some arrant posture

maker. Obliged to lower the tone of my performance to the standard of my new patrons, I lost all that finish and delicacy of movement for which my dancing had been celebrated, and dwindled into little better than a tumbler."

"Nor was this all. One night, after drudging to amuse a set of brutes, I met with such ill-treatment from the Bacchantes their companions, as to make me expect, with my poor lyre, the end of Orpheus. Thank God! the Panagia—knowing how observant I always had been of her festivals—protected me even against her own sex, and my poor life was saved, little worth as it was. This signal escape led me to serious reflections."

"I had always been punctual in my prayers, both before dancing and after; and had as yet committed no very heinous sin, save once on a fast day eating some nice Yaoort,[13] which a Turk gave me after a long performance; but I did not know what worse might happen in my daily intercourse with infidels; and I determined to avoid the danger by quitting a profession, which, if distinguished, is also dangerous, and full of hazard to one's faith and morals."

"Alas! I was too late to execute my good intentions! My special admirers, meeting at a tavern with the professed supporters of a rival dancer, the two factions came to a pitched battle, in

which a life or two were lost, while I—the innocent cause of the disturbance—was taken up by the patrole, and thrown into this place of wretchedness: more than ever convinced of the truth of all my honoured mother's predictions.—For what were the old lady of Volo, who washed her hands of me when I would kiss her no longer; the Hydriote captain, who would not let me dance with my messmates, after giving me shelter on board his ship; the baker who first fed, and next slily destined me to a snug corner in his oven; the Scyrote, who cured, who entertained, and afterwards robbed me of all my lawful gains; and the Caleondjees, who went about my zealous champions, in order to get me almost torn to pieces limb by limb, and locked up in the Bagnio—but so many persons, at first all professing themselves my staunch and trusty friends! and such is the horror with which that word now inspires me, that, were I to hear the Panagia call herself my friend, great as hitherto has been her goodness, I should expect her to end by playing me some scurvy trick!"

Here ended my companion's tale—the faithful picture of his mind; in which moral rectitude and affection were strangely combined with conceit, credulity and bigotry. In the wide range of social intercourse, this odd mixture might not have taken much hold on the harder materials of my composi-

tion; nor should I greatly have coveted an intimacy with the character of a stage-dancer grafted on a peasant; but in the narrow precincts of the Bagnio fastidiousness wears out, and constant juxta-position produced different sentiments; and the more, as athwart Anagnosti's apparent facility of temper and warmth of heart, there broke forth a sort of determined sturdiness on certain points, which all the laxity of his education and companions never had overcome, and which, inclined as one might be to smile at his studied exterior, made one feel a sort of respect for the stuff within. Insensibly therefore an attachment grew between us, which, though it daily increased, gave my companion no alarm, until one day I observed what alleviation our misery had derived from our friendship. At this unguarded speech Anagnosti turned pale. "Friendship!" repeated he; "Say not so! It will again bring me ill fortune. Like the rest of my friends, you will ultimately be my bane."

"Words," answered I, laughing, "cannot alter the nature of things. We certainly at this moment are friends: and warm ones too. For I believe each would willingly lay down his life for the other; and even if the dangers of friendship should now make us resolve to become bitter enemies, it would already be too late to seek safety from a

future evil in a present one. The mischief is done; the spell is upon you."

"Then," said Anagnosti, after ruminating a little, "if we cannot be less than friends, let us be more! Let us become brothers; let religion sanctify our intimacy, so as to divest it of its dangers:—and upon this he proposed to me the solemn ceremony,[11] which, in our church, unites two friends of either sex in the face of the altar by solemn vows, gives them the endearing appellation of brothers or sisters, and imposes upon them the sacred obligation to stand by each other in life and in death."

Anagnosti, though he certainly had—in his different avocations—run away as often as he had stood his ground, and had, from his last mode of life, to appearance derived a certain tinge of effeminacy, yet in reality was brave as well as affectionate. He had more than once resisted his guardians most manfully in their unjust behests; he had even defended me—one day that I lay ill and unable to defend myself—at the risk of his life against a fellow slave, who would have plunged a dagger in my breast, for the sake of my worn-out capote; and from his disposition there was every reason to expect that the fruits and the burthens of our alliance would be ever equally shared. The first day we were permitted, therefore, we went to a priest in the Bagnio, and desired the holy man, after the

short service which our streightened means permitted, to accomplish the indissoluble union. At first the venerable papas treated the request as a jest. "The practice," he said, "was quite obsolete, except among the most barbarous clans of the remotest provinces. Epirotes, and other savages who like them lived in eternal strife, might indeed still retain such old customs, but the people at Constantinople were sufficiently employed in minding their own concerns, without gratuitously engaging to risk their lives for others." This indirect remonstrance producing no effect, the priest warned us more earnestly to consider, before we irrevocably bound ourselves by so serious an engagement. Still we insisted, and he at last complied. He enveloped us in the sacre veil, symbol of the holy ties we contracted; and made us swear on our knees in the face of Heaven, to share together like brothers, while we breathed, both good and adverse fortune.

The solemn vow pronounced, and Heaven fervently implored to bless it, we again rose. I shook Anagnosti by the hand, and could not refrain from saying: "though now brothers, still friends as before."

He involuntarily shuddered. All his fears recurred; and on casting off the sacred cincture, we found on it a fresh stain of blood. How it came

there neither of us could guess. Both searched for the cause: none could be discovered; and we at last forgot the evil omen.

The very period which saw our intimacy indissolubly rivetted, was fated to be that of our separation. Whether, at the time of my imprisonment, the length of my detention had been fixed; or whether (as I afterwards suspected) Mavroyeni, while apparently rejecting my application, in reality had procured my deliverance,—one morning when I least expected it, I was bidden to quit the Bagnio. I say "bidden;" for, thinking the thing optional, I at first, in conformity with my sacred engagement, refused to accept my freedom, unless shared by my friend. But I now found myself as little allowed to stay in, as I had before been to stay out of the Bagnio, at my pleasure. I must resume my liberty whether I chose or not, and was very near being driven by force out of prison,—a rather unusual circumstance! Anagnosti tried to sweeten the bitterness of my release, by observing that it might be rendered instrumental in procuring his own. "Remember," said he, "that in losing you, I lose all. O Anastasius, O my—*friend!* remember,". . . . .

Here his sobs interrupted his speech, and the guards, tired of our tedious leave-taking, tore us asunder. After proceeding on a few yards, I turned

round to cast one more last look after my companion: but already the gates had been shut behind me; and I went forth—shaking off indeed the dust of my prison, and with all Constantinople open before me,—but without a single particle of that rapturous joy at the heart, which I always fancied must accompany the feeling of my liberation.

## CHAPTER VIII.

To enjoy liberty one must live, and to live one must eat, and I had not a para in the world to purchase me a meal. In this embarrassing situation I thought of my old patron. If he really had procured my freedom, it was proper to thank him; if not, it still was wise to do so. In the first case, he might be induced by my sense of past kindness to seek greater claims still to my future gratitude; since benefactors often resemble gamblers, who double their stakes rather than they should lose the benefit of a first throw: and in the latter case, the thanks I gave for imaginary services, would make the Drogueman wish to deserve them by real obligations. Gratitude I had often found most productive when it preceded the benefit. Besides, I had my friend Anagnosti to intercede for; and I was desirous to strike the iron while it was hot.

Most willingly would I have smartened myself up a little for the visit. Not only a tattered appearance smooths the way but indifferently athwart the out-post of pampered domestics, who

guard the approaches of the great man's citadel; it often even makes the master himself ashamed of his petitioner. Rich people readily accuse the poor of wanting proper respect, when they offend the fastidious eye of pride by the display of their wretchedness. All however I could do was to arrange my rags gracefully; and—repeating to myself, as I strutted along, that a man's innate dignity of mien and manners were a sufficient passport even with a king,—I boldly went to the Fanar, and with the least possible tremor knocked at Mavroyeni's door.

It certainly opened at my summons, but not to let me enter. The porter who answered, holding it a-jar in his hand, contrived to fill the whole aperture with his own person, until he had most leisurely surveyed mine. While thus examined, I recognised in my surveyor an old acquaintance. So it seems he did in me; for when I asked to see his master, he banged the door in my face, without a syllable of reply. It was just what I myself had done a dozen times, when with Mavroyeni at Argos. The uncouth janitor's reception, therefore, I thought, must originate higher. Servants behaved not in this manner, unless they felt their conduct sanctioned by their masters: for dependants instinctively know the antipathies of their patrons.

"Hie thee hence, therefore, Anastasius," exclaimed I, "Thou hast no longer any business near this threshold;" and hereupon I walked away.

At that instant the same door burst open again, and almost flew off its hinges. I looked back. It was to let out Mavroyeni himself. Convinced that an attempt to accost him would only expose me to fresh mortifications, I now felt as solicitous to avoid his eye as I had been before to be admitted to his presence. I hastily drew back my head, and passed on, or rather, ran away, as if it had been an ignominy even to be seen near the Drogueman's abode.

Heated with my race, I rushed into the first coffee-house I saw open, and observing a large bowl of hoshab[1] most invitingly set out on the counter, greedily snatched up the bason, and gulped down the icy beverage. I had no earthly means of payment; but heaven came to my assistance. Exhausted with inanition, I felt too weak to resist the sudden chill. It struck me to the heart. I reeled backwards, and fell senseless on the floor.

How long the fit lasted I am unable to tell. All I know is that when my senses returned, I found myself in a smart jog trot, bumping at the back of a hamal, and travelling in this inconvenient posture at the

rate of a league an hour, up one dirty lane and down another;—but whither, was more than I could guess.

I therefore made free to ask the question, and was but little pleased with the information this procured me. Convicted, by my sudden seizure, of a confirmed plague, the master of the shop had only felt desirous to get rid as soon as possible of so unwelcome a customer; and had called in the porter aforesaid, to convey me to the hospital. Thither I was speeding as fast as another man's legs could carry my body: for even during the above account my bearer slackened not his pace, but kept jogging on as lustily as before.

I took the liberty of representing that there was a mistake in the case. I might be ill indeed, but I was totally free from any infectious disorder. "Nothing more likely," answered the hamal; "but he was paid for the job, and must earn his fare;" and upon this he only grasped me somewhat tighter than before, lest, being less unwell than he had imagined, I might easier contrive to give him the slip. In vain, I insisted upon being let loose, and excused from going where, if I brought not the plague, I was sure to find it. My expostulations were of no avail; and I therefore tried to liberate myself by pummelling the perverse porter with all my might. This was not very great, in my weak state; and the little impression I could make on the

tough hide of my obstinate beast, instead of making him throw me off, only served to quicken his pace.

I now resorted to the last means of salvation in my power, fixed my claws in the brawny throat of the miscreant, and squeezed him almost to suffocation. Finding his load became too troublesome, he at last let me slip down from his back to the ground, swore I was the most refractory piece of goods he ever had carried, and left me, in order to seek elsewhere an easier fare.

One street appeared to me as good as another to die in: and my present sensations foreboded nothing else. I crawled to a stepping-stone near the place where I had been deposited, and on that pillow I resigned myself to my fate.

So near in fact seemed my exit, that a novellist, writing my history, would have availed himself of the circumstance happily to terminate his first volume, and to leave me irretrievably for dead in the opinion of his reader, until my unexpected resurrection at the beginning of volume the second. Writing in the first person, I cannot keep my friends and well-wishers in this state of agreeable suspense, or conceal from them one single moment that I lived on: but it was for some time in such wretchedness, as would not even leave the most fastidious critic

any pretence to find fault with such a proceeding. One man passed by me, and another, and another, and several stopped and looked: but, when their curiosity was satisfied, all went on again, only shrugging up their shoulders. No one of my own sex offered me the least assistance. At last came two females. For several minutes ere they reached my resting place, their incessant loquacity had warned me of their approach; but I was too ill to look up, and had closed my eyes. "Bless me," said the one, "I see something alive there!" "Bless me," said the other, "and so do I!" "A man!" cried the first. "A handsome youth I declare!" cried the second. "Unwell," rejoined the little one; "dying, I fear," resumed the tall one. "How like Anastasius," exclaimed the former! "Himself, as I live!" replied the latter. "Then, indeed," continued the other," in a sagacious whisper, "I am very much afraid, neighbour, that he is not dying, but only dead drunk."—Enviable effects of a good name!

My character was now to me a matter of life and death. "No," said I, therefore—making an effort to speak, but in a scarce audible voice:—"it is not drunkenness that oppresses me, it is suffering;—it is starvation."

At this speech, the women both scream out in astonishment; both talk at the same time. They

want to know the how, the when, the where. "Torment me not with questions," cried I, "but if you have any humanity, get me conveyed to St. Demetrius.[2] Pay the five piastres required for my admission; and expect not to be repaid in this world." Saying this I again fainted away.

The first perception which followed this second fit, was that of an entirely new change of objects. The women had succeeded in their humane endeavours, and I was lying under a filthy coverlit, on a filthy pallet, in the filthy hospital in question, next to a dead man, whose pulse the would-be physician of the place was just in the act of feeling, assuring some by-standers that it was perfectly quiet, and no longer shewed any symptom of fever.

I shall not finish the picture of the disgusting abode, where nevertheless I had been introduced only out of sheer humanity. Suffice it to say that under its truly hospitable roof every nuisance found a home, medicine alone excepted. A scanty charity was the chief support of the institution, and an unwieldy governor the chief object supported. Yet, after a fair contest between my constitution and my pleurisy, in which neither side received the least assistance from doubtful prescriptions, the former got the better. The father of nine helpless orphans expired by my side, and I recovered.

It was during my convalescence that I most forcibly felt all the wretchedness of my receptacle: it was during my convalescence, also, that I most fully owned my unworthiness of a better. "But," cried I, tossing about on my hard couch, "the deadliest poisons compose the most salutiferous medicines, and the direst calamities produce the best resolves. It will be my own fault if I rise not from this bed of sickness and suffering, both wiser and worthier!" Thus I spoke while my pulse still beat low, and my passions were still weak.

At last came the day which I fancied would never come—that of my release from the hospital. It dawned about a month after I had entered the dismal place. I sallied forth at mid-day: and indescribable was the rapture with which I first again breathed a pure air, and beheld the whole expanse of an azure sky.

Still was I as much as ever at a loss how to subsist. Absorbed in this weighty consideration, I slowly walked down the hill of St. Demetrius, when I fancied I discerned at a distance a caravan of travellers, who, with a slow and steady pace, were advancing toward Pera, the residence of the Franks at Constantinople. I mechanically quickened my pace, in order to survey the procession more closely.

First in the order of march came a clumsy calash,

stowed as full as it could hold of wondering travellers; next came a heavy araba,[3] loaded with as many trunks, portmanteaus, parcels, and packages, as it could well carry; and lastly led up the rear, a grim-looking Tartar,[4] keeping order among half a dozen Frank servants of every description, jogging heavily along on their worn out jades. At this sight the Droguemanic blood began to speak within me. "These are strangers, Anastasius," it whispered: "be thou their interpreter, and thy livelihood is secured." I obeyed the inward voice as an inspiration from Heaven, and, after smartening myself up a little, approached the first carriage.

"Welcome to Pera, Excellencies!" said I, with a profound bow, to the party within. At these words up started two gaunt figures in night caps, with spectacles on their noses, and German pipes in their mouths—whose respective corners still kept mechanically puffing whiffs of smoke at each other. The first action which followed was to lay their hands on the blunderbusses hung round the carriage; but seeing me alone, on foot, and to all appearance not very formidable, they seemed after some consultation to think they might venture not to fire, and only kept staring at me in profound silence. I therefore repeated my salute in a more articulate manner, and again said; "welcome, Excellencies,

to Pera, where you are most anxiously expected. As you will probably want a skilful interpreter, give me leave to recommend a most unexceptionable person,—I mean myself. Respectable references, I know, are indispensable in a place where every one is on the watch to impose upon the unwary traveller; but such I think I can name. As to what character they may give me; that,"—added I with a modest bow,—"it becomes not your humble servant himself to state."

At so Christian-like a speech, uttered in the very heart of Turkey, the travellers grinned from ear to ear with delight. It produced another short consultation; after which the two chiefs cried out in chorus: "*Oui chai pesoin*;" and bade me mount by their side. This enabled me, after a little compliment on Germany their birth-place, and on their proficiency in the French idiom, immediately to enter upon the duties of my office—for which I thought myself sufficiently qualified by the squibs which I had heard the Drogueman of the Porte, Morosi, let off in company with my patron at the diplomatic corps of Pera.

"This edifice," said I, pointing to the first building of note in the suburb which we met on our way, "is the palace of the Ich-Oglans—the Sultan's pages. It is the most fruitful seminary of favourites, of Pashas, and of Sultanas husbands.[5] In that direction lives that most respectable of characters the Imperial

internuncio[6]—the Baron Herbert; who, with all the shrewdness of a thorough-paced minister, combines all the playful simplicity of a child. Further on dwells the French embassador Monsieur de Choiseul-Gouffier—a very great man in little things; and opposite him lives his antagonist in taste, politics and country, the English envoy Sir Robert Ainslie—of whom the world maintains exactly the reverse. Quite at the bottom of the street, likewise facing each other, live the envoys of Russia and of Sweden.[7] The former I feel bound to respect, whatever be his merit; the latter really possesses much. He is an Armenian, who writes in French a history of Turkey. Lately he has made with his bookseller an exchange profitable to both,—he having given his manuscript, and the other his daughter: that is to say, the Armenian a single voluminous work, and the Frenchman a brief epitome of his whole shop. Wedged in between the palaces of Spain and Portugal is that of the Dutch embassador, whose name, Vandendiddem-totgelder,[8] is almost too long for these short autumn days; and whose head is thought to be almost as long as his name: inasmuch as he regularly receives, twice a week, the Leyden gazette; which renders him beyond all controversy the best informed of the whole Christian *Corps Diplomatique*, in respect of Turkish politics. You see, gentlemen, the representatives of all the potentates of

Christendom, from Petersburgh to Lisbon and from Stockholm to Naples, are here penned up together in this single narrow street, where they have the advantage of living as far as possible from the Turks among whom they come to reside, and of watching all day long the motions of their own colleagues, from their most distant journies to the sublime Porte, to their most ordinary visits to the recesses at the bottom of their gardens."

These little specimens of my *savoir-dire* seemed to please my German friends. They immediately noted them down in their huge memorandum books, which, no more than their short pipes, ever were left idle an instant. Scarce had the party stepped into the inn, which I was allowed to recommend, when they engaged me for the whole fortnight which they meant to devote to the survey of the Turkish capital.

My travellers were of the true inquisitive sort. Every body used to fly at their approach; a circumstance highly favourable to my interest. Under the notion of always applying for information at the fountain-head, they would stop the surliest Turk they met, to ask why Moslemen locked up their women. One day they begged the Imperial minister, at his own table, to tell them confidentially whether Austria was to be trusted. They were

very solicitous to know from the Russian envoy the number of Catherine's lovers; and they pressed hard for an audience of the Kislar-Aga,[9] only to enquire whence came the best black eunuchs. Had they been in company with the Grand Mufti, they certainly would have asked his honest opinion of the mission of Mohammed; and they would scarce have neglected the opportunity, had it offered, of enquiring of the Sultan himself, whether he was legitimate heir to the Califate, as he asserted. In consequence of this straight-forward system, I was every moment obliged to interfere, and to pledge myself for the guiltless intentions of our travellers. The statistics of the empire, its government, politics, finances, &c. indeed, they troubled themselves little about. All such things they thought they could learn much more compendiously at home from the Leipsic gazetteer; but the botany and mineralogy of the country were what they studied both body and soul. Every day we brought home from our excursions such heaps of what the ignorant chose to call hay and stones, that the wags whom we met on our way used to ask whether these were for food and lodging; while the more fanatical among the Turks swore we carried away patterns of the country, in order to sell it to the infidels, and one party, by way of giving us enough of what we wanted, was near

stoning us to death. Hereupon, to elude observation, my cunning travellers determined to dress after the country fashion: but this only made bad worse; for they wore their new garb so aukwardly, that the natives began to think they put it on in mockery, and were frequently near stripping them to the skin; independent of which, whenever they went out, they got so entangled in their shaksheers[10] and trowsers, their shawls and their papooshes, that our progress might be traced by the mere relics of their habiliments which strewed the road. Sole manager both of the home and foreign department, I however tried to give all possible respectability to their appearance, and never would suffer their dignity to be committed by paltry savings; at the same time that, to shew them how careful I was of their money, I took care sometimes to detain them an hour or two in driving a close bargain about a few paras,—especially when I saw them in a hurry. Accordingly, if they had any fault to find with me, it was for my over scrupulous economy. That failing alone excepted, they thought me a treasure; and so I certainly found them.

The fortnight of their intended stay having elapsed, they were all impatience to depart. Out of pure regard for science, I contrived to prolong their sojourn another fortnight, by various little delays,

which with a little industry I brought about in the most natural way imaginable, but which I joined them in lamenting exceedingly: and when at last they set off—which I saw with very sincere regret—I was left by them in possession of a most flattering written testimonial of my zeal and fidelity. As to their behaviour to me, its liberality might be sufficiently inferred from the change in my appearance. I looked a different person.

This first experiment gave me a taste for the Tergiumanic life. It also encreased my means of success in that line. Until I took up my residence at Pera, I had little intercourse with that odd race of people yclept Franks, except through the stray specimens that now and then crossed the harbour, on a visit of curiosity or business to Constantinople. I now got acquainted with their ways, while they became familiarised with my person. This gradually procured me the advantage of seeing and serving in my new capacity, samples of almost every nation of Europe. Thus I formed a sort of polyglot collection of certificates of my own ability and merits, which I filed very neatly according to the order of their dates; and to a sight of which I treated every new comer whom I thought worthy of that distinction.

Once, however, the lofty manner and the impe-

rious tone of an English traveller, newly arrived, completely deceived me. From his fastidiousness I made no doubt I was addressing some great Mylordo. It was a button maker to whom I had the honour of bowing. He came red hot from a place called Birmingham, to show the Turks samples of his manufacture. Unfortunately Turks wear no buttons, at least such as he dealt in; at which discovery he felt exceedingly wroth. My ill fated back was destined to feel the first brunt of his ill humour. After spending nearly two hours in spelling every word of every one of my certificates—"this then," said he in a scarce intelligible idiom, which he fancied to be French, "is the evidence of your deserts?" "It is," answered I with an inclination of the head. "And I am to make it the rule of my behaviour?" "If your Excellency be pleased to have that goodness," replied I smirking most agreeably. "Very well," resumed the traitor, never moving a muscle of his insipid countenance, "My Excellency will have that goodness." And up he gets, gravely walks—without uttering another syllable—to the door, turns the key in the lock, takes a little bit of a pistol scarce five inches long—also from Birmingham I suppose—out of his pocket, snatches up a cudgel as thick as

my wrist, and turning short upon me, who stood wondering in what this strange prelude was to end, holds the pistol to my throat, and lays the cane across my back.

This operation performed to his satisfaction: "It was No. 5," coolly said the miscreant, "whose contents I thought it right to comply with first; as being written by one of my countrymen, and because I make it a rule, in every species of business, to get the worst part over first. Had you understood our language—as an interpreter by profession ought—you might have known the certificate in question to be a solemn adjuration to all the writer's countrymen, to treat you as I have had the pleasure of doing; and all that remains for you to perform, is to give me a regular receipt, such as I may have to shew."

The pistol was still tickling my throat, I, jammed up against the wall, and the button maker six feet high, and as strong as a horse. All therefore I could do in the way of heroism would have been to have let him blow out my brains at once;—after which: adieu my turn, at least here below! I therefore signed, had the satisfaction of seeing the receipt neatly folded up and deposited in a little red morocco pocket-book with silver clasps, was offered

a sequin for the exercise I had afforded, took the money, and, leaving the button maker to write home what mean rascals the Greeks were, departed fully impressed with the usefulness of learning languages.

Almost every evening the man of buttons used to walk from Pera, where he had his lodgings, to a merchant's at Galata, from whence he frequently returned home pretty late at night, without any escort; trusting to his small pocket instrument, and to his own colossal stature, for his safety. A dexterous thrust, at an unexpected turn, might easily have sent him to the shades below; but this would not have sufficed to assuage my thirst for just revenge. I wished to inflict a shame more deep, more lasting, than my own, and which, like Prometheus's vulture, should keep gnawing the traitor's heart while he lived. His great ambition at Constantinople was to boast the good graces of some Turkish female,—young or old, fair or ugly, no matter! On this laudable wish I founded my scheme.

Muffled up in the feridjee which entirely covers the figure of the Mohammedan fair, and the veil which conceals their faces, I went and seated my-self, immediately after dusk, on one of the tomb-

stones of the extensive cemetery of Galata, where my traveller had to pass.

He soon arrived, and, as I expected, stopped to survey the lonely fair one, whose appearance seemed to invite a comforter. The bait took. My friend, on his nearer approach, aware that his pantomime was more intelligible than his idiom, had recourse to the universal language: he held up a sequin,—his regular fee on all occasions,—and my acceptance of which encourages my shepherd to become more enterprising. He now wishes to unveil me. I resist:—but by way of compromise for keeping concealed my features, I shew my necklace, my bracelets, my girdle. In an infantine manner I slip the manacles from my own wrists over those of my companion, and, before his suspicions are aroused, have the satisfaction to see him fast bound in chains, not only of airy love, but of good solid brass; and with a soft lisp wish him joy of being at once handcuffed and pinioned. It was now I shewed my face, and drew out my handjar." Seeing him disposed to remonstrate, "No noise," cried I, "or you die; but return me the receipt." Unable to stir, my prisoner in a surly tone bade me take it myself. I did so, and thanked him; "but," added I, "as we have not here—as with you—all the conveniences for writing,

accept the acknowledgement of the poor and illiterate:" saying which, I drew the holy mark of the cross after the Greek form, neatly but indelibly, with the button-maker's own sequin, on his clumsy forehead; poured into the wound some of the gunpowder out of his pouch; and, apologizing for the poornesss of the entertainment, bade him good night, and walked off.

A troop of Caleondjees of my acquaintance, reeling home from a tavern, happened to come up just as I retired, and took all that I had left. The next morning the man of buttons departed from Constantinople without sound of trumpet, before sunrise; and never since has been heard of in the Turkish dominions.

This little feat at the expence of the English Shopkeeper, recommended me to a French chevalier, come to Stamboul on a visit to his kinsman the embassador. The lively young gentleman swore he wanted no other certificate of my character beside my prowess. His object in undertaking the long journey to Turkey seemed to be to play on the guitar, and to compose French love songs. Twice a week a messenger of the embassy was dispatched to Paris, with M. de Vial's effusions, in order that his friends at home might see how he employed his

time abroad. *Par contre*, he had determined, as soon as he returned to France, and found himself at leisure, to write a detailed account of Turkey—rather however as it ought to be, than as it was. For M. de Vial disapproved of the Othoman system in toto: and hence he deemed it sheer loss of time to visit the curiosities of its capital. The only thing he could have liked—had he not been too busy learning the romeïka—was an *affaire de cœur* with the favourite Sultana; and for a long while he continued exceedingly anxious to give the ladies of the imperial Harem a fete on the Black Sea; but that project failing, from their sending no answers to his notes, he wondered who could bear the dowdies of Constantinople, that had seen the *Trois Sultanes* of Marmontel at the Paris opera. In truth, M. de Vial had no patience with the barbarians. Their language was a gibberish, *où l'on n'entendait rien*; and they had so little *savoir vivre*, that they let their heads be chopped off like cabbage tops. Desirous however of treating them to a sight of the last Paris fashions, he decked out his nether man in pea-green coloured cloth, and got himself chastised by a hot-headed Emir,[12] for thus profaning the forbidden colour—almost too sacred with the Turks for the head itself. In his turn M. de Vial sent the cousin

of Mohammed a challenge, with which the Emir lit his pipe. At last, after a whole day uselessly employed in ogling the Sultana mother through a huge telescope, from the tower of Galata, the chevalier felt seized with a desperate fit of ennui, laid in a reasonable stock of embroidered handkerchiefs, to throw to the Paris belles after a Turkish fashion which the Turks know nothing of, and determined to bid adieu to Pera. My services and talents he transferred, ere he went, to a flaxen-headed Swedish baron, whose ruddy face had inflamed the susceptible heart of the droguemaness of the Venetian mission, and who was so highly favoured by his doating mistress, that every night she allowed him to pay her whole loss at *tresette.* This lady was an uncommon proficient in writing. Proud of an accomplishment, which so few of her colleagues possessed, she used every morning to fire at her lover a little billet-doux of three or four pages. These refreshing epistles I came to call for as regularly as for the water from the well, the moment the husband was supposed to have gone forth to the Reïs-Effendee, with the scarce shorter memorials of the Serenissima Republica—at that period any thing but serene This same husband, though only four eet high, presumed to be jealous; and the corres-

pondence, therefore, was to be kept from his knowledge—a circumstance which rendered my office of Mercury an employment of some trust.

I acted accordingly. Tired of being postman without pay, I one day hinted to the lady that I should expect some species of acknowledgement for my trouble. Madame P——i was one of those fair ones for whom Cupid must tip his dart with gold, or they recoil unfelt. She resented my freedom, called me a low-born fellow, and forbade me her presence. The tide of amorous billets now ceased to flow for want of a channel. Nothing but my forgiveness of the insult could make it resume its course. On the part of the lady, accordingly, advances were soon made towards a reconciliation, and on mine, every spark of resentment was magnanimously extinguished until further occasion. I saw myself reinstated formally in my daily office.

The Hyperborean lover—not quite so brisk a correspondent as his mistress—used to answer about one letter in three or four. This, however, in the course of a few weeks began to form a very respectable collection. The pink-edged, perfumed epistles —regularly endorsed—were all deposited by the delighted droguemaness, in a little mother-of-pearl casket, which she kept for the benefit of her heirs by

the side of her reliquary. From one of those strange incidents which will happen in the course of things, this casket, though most carefully locked up, fell into my hands; but no similar incident could conjure the key out of the lady's pocket She used to sleep with it under her pillow, in order to obtain pleasant dreams. It mattered little: I had no sort of curiosity to peruse the correspondence. I contented myself with carefully wrapping up the box, sealing the cover, and begging the signor drogueman —that is to say, the lady's husband—to keep the parcel in trust for me, as most valuable property, and such as could not be committed to fitter hands. The rod thus kept suspended over his faithless spouse, the reward of my discretion past and future was demanded of her with becoming humility; and to do the lady justice, when she found that no other way of extricating herself was left, she shewed every readiness to listen to the voice of reason.

By some accident, however, the baron got wind of these transactions, and so far from feeling flattered, as he ought to have been, with the anxiety which his mistress evinced to recover his letters, he had the ingratitude to cavil about the mode, and left the fair one to find what consolation she could in

the re-perusal of his correspondence.—I speedily followed his example, and retired in my turn; leaving the Droguemaness punished alike in her pride and her avarice.

## CHAPTER IX.

No sooner had my various little trades rendered me a person of some substance, than I began to think of purchasing a berath:[1]—I mean one of those patents of exemption from the rigour of Turkish despotism, which the Sultan originally granted to foreign ministers, in behalf only of such rayahs as they had occasion to engage in their immediate service, but which these excellent economists now readily sell to whatever other subjects of the Grand Signor are disposed to pay the current price of the article. To a youth like me it was highly desirable to possess a paper, through whose magic power a native might, in the very capital of his natural sovereign, outstep the limits of his jurisdiction, brave his authority, put himself on the footing of a stranger, and, from being heretofore an Armenian or a Greek, at once find himself transformed into a reputed Italian, or German, or Frenchman, wear the gaudiest colours in competition with the Turks themselves, and strut about the streets in that *summum bonum*, a pair of yellow papooshes.

The thing had been put into my head by an Italian missionary of the Propaganda, who, considering me as a sort of stray from the Greeks, had determined to stow me safely within the pale of the Romans. On first perceiving his drift, I gave his pious exertions small encouragement: observing that early habits, as well of belief as of action, could only be rooted out later in life, either by the most irresistible arguments, or the most palpable interest to adopt different tenets. To this remark, the missionary only replied that he had a very general acquaintance at Pera; and consequently, possessed many opportunities of recommending a well-disposed youth to travellers. The observation was in point. Impressed with its full weight, I began to indulge padre Ambrogio, whenever I happened to be out of place, in a little conference on the disputed articles; and for every Greek variation from the Latin creed which I yielded up, he used to find me a new situation. Unfortunately the discussion of the Greek liturgy ran so parallel with that of the signora P—i's correspondence, and the interviews with the friar were so interwoven with those with the lady, that I sometimes confounded the two subjects, and more than once, in a fit of absence, let padre Ambrogio into the mysteries of my negociation,

instead of learning from him those of his faith. The ghostly conferences, however, only ceased entirely when the friar very nefariously disappointed me, in favour of another neophyte, of an excellent employment, for which I had sacrificed the whole procession according to the Greeks. Hearing of this flagrant act of bad faith, I called upon him in a very great passion: told him I again disbelieved all that he had enticed me to believe; and leaving him exceedingly dismayed at my unexpected rebellion, went to dispel the confusion in my head by a walk on the road to Dolma-Backtché.

The snow which had lain several days on the ground, having entirely disappeared, I met several people taking the air; but who all looked, I thought, as if like me they had been bewildered by some friar or derwish. At last came a Turkish woman of rank, accompanied by a long train of females. The pavement being narrow, I stood up against the wall to let her pass. As she brushed by me, her hand, gently pressing against the back of mine, gave me reason to think that I had not been unnoticed. A gay adventure seldom found me slow to engage in it, be what it might the peril of the enterprise. I therefore let the lively group trot on a few yards, and then turned back hastily myself, in

the manner of a person who recollects having left something behind. Thus, without casting right or left a single glance which might savour of design, I gave the lady an opportunity of minutely scrutinising my appearance, should she be disposed to cultivate my merits. That done, I crossed over to the other side, and stole away into a by-lane, for fear of rousing the suspicions of her suite.

The next day however I failed not, at the same hour, to take a walk in the same street, and again did the same the next day, and the next; in the full expectation, each time, of meeting with some faithful Iris, commissioned to give me the verbal assurance of my good fortune.

During a whole week, my punctuality continued without the least abatement. As sure as the clock struck one I used to sally forth, and display my handsomely attired person before every woman, young or old, fair or ugly, that bore the least appearance of coming on my business. Vain and fruitless diligence! The busier females passed on without noticing my disconsolate figure at all; the less diligent baggages, who remarked my airs and graces, only answered them with laughing. Some who had become familiar with my forlorn perambulations, ironically pitied me for the cruelty of my mistress. It was worse when

two or three *goules* that haunted the same street, seriously undertook to console me under my disappointment, and put me in the greatest fright, lest, by their unconcealed advances in the broad glare of day, they should drive away any messenger of love that might be on the wing.

At last I lost all patience, and was going in good earnest to execute the resolution fifty times solemnly taken, and often again broken, of giving up the vain pursuit; when just as for the last time I paced down the oft-trodden street, looking anxiously round on all sides, to see what good tidings might still be in the wind, I perceived a Jewess—seemingly equally on the alert with myself—who eyed me with a promising air. I coughed once or twice; and this signal inducing the old dame to approach, we opened a parley. My answers tallying with her private tokens, she soon became confidential.

"You must know," said she, "I am a tradeswoman, one who goes about to ladies houses to provide them with. . . . ."

"What signifies, my dear,"—cried I, interrupting her,—"what you are, and what you provide your customers with? That speaks for itself. Only tell me who the lady is, who graciously condescends to make me the object of your embassy."

"The lady," answered the Jewess, "is the young wife of an old Turkish Effendee of very high rank. Her own birth and fortune made her parents stipulate that her spouse should have no other wife but herself.—Nor has he; but, while he adheres to the letter of the agreement, he violates its spirit.—In short, he totally neglects his handsome helpmate. This the fair Esmé properly resents—and. . . ."

"And in me,"—cried I, interrupting my informer,—"she shall find the avenger she deserves. Let us forthwith go!"

"Gently, gently," now whispered the old beldam. "It is not thus that matters of this sort are conducted. If the lady, by whom I have the honour of being employed, were one of your ordinary women, on whom the wind blows as freely as on the weeds of the desert, all would be easy enough. Females who go out at all hours to the bath, and to the market place, and to the Bezesteen, or to visit their friends, do whatever they please. But cadin Esmé is none of those, I'll warrant you. This exalted fair one has in her own apartment baths of marble and gold; twenty slaves are always ready at her nod to execute whatever whim may cross her fancy; the richest goods of every country are all spread out before her at her toilet; her own chamber opens on

gardens whose roses make those of Sheeraz look pale. In short—poor thing!—she can find nothing to want abroad, and when she does go out, it seems rather for the sole purpose of seeing how superior is all that she leaves at home. Then she generally only travels about in a close carriage. Her visits are confined to two or three of her near relations; and she so seldom finds an excuse for stirring out on foot, that the day you met her was the first time these six months she had stepped across her own threshold. Even when she indulges in a little excursion of the sort, she only moves, as you see, accompanied by a swarm of servants, or rather, of spies."

"You only add fuel to my flame," cried I. "The more difficult the enterprise, the nobler the victory!"—and immediately we fell to discussing the ways and means. A hundred different schemes were alternately proposed and rejected. At last a contrivance was hit upon, only liable to half a dozen radical objections. Still it was the best, and therefore adopted. A friend of the Jewess's, equipped as a woman of rank, was to spend the day on a visit to the lady Esmé, whose husband could not, during that period, intrude upon the privacy of his wife's apartment. Esmé would thus obtain an opportunity of slipping out in the attire of a slave, of stopping at

the Jewess's own abode to put on Greek habiliments, and of thence going to meet me at some selected house in Galata. After the interview, she would have nothing to do but to resume her Turkish dress, in order to release by her return her pretended visitor. The plan required some preparation, and the day after the next was fixed upon for its execution.

Matters thus being all apparently settled:—"one word more," added the Jewess. "You are aware this is an adventure of life and death. In this nether world the joys of Paradise can only be sipped with the secrecy of the grave. The least indiscretion brings ruin to us all."

I begged my instructress to make herself easy on that score;—"and," added I in my turn, "there is one circumstance which the lady may not be sorry to learn; namely, that in me she will find a youth not only of the greatest discretion, but of the most respectable birth and connections."

I thought the peal of laughter never would have ended, into which the old hag broke out at this intimation. "And pray," cried she, "do you imagine the fair Esmé is in love with you for your musty ancestors, or means to shew you off to her acquaintances? For my part, I mistook you for little

better than a porter. If you be a prince, so much the worse! It will require consideration." Here the beldam hobbled off.

"Can I have marred my hopes by my vanity?" thought I, after the woman was gone. But though this idea gave me a little uneasiness, it prevented me not from bestowing the utmost pains, on the day appointed, in adorning my person, ere I went to a place conveniently situated for watching the entrance of the party into the house agreed upon.

Here minute after minute rolled on, without my perceiving the least symptom of the looked-for couple. But what I very clearly discerned instead, were loud titterings behind a latticed window, which presently left no doubt in my mind that the whole interview was a mere waggery of some of the females who had found me out, and were determined to have a laugh at my expense. The very description of the lady's grandeur now made that matter palpable, by its exaggeration; and I held myself assured that the greatest real danger I had to apprehend was that of becoming the laughing stock of the whole district. In this conviction I cursed my credulity, and set my wits to work, in order to devise how I might turn the joke against its authors,—when a faint murmur made me look round, and behold two

females carefully muffled up, glide into the place of our appointment.

"Shall I follow or not?" was now my only thought,—"and take my chance of whatever good or evil may offer?"

The Jewess suffered not my suspense to last. Coming out again:—"what are you waiting for ?" whispered she impatiently in my ear; and without staying for my answer, took me by the hand and led me up stairs, where, having bidden me not to be frightened, she left me, and ran down again, to keep watch while I remained.

By some strange perversity of human nature, the Jewess's seemingly superfluous caution had the contrary effect from that which was intended; and, combined with Esmé's apparent backwardness to throw off her feridjee, made me fancy I had been entrapped with a perfect monster. Full of this idea, I cursed the Israelite for leaving me thus committed, would have given the world to have seen her return, even with the account of some urgent real danger, and stood rivetted near the door like a statue,—until my expectant fair one, losing all patience, tore off her envelopes, advanced in anger rather than in love, and convinced me of my egregious error.

As her wrath did not continue inexorable, I hope I may pass over the remaining details of this interview, without any great violation of my duty as a biographer:—they presented strong features of resemblance with many others of the same description; and in truth, though the rare beauties of my mistress—her soft black eyes, her coral lips, and her carriage graceful as that of the swan gliding on the waters,—might have obtained at other times a more elaborate encomium, thoughts of a sedater hue occupy my mind at the present moment.

Irksome as I had thought the departure of the Jewess, I thought her return still a thousand times more barbarous, when, ere we had time to think of her existence, she reappeared, and with relentless cruelty summoned us to separate.

It seemed as if we had only just met; and it also seemed as if we never were to meet again. For the expedient resorted to could not be repeated; and our faculties were too much bewildered to think of any other. Like people just awaking from a rapturous dream, or rather, just shaking off a deep intoxication, we reeled about lost in a maze of confused feelings, and able to reflect neither on the past, the present, or the future. The vain attempt to think

was soon given up, and we settled to communicate through the channel of the Israelite, when our minds should be sobered by separation. At the moment of parting however, and when casting on each other the last farewell glance:—"what can I do," cried the grateful Esmé, "to repay my saviour,* my sovereign, and my god; what gifts worth his acceptance can I bestow? Take this, and this, and this: it is nothing to what I owe you, it is all I can give in return;" and so saying, she tore off her richest jewels, and heaped upon me strings of pearls, clasps of rubies, and girdles of diamonds.

"And do you then imagine," cried I, "that one honoured by your smiles can expect or can want a recompense of this sort?"

"What signifies," replied the fair one, "what you expected, or what you want!—You wanted not the poor recluse Esmé, when you vouchsafed to come to me. I have my burthen of gratitude to lessen. For my sake, I must give, and for mine you must receive."

Still I refused. But a cloud began to gather on the brow thus far serene: gleams of ominous lightning flashed from those eyes that before glowed only with unmixed tenderness. "I see it," cried

* Does this epithet allude to his patronymic name?

Esmé, "I see it! You love me not. You fear to take an an earnest. You intend not to return to my arms!"—and upon this she tore her jetty locks. The Jewess now stepped forward. "For God's sake," said she, "pocket all, as I do. It may cost us our lives thus to stand upon ceremony." I therefore yielded, took the proffered gifts, for this magnanimous act received a last rapturous glance, and tore myself away.

Scarce deigning to lower my looks to the earth, scarce feeling the ground that bore my feet, gliding along on invisible pinions rather than walking, I proceeded at random, intoxicated with my good fortune. In my own mind I soared at that moment above all the monarchs of the globe. Constantinople seemed too small to contain my exultation, and oppressed within its walls by the excess of my happiness, I went forth at the gates, and poured out into the country the ebullitions of my joy, and the ferment of my spirits.

Three good hours of uninterrupted exercise were requisite to lay them; after which I went home through the street which had been the scene of my forlorn perambulations, on purpose to shew its familiars the difference in my air!

Here, however, let me for an instant interrupt

the thread of my subject, in order to observe that, though my courtships have thus far occupied a great portion of my narrative, it is not the history of my loves, but that of my life, which I wish to write. Instead therefore of detailing the scheme through means of which was effected our next meeting, and the many others which followed, I shall only in general state that each interview seemed to increase the fondness of my mistress. Every circumstance of my situation which gradually unfolded itself to her knowledge, only gave me new attractions in her eyes. Above all she delighted in that inferiority of my condition to her own, which enabled me to become indebted for ease, affluence, and whatever else appeared desirable, to her sole affection. Hers was the mighty bliss of giving me all I possessed; of making me all I was.

Out of compliment to her taste I bestowed upon my person the utmost attention. The berath which before I had coveted, I now failed not to purchase; and the gold which I accepted for the sake of peace, I laid out in such a way as to make the liberalities of the donor at least yield her eyes a fair return in my improved appearance. Now and then, indeed, too plentiful supplies proved hostile

to my prudence; but if an opulence to which I had not been accustomed often got me into scrapes, it always got me out again; nor left me, like modern friends, in the difficulties into which it had lured me. In one of my midnight orgies,—for instance,—being summoned by the patrole before the waywode, "I was on my way to him," I forthwith exclaimed, "in order to discharge an old debt. Pray, Gentlemen, have the goodness to take charge of these few sequins: but only pay them at your own convenience;"—and immediately my freedom was restored to me with an hundred bows and scrapes. In another frolicsome mood, making so great a noise on the canal, that the Bostandgee-bashee had me handcuffed in spite of my berath,—on the plea that it was too dark to read it: "I have heard," I cried, "that a fine carbuncle will throw out as much light as a lamp. Vouchsafe, mighty sir, to try theexperiment with this ring;"—and all at once the officer saw so clearly I was a berathlee, as to grant me the entire range of the Bosphorus.

These occasional frolics were necessary to keep up my spirits under the depression they began to experience. For my intrigue cast upon my free agency a constraint which I had never felt before. I, who until that period knew not what it was to

abstain or to conceal; who even with the haughtiest of the Archondessas of the Fanar used to assert my liberty, and to mock the fair one's rage, now felt anxious, with the prisoner of a harem, to dissemble the least act of inconstancy of which I might happen to be guilty. Nor should it be supposed that this proceeded from any fear of stopping the current of the lady's bounty. It is true that, where I gave my love, and would have given my utmost largess, had the means been mine, I scrupled not, with the affections, to receive the gifts of my wealthy mistress: but I was not so venal as to have sold for gold and jewels my person independent of my heart; and Esmé owed to her situation alone a consideration which never yet had accompanied my preferences. The Archon's wife, a free agent like myself, like me had been mistress of her choice, and where I sinned against her, had possessed all the means to retaliate. It was not so with Esmé. She was a helpless captive, who could not punish my offences by following my example. What with the one seemed a justifiable proceeding, with the other became wanton cruelty.

And most acutely would the fair Mohammedan have felt any unnecessary wound inflicted by my hand: most alive was her susceptible mind to all the

fellest pangs of jealousy. "When first I loved you," she said, "you had never beheld me, you knew not whether I was fair or hideous, you could not harbour the least spark of reciprocal affection; you might without the smallest sacrifice on your part for ever have kept out of my sight, and left my hopeless flame, unfed, to die away. This indeed, —had not your heart been free, and able to return all the warmth of my feelings,—honor, justice, and humanity required. You acted otherwise; ere yet you felt a spark of reciprocal tenderness, you threw yourself purposely in my way; you sedulously nourished my passion, and you have carried my madness to that pitch where it must find your's commensurate, or end in my perdition. You now are bound to sustain the affection which you have gratuitously raised: you are pledged to save me from despair. If, after having fanned my love into a resistless blaze, you should think of forsaking me, I die;—but the same blow by which I fall shall kill us both."

The same blow did not kill both! For when long impunity had made me so daring as to invade the Effendee's own roof; when suspicions arose in the husband's mind, which he resolved to verify; when on he rushed to his harem; when right and

left flew the women's slippers, placed as a spell at its threshold; when open burst the door of the sanctuary, and jealousy carried its search into the inmost recesses of the gynecæum; when what became of the hapless Esmé, Heaven, the Effendee, and the Black Sea alone can tell,—not a hair of my head received the smallest injury. That very impetuosity of my enemy which seemed to doom me to certain and immediate destruction, proved the means of my preservation. In the very act of making my escape, the door which turned back upon its hinges turned back upon my person, and concealed the intruder behind its friendly screen, until the Effendee and his troop had passed by. I then slipped away unperceived by any creature within. Some slaves, however, who kept watch on the outside, seeing me run, and in evident confusion, set up a hue and cry. Finding they gave me chace, I darted into a mosque, whose open gate seemed to invite my entrance. All I wanted was to throw my pursuers off the scent. A few old Moslemen were in the djamee,[2] mumbling their evening prayers; and while the mob outside howled after the adulterer, the congregation within began to scream at the Yaoor. Thus placed between two fires, all hopes of escape forsook me. I felt as if I must

—but for some special miracle—soon be torn to pieces!

One human measure only remained to save my life. I drew my dagger, threw my cloak over my face, leaned my back against the mihrab,[3] and cried, "I am a Moslemin!"

If there existed not even any direct evidence of guilt having found its way at all into the Effendee's harem, still less did there exist any such of my being the offender. All proof against me was merely circumstantial. So far from being found in the wife's faithless arms, I had not even been caught under the injured husband's roof. At most I had shewn some signs of hurry near the disturbed dwelling; but, though this might be reason enough to massacre an infidel, a follower of the true faith—however recent his conversion—demanded somewhat greater respect.

From the moment therefore in which I invoked the name of the Prophet, every breath of accusation was hushed, every hand became suspended. A magic power seemed to arrest the daggers on my very breast. A fanatical mob instantly took under its protection the new proselyte.

But this proselyte I had bound myself to be. I had proclaimed myself one of the faithful; and on

the spot, and in the very mosque, I went through the various forms which mark the reclaimed infidel, and announce his admission into the bosom of Islamism.

## CHAPTER X.

Historians often err in attributing to a single great cause the effect of many minute circumstances combined. My sagacious biographer, for instance, would not fail to place my abjuration of the Christian faith entirely and solely to the account of my intrigue with a Turkish fair one, and the desperate alternative between life and death which ensued. Nothing would be more erroneous. The seemingly bold measure had long been preparing *in petto*; and the unexpected dilemma to which I was reduced, may only be said to have fixed the period for its execution.

There had arrived at Pera a foreigner whom I shall call Eugenius. His ostensible object was to acquire the ancient lore of the East, in return for which he most liberally dealt out the new creed of the West. I cannot better describe him than as the antipode to father Ambrogio. For as the one was a missionary of a society for the propagation of belief, so was the other an emissary of a sect for

the diffusion of disbelief. He meditated indeed a pilgrimage to the holy land, but with the view to prove more scientifically the fatuity of all things holy. Reason, philosophy and universal toleration were the only objects of his reverence; and some of his tenets which I picked up by the way, had in them a something plausible to my mind, and, if not true, seemed to my inexperience *ben trovati*. He conceived that there might exist offences between man and man, such as adultery, murder, &c., more heinous than the imperfect performance of certain devout practices—eating pork steaks in lent included; and above all he thought that, whatever number of crimes a man, using his utmost diligence, might crowd in the short span of this life, they still might possibly be atoned for in the next by only five hundred thousand million of centuries (he would not abate a single second) of the most excruciating torture; though this period was absolutely nothing compared with eternity. As to his other tenets they were too heinous to mention.

Ere father Ambrogio was aware that Eugenius broached such abominable doctrines, he had introduced me to him in the quality of Droguemau, or rather of Cicerone: and the tone in which I was received might have made the father suspect that all was not right. But the father's range of in-

tellectual vision extended not further than his own nose, and that nose was a snub one.'

"It was you quibbling, sophistical Greeks," cried Eugenius laughing, "who, proud, at the commencement of the Christian era, of your recently imported gnosticism, perverted by its mystic doctrine the simple tenets of Christianity. It was you who, ever preferring the improbable and the marvellous to the natural and the probable, have contended for taking in a literal, and therefore, in an absurd sense, a thousand expressions which, in the phraseology of the East, were only meant as figurative and symbolical; and it was you who have set the baneful example of admitting in religious matters, the most extraordinary deviations from the course of nature and from human experience, on such partial and questionable evidence as, in the ordinary affairs of man, and in a modern court of justice, would not be received on the most common and probable occurrence."

Father Ambrogio, who conceived that every reflection upon the Greeks must be in favour of the Romans, was delighted with this speech, and, as he went away, earnestly recommended to me to treasure up in my memory all the sagacious sayings of the wise man whom I had the happiness to serve.

But it was not long before he changed his mind. The very next day, when I called on Eugenius, I found padre Ambrogio in most angry discussion with him about the doctrine of Divine clemency, which the friar could not abide. Eugenius at last was obliged to say in his laughing way, that since the father appeared so incurably anxious for endless punishment, all he could do for him, was to pray that, by a single exception in his favour, he at least might be damned to all eternity. Father Ambrogio, who never laughed, and who hated Eugenius the more for always laughing, upon this speech left the room: but the next time he met me alone, he very seriously cautioned me against one who, he was sure, must be a devil incarnate.

"If so," thought I, "he preaches against his own trade; and his principal is little obliged to him for making his dominion a mere leasehold, instead of a perpetuity." Meanwhile I resolved not to be too sure, and, when Eugenius took off his clothes, watched whether I could perceive the cloven foot. Nothing appearing at all like it, and his disposition seeming gentle, obliging and humane, I began to be fond of his company,—until, from liking the man, I unfortunately by degrees came not to dislike some parts of the doctrine of which he was the apostle.

Eugenius differed in one respect from his brethren of the new school. While they wished to subvert all former systems in *toto*, ere they began to re-edify according to their new plan, he, on the contrary, only contended for the appeal to reason on points of internal faith, and urged, in external practices, the propriety of conforming to the established worship:—and this, not from selfish, but philanthropic motives; "for," said he, "while the vulgar retain a peculiar belief, they will close their eyes and hearts against whatever practical good those wish to do them who join not in their creed; and should they, in imitation of their betters, give up some of their idle tenets,—unable immediately, like those they imitate, to replace the checks of superstition by the powers of reason, they will only from bad lapse into worse, let loose the reins to their passions, and exchange errors for crimes."

Now, in conformity to this doctrine of my masters, what could be clearer than that it behoved me, where the koran was become the supreme law, —as a quiet orderly citizen, zealous in support of the establishment,—with all possible speed to become a Mohammedan. Should there happen to be any personal advantage connected with this public duty; should my conforming to it open the door to places and preferments, from which I otherwise must remain shut out; should it raise

me from the rank of the vanquished to that of the victors, and enable me, instead of being treated with contempt by the Turkish beggar, to elbow the Greek prince, was that my fault? or could it be a motive to abstain from what was right, that it was also profitable!

The arguments appeared to me so conclusive, that I had only been watching for an opportunity to throw off the contemptuous appellation of Nazarene, and to become associated to the great aristocracy of Islamism, some time before the fair Esmé lent the peculiar grace of her accent to the Allah Illah Allah of the Mohammedans; and though, for the credit of my sincerity, I could wish my conversion not exactly to have taken place at the particular moment at which the light of truth happened to shine upon me, yet, all things considered, I thought it wiser not to quibble about punctilios, than to be sewed in a sack, and served up for breakfast to some Turkish shark.

Thus it was that the doctrine of pure reason ended in making me a Mohammedan: but with a pang I quitted for the strange sound of Selim, my old and beloved name of Anastasius, given me by my father;—and so often and so sweetly repeated by my Helena.

I was scarce a Mohammedan skin deep, when I again met padre Ambrogio, whom since my affair

with Esmé I had entirely lost sight of, and who knew not my apostacy.

"Son," said he in a placid tone, "we are all at times prone to passion; I myself, meek as you now see me, have had my unguarded moments: but it is impossible that you should not wish to achieve the glorious work so well begun Suppose therefore we resume our spiritual exercises. You are already so far advanced in the right road, that we cannot fail ultimately to make you an exemplary Roman Catholic."

"Father," answered I; "what may ultimately happen it is not in man to foresee: mean time, since we met last, another trifling impediment has arisen to my embracing the Latin creed. I am become a Moslemin."

At this unlooked for obstacle, father Ambrogio started back full three yards. "Holy virgin!" exclaimed he, "how could you make such a mistake?"

Not caring to assign the true cause; "I wanted," said I, "to secure in the next world a little harem of black eyed girls."

At this speech father Ambrogio fetched a deep sigh; and began to muse, looking alternately at his habit and at mine.—"Well!" said he, after a pause; "at least you no longer are a Greek, and that is something;" and hereupon he departed;

—wondering I suppose where, in his paradise, Mohammed meant to dispose of the angels whose eyes were blue.

I never was very ambitious of learning, but my new God-father, a formal Turkish grey-beard, could not brook my total ignorance of my new religion. "You are not here among Scheyis,[2]" said he, "who under the name of Mohammedans live the lives of Yaoors, drink wine as freely as we swallow opium, and make as little scruple of having in their possession paintings of pretty faces,[3] as if at the day of judgment they were not to find souls for all those bodies of their own creating. You are,—Allah be praised!—among strict and orthodox Sunnees; and, however an old believer may have had time to forget his creed, a young neophyte should have it at his fingers ends."

So I had to learn my catechism afresh. Great was my inclination to expostulate;—but all I could obtain was to be provided with a teacher who, for my twenty paras a lesson, should put me in the way of passing over the bridge Seerath[4] as speedily as possible. And this I was promised.

Nothing therefore could exceed my surprise, when in walked the gravest of the whole grave body of doctors of law—the very pink and quintessence of true believers; one who would not miss saying his namaz

regularly four times a day, three hundred and sixty days in the year,[5] for all the treasures of the Devas;[6] who, to obtain the epithet of hafeez,[7] had learnt his whole koran by heart unto the last stop; and who, not satisfied with praying to God like other people, had linked himself to a set of dancing Derwishes, for the sole purpose of addressing the Deity with more effect in a sugar-loaf cap, and twisting round the room like a top:—a personage who, in a devout fit, would plump down upon his knees in the midst of the most crowded street, without turning his head round before he had finished the last reekath[8] of his orison, if all Constantinople were trembling in an earthquake; who, considering all amusements as equally heinous, made no difference between a game of chess or mangala, and illicit attentions to one's own great-grand mother, and once, in his devout fury, with his enormous chaplet positively demolished Karagheuz[9] in the midst of all his drollery: a personage who, at the end of the Ramadan,[10] looked like a walking spectre, and the very last time of this fast absolutely doubled its length, only for having snuffed up with pleasure, before the hours of abstinence were over, the fumes of a kiebab on its passage out of a cook-shop: a personage who had an absolute horror of all representations of the human figure

—those of Saint Mark on the Venetian sequin only excepted: a personage, in fine, who already was surnamed in his own district the Wely or Saint; and whom all his neighbours were dying to see dead, only that they might hang their rags round his grave, and so get cured of the ague.

When this reverend Moollah[11] first made his appearance, his face was still bedewed with tears of sympathy, occasioned by a most heart-rending scene of domestic woe, which his charitable hand had just assuaged. In an adjoining street he had found, stretched out on the bare pavement, a whole miserable family,—father, mother, brother, sister, together at least with a dozen children of tender age, —in a state of complete starvation. The very description of such a piteous sight harrowed up my soul. Lest however the holy man should incur a suspicion of having been betrayed into a weakness so reprehensible as that of pity for the human species —for which he felt all the contempt it deserved, and which he never presumed to solace under any of the visitations inflicted by providence,—I should add that the wretched objects of his present compassion were of that less criminal sort, the canine species! They belonged to those troops of unowned dogs whom the Turks of Constantinople allow to live in their streets on the public bounty,

in order to have the pleasure of seeing them bark at the Christians whom their Frank dress betrays. To these, and other beings of the irrational genus, were entirely confined the benefactions of my tutor; and if his own species have few obligations to acknowledge from him, he was recorded as having purchased the liberty of three hundred and fifty canary birds in cages, granted pensions to the baker and butcher for the maintenance of fifty cats, and left at least a dozen dogs, whom he found on the *pavé*, handsomely provided for in his will.

No sooner was my venerable instructor comfortably seated on his heels in the angle of my sofa, than looking around him with an air of complacency, as if he liked my lodgings, he told me to my infinite satisfaction, that, provided he only took his station there for two hours every day, he pledged himself before the end of the first year to instruct me thoroughly in all the diversities of the four orthodox rituals,—the Hanefy, Schafey, Hanbaly and Maleky; together with all that belonged to the ninety-nine epithets of the Deity, represented by the ninety-nine beads of the chaplet. In the space of another twelvemonth he ventured to hope that he might go over with me the principal difference between the two hundred and eighty most canonical Mufessirs or commentators on the Koran, as

well as the two hundred and thirty-five articles of the creed, on which theologians entertain a difference of opinion; and in the third year of our course, he promised to enable me completely to refute all the objections which the Alewys and other dissenters make to the Sunnee creed; and to have a general idea of the tenets of the seventy-two leading heretical sects, from that of Ata-hakem-el-Mookanna, or the one-eyed prophet with the golden mask, to Khand-Hassan, the fanatic who eat pork and drank wine in the public market place like any Christian: so as through dint of so much diligence on the fourth and last year to have nothing to do but to go over the whole again, and imprint it indelibly on my memory. By way of a little foretaste of his method of disputation, he took up one of the controverted points; first raised his own objections against it; and then,—as he had an indubitable right to do with his undisputed property,—again completely overset them by the irresistible force of his arguments; after which—having entirely silenced his adversary, he rose, equally proud of the acuteness of his own rhetoric, and charmed with the sagacity with which I had listened.

The truth is I had fallen asleep; wherefore, when I suddenly awoke on the din of his argumentation

ceasing, I shook my head with a profound air, and by way of shewing how much in earnest I meant to be, with a very wise look said I could not give my unqualified assent, until I heard both sides of the question. Thus far I had heard neither.

This determination rather suprised my doctor, who seemed to have relied on my faculty of implicit credence. "Hear both sides of the question!" exclaimed he in utter astonishment. "Why that is just the way never to come to a conclusion, and to remain in suspense all the days of one's life! Wise men first adopt an opinion, and then learn to defend it. For my part I make it a rule never to hear but one side; and so do all who wish to settle their belief."

The thing had never occurred to me before; but I thought it had in it a something plausible, which at any rate made me resolve not to lengthen the four years course by idle doubts. Accordingly in the three first lessons I agreed to every thing the doctor said or meant to say, even before he opened his mouth, and only wondered how things so simple, for instance, as the Prophet's ascent to the third heaven on the horse Borak, with a peacock's tail and a woman's face (I mean the horse), could be called in question. Unfortunately, when in the fourth lesson the Moollah asserted that Islamism

was destined ultimately to pervade the whole globe, a preposterous longing seized me to shew my learning. I asked how that could be, when, as Eugenius had asserted, an uninterrupted day of several months put the fast of the Ramadan wholly out of the question near the poles? This difficulty, which the doctor could not solve, of course put him into a great rage. He reddened, rubbed his forehead, repeated my query, and at last told me in a violent perspiration, that if I mixed travellers tales with theology, he must give up my instruction.

I was too happy to take him at his word; instantly paid what I owed for the lessons received; and begged henceforth to remain in contented ignorance. Lest however I should appear petulant to my God-father, I went and desired him to find me a Moollah that was reasonable.

" A Moollah that is reasonable!" exclaimed an old gentleman present, who happened to belong to the order himself. " Why, young man, that is a most unreasonable request. The Koran itself declares the ink of the learned to be equal in value to the blood of martyrs; and where will a single drop be shed in disputation, if all agree to be reasonable? But come," added he laughing, " I will undertake, without a fee, to teach you in one word all that is necessary to appear a thorough

bred Moslemin ; and if you doubt my receipt, you may even get a Fethwa of the Mufty, if you please, to confirm its efficacy. Whenever you meet with an infidel, abuse him with all your might, and no one will doubt you are yourself a staunch believer." I promised to follow the advice.

## CHAPTER XI.

STERN winter had breathed his last: his churlish progeny had fled. The waves were no longer lashed by storms, nor was the earth fettered by frost. Constantinople hailed the day, revered alike by Greeks and Turks, when St. George opens in state the gawdy portals of the spring. The north wind had ceased to howl through Stambool's thin habitations. Mild zephyr reigned alone; and as his fragrant breath went forth in gentle sighs, the white winding sheet of snow retired gradually from the mountain's rugged brow, while a verdant carpet of tender herbage spread along the hollow valley. The taller trees of the forest might still slumber awhile: the lesser shrubs and plants of the garden were all waking, to resume their summer robes of rich and varied dye. Blushing blossoms crowned their heads, and every transient gale was loaded with their fragrance. Over fields enamelled with the crimson anemone fluttered millions of azure

butterflies, just broke forth from their shells with the flowers on which they fed, and hardly yet able to unfurl their wings in air: while on every bough was heard some feathered songster, hailing the new season of joy and of love. The very steeds of the imperial stables, liberated that day from their dark winter stalls, measured with mad delight Kiadhané's verdant meads, while their joyful neighing re-echoed from the hills around. Under each dazzling portico reflected in the Bosphorus, were seen groups of Ich-Oglans and pages, sporting their new spring suits like gilded beetles, in the sun. All eyes seemed rivetted on the Otthoman fleet, which, in gay and gallant trim, majestically issued forth from the deep mouth of the harbour, and with every snowy sail swelling in the breeze, advanced towards Marmora's wider bason, there to commence its yearly cruise through the mazy Archipelago. Of the immense population of Constantinople a part was skimming, in barges glittering like gold-fish, the scarce ruffled surface of the channel, while the remainder sauntered in gay parties on the fringed terraces that overhang its mirror, and in the woody vales that branch out from its banks. On all sides resounded the tuneful lyre and the noisy cymbal, animating the steps of the joyous dancers. Nature and art, the

human race and the brute creation, seemed alike to enjoy in every form of diversified festivity, the epoch when recommence the hopes, the labors, and the delights of summer.

I too was one of the mirthful throng. In company with a few Osmanlees, not the most rigid of their race, I had been indulging in the orgies of the day outside the gate of Selivria. Somewhat flushed with the juice of the berry which Bacchus first planted in my country, we were returning toward the Top Capoussee,[1] when close beside us came prancing an exceeding bad horseman mounted on a worse steed. At Constantinople it often occurs that an old menial, whose rambles never extended beyond the village of St. Stephens, and whose foot never pressed a stirrup, is rewarded for his domestic services, by a military fief or zeeameth,[2] at ten or twenty days journey from the capital. He then first learns to ride in the plains outside the gate of Andrinople; in order that he may know how to cling to his saddle, when constrained to present himself before his vassals. Of this description seemed to be the equestrian whose pleasure it was to annoy us. Proud of his newly acquired horsemanship, he was incessantly in our way, now trotting, now prancing, now galloping at full speed, so as to keep us involved in a constant cloud of dust, with the addi-

tional advantage of expecting every instant a nearer participation in his horse's kicks and curvetings. Whether, in order to avoid his company, we went slow or fast, or turned to the right or to the left, still he haunted us like our shadow; or if for a moment he seemed to have taken his leave, it was only to raise a fallacious hope, and return to the charge with renewed powers of annoyance, when least expected; like the forest fly that haunts the weary traveller, and seems to enjoy the restless state in which he keeps his helpless adversary. Vexatious as was the fellow's behaviour, my either less irritable or more sober companions agreed not to notice it. They would have nothing to do, they said, with a saucy *green-head*, only amenable before his own officers, and sure to be supported, whatever outrage he might commit, by all his comrades. Less patient, or less awed by the Prophet's kindred, I swore I would grapple with the Emir, and soil the green of his turban with the red of its brainless tenant: when, guessing my intentions, he buried his sharp stirrups[1] in his lank and harassed steed, and scampered away: but not before he had succeeded in what seemed throughout to be the end of all his labour; namely, in bespattering me from head to foot with all the mud of almost the only puddle which remained in the road.

Who that, in the full pride of an entire new suit, of which the color has long been pondered over, the stuff chosen after infinite consideration, the making only entrusted to the most skilful artists, the fitting tried in all its various stages, the final arrival obtained only at the very period destined for its display, and the inimitable beauty exhibited yet to a small portion only of those intended to be dazzled with its splendor,—is fated to see the work of so much thought and labor irretrievably spoilt in all its precious bloom, and from an object of exultation rendered a subject of mockery; who, I say, that is fated to undergo such a trial, ever preserved his temper unruffled, and was blessed with feelings sufficiently torpid to abstain from falling out even with blind and undesigning chance?

Then fancy my impatient spirit submitted to this trial, and that by the unprovoked malice of a fellow mortal! But a few moments before, alas! the vest of purple broad cloth, the velvet jacket of emerald green, the scarlet bernoos[+] lined with sky blue satin, and the ample trowsers of a blushing lilac, like the tints that surround the setting sun blended together in an universal galaxy, through dint of the embossed gold, that covered all its prominent parts as with a net work, still shone in the full perfection of their primitive purity. My dress resembled the infant leaves of the spring, yet untainted either by

blight or insect. After parading its beauties all day like a peacock in the country, I was only going home to display them all the evening, as on a new stage, in the illuminated coffee houses[5] in the town, when, not even by the unavoidable decrees of an inexorable destiny, but by the insolence of a paltry serving man, all my honors felt blasted in the bud, and every item of my gay attire was made to display the marks of a shower of black offensive mud; so that I looked like a once gawdy tulip, whose erect splendor has been crushed by some restive ass's heedless hoof. Such was my indignation at the insult, and still more at the escape of the culprit, that I felt a positive want of some luckless wight, on whom to vent my rage.

At that inauspicious moment, who should suddenly start up, as from the very bowels of the yawning earth, but my friend Anagnosti, whom I had left buried in the Bagnio!

On quitting that prison, I was fully determined not to let an hour elapse without applying for his liberation, nor to rest until I had procured it. For that purpose chiefly I had gone to Mavroyeni. The reader may remember how I was received. The fainting fit which followed, the illness in the hospital, and the indigence I had to encounter on first being thrown anew upon the wide world, had combined to prevent for several weeks all furtherance

of my design. When my condition improved, I thought it advisable to wait till I had earned a character, had acquired friends among the Franks, and had purchased the berath which might give greater independence to my movements in behalf of a rayah. These came in due time, but with them also unfortunately came the infatuation of my Turkish amour, during which I was obliged, for my mistress's sake, carefully to avoid attracting the public attention; and this affair only ended in that apostacy which made me, bold as I was, dread the reproachful sight of Anagnosti. Yet I had not abandoned my purpose; and I had determined, the very day after St. George, to labour to effect my friend's release, when he thus unexpectedly crossed my way.

The very presence of Anagnosti—and of Anagnosti after my long neglect of his forlorn situation, freed from his fetters without my assistance—was in itself a severe rebuke. The negligence of which I stood convicted by my friend's deliverance, almost made me regret the circumstance as premature. I felt his freedom as a boon he should not have accepted, except at my hands; as an event expressly brought about to shame me. Though in reality he came from celebrating—probably in a somewhat different manner—the same festival[5] with myself, he seemed only to rush thus full upon me

while yet ignorant of his liberty, and unprepared for his appearance, in order to take me by surprise, and to enjoy my confusion.

This idea alone was sufficiently galling; but had no suspicion of the sort entered my mind, had I felt entitled to regard myself as the sole self applauding author of my friend's release, as the guardian angel to whom belonged his fullest gratitude, still could I most devoutly have wished that fate had brought me in contact with his thorough Greek figure at any other time, rather than at the present moment. Thrown among Osmanlees proud of their untainted blood, and whose consideration I courted, I had but just asserted an equality with my lofty companions, by swearing indeed that I was *not* one of those Candiote Turks,[6] who though three parts Greek are yet regarded as among the highest mettled of the Sultan's Mohammedan subjects, but by swearing this in so significant a manner, as to be disbelieved, to gain credit for the reverse of what I affirmed, and to combine the benefit of a lie with the right to boast strict veracity: I had even, in conformity with the Moollah's advice, most vehemently abused the whole race of Christian dogs; and in the midst of my success and my exultation, to find myself thus suddenly confronted with the only person who, by his familiar address, must not only overturn the whole fabric of my raising, but proclaim me a mere

renegado,—an outcast from the very Bagnio, threatened so total a subversion of all my views and hopes, as to give Anagnosti, in my already ruffled mind, the character of an enemy rather than of a friend. The instant I perceived him, I felt my cheek burn with shame and vexation, and tried to avoid his irksome notice: but already I had caught his watchful eye.

In this situation I felt that a mere retreating movement would only invite a more eager and marked advance, and conceived that nothing but a coolness so obvious as to wound my friend to the quick, and make him in his disappointment be the first to shun all recognition, could save me from his dreaded familiarity. Upon this principle, instead of either darting forward to meet his embrace, or shrinking from his approach, I stopped suddenly short, stood entirely motionless, and with all the dignity of the turban, just put out my hand, to receive the homage of his respectful lip.—

His first glance alighting only on my features, had made him rush forward to press me to his bosom. His second look falling upon my dress and companions, again arrested his progress, and seemed to rivet his feet to the ground. Hence, judging him sufficiently awed by my mere appearance, I now ventured to utter some condescending expressions: but my words he heeded not. Keeping his

haggard eyes fixed on my person, he asked me whether a spell fascinated his senses, or whether in reality I was become . . . . a Moslemin, he would have said ; but the hateful appellation stuck in his throat. Not caring he should give it utterance— " be what I may," I hastily cried, " proceed thou, without fear."

The pious ceremonies of the morning,—not I trust the devout libations of the afternoon,—had imparted to my friend's religious enthusiasm a more than usual warmth. At this mortifying speech, resentment of my neglect, indignation at my apostacy, wounded pride, and disappointed affection took possession of his soul.

" Fear !" exclaimed he, repeating my last words with an hysteric laugh ; while his eye darted lightning, and his lip curled up in scorn ; " Fear suits only the deserter of his country and his God !"

So proud a taunt completed the rising ferment of my blood. Enraged at the invective, still more enraged at its coming from a rayah, from a man of mean appearance, and in the presence of sneering Osmanlees, I mechanically thrust my hand in my girdle and drew out my handjar. It was an unmeaning and half involuntary action : I had no fatal purpose ; I intended not—no, upon the solemn word of one again prostrate before the cross—I intended not to hurt a hair of my friend's sacred head. Frantic

he rushed forward, and fell—fell upon the weapon s too diligently sharpened point. He then struck me away from him, while the dagger—slipping through my palsied fingers—remained as he intended deep buried in his side.

Leisurely he drew it out, and with a sort of complacency viewing his blood as it trickled from the blade: "O my mother, my mother," he exclaimed, "thy dying words then prove true. My friends alone have been my perdition, and the small crimson speck found on the bands of our brotherhood, is grown into the stream that now gushes from my heart! But at least Anastasius," added he with a look which pierced my very soul, "I have prevented him who made a vow to defend me to his last dying breath, from being the destroyer of my wretched life. I wondered thou hadst abandoned thy friend. Alas! I knew not that thou hadst forsaken thy God! May he pardon thee as I do! Life to me was bitterness, death is a welcome guest! I rejoin those who love me; and already, methinks, they stretch out their arms from heaven to their dying Anagnosti. Thou,—if there be in thy breast one spark of pity left for him thou once namedst thy brother, ah suffer not the starving hounds in the street . . . . . . See a little hallowed earth thrown over my wretched corpse."

These words were his last. He staggered; his

body fell lifeless across the highway, and his spotless soul flew to heaven.

In the day of battle, so mighty are the preparations for hurling death at thousands, by so many are the shafts of the grim destroyer seen, expected, launched, and felt: so rapidly are the slain often followed by their slayers, and the mourned by their mourners, that the harvest of the grave, however dire and sudden, scarce finds leisure to be noticed, and no longer appals an imagination already stunned and dizzy with excitement. But when in the hour of mirth and thoughtlessness, a single living frame of exquisite perfection is, by some unforeseen blow, suddenly snatched away in the full exercise of all its energies corporeal and mental, and changed into an insensible mass of clay, stretched out in the kindred dust, unconscious of the greatest insults, how drear, how awful to the beholder seems the vast and sudden change! Fixed in intent amazement at the dismal one which I had witnessed—witnessed, but not occasioned!—I long continued gazing on my friend's lifeless form, and at last—late at night—returned into the city, by the same gate through which, in the morning, I had gone forth full of mirth.

But sad was now my soul! I felt the heavy hand of the Almighty upon me! I felt the long series of chastisements beginning which awaited my apostacy. Precisely where the religion of my fathers

had imposed upon me the most sacred ties, where by my change I had most grievously sinned against it, and where the punishment of my infidelity must wound my heart most painfully, there the first blow had been struck! It was because I had abandoned my God that I had been doomed to lose my friend—the friend to whom I had been sworn in his holy name!—and doomed to lose him by my own thrice cursed hand! And so great became, from the bitter taste of its first fruits, the sense of my guilt, that, could I only have avoided the dismal fate of an utter outcast, forced for ever to fly his country and to roam among strangers, I should willingly have forfeited all else which I possessed or could hope for, even now to abjure my new errors, and to return to my old condition and worship. Nor did any fear of its consequences mix itself with the feelings which my misfortune called forth in me. Had I even been most unquestionably guilty of the premeditated murder of an infidel, my life, as a Moslemin, could run no risk from the award of the Turkish law. But the numerous circle which had witnessed the scene, united in asserting my entire innocence; and when on the morning after the deed I presented myself of my own accord at the nearest Mekkiemé,[7] to take my trial, the Cadee, after exchanging a few words with his Naib,[8] dismissed me fully acquitted.

Not so my own conscience! Loud and ceaseless were its upbraidings. "Thy dagger," it cried, "has been lifted on thy friend; it has killed thy brother; it has struck him to the heart whom it ought to have defended to the last drop of thine own blood; its accursed edge has cut through the holiest of engagements, and doomed to destruction the sincerest piety and the tenderest affection. To the last day of thy life, the wound inflicted by thee on Anagnosti shall continue to fester in thine own bosom! it shall remain fresh and green when his mouldering remains have fallen into dust; it shall follow thee beyond the grave; it shall make thee dread to meet thy friend even in the regions of eternal bliss, if it should not eternally shut against thee their inexorable doors."

To hush the relentless monitor, to honor my ill fated friend's remains, and to appease his shade, I did all that I now could do. I not only had his body carried to the grave in splendid procession, masses performed for his soul, the boiled wheat[9] distributed in plenty among the congregation, the purest marble sought for a gorgeous tombstone; I myself, clothed as I was in the livery of Mohammed, followed at a distance the dismal pomp, wrapt in the cloak of sadness—my garments soiled, and my head strewed with ashes. From an obscure

aisle in the church I beheld the solemn service; saw on the plain of death the pale stiff corpse lowered into its narrow cell, and, hoping to exhaust sorrow's bitter cup, at night when all mankind consigned their griefs to rest, went back to my friend's final resting place, lay down upon his still still grave, and watered with my tears, the hollow, fresh-raised mound.

In vain! Nor my tears, nor my sorrows could avail. No offerings nor penance could purchase me repose. Wherever I went, the fatal spot of blood still danced before my steps, and the reeking dagger still hovered in my sight. In the silent darkness of the night, I saw the pale and luminous phantom of my friend stalk round my watchful couch, covered with gore and dust; and even during the noisy meetings of the day to which I fled for relief, I still beheld the spectre rise over the festive board, glare on me with piteous look, and hand me whatever I attempted to reach. But whatever it presented seemed blasted by its touch. To my wine it gave the taste of blood, and to my bread the rank flavor of death!

I who before had set at nought even the sober creed of the sage, now sought comfort in the silly superstitions of the vulgar. I made offerings to the inexorable Fates. I supplicated the awful *Moirai*[10]

to withold from me their scourges. Thinking by swift motion to fly from the vision which every where pursued my steps, I bestrode the swiftest coursers, and roamed the country over. I flew across hill and dale both early in the morning and late at night—now descending headlong the steep banks of the Propontis, now rushing along the rugged shores of the Euxine.

Among my acquaintance was a rich Armenian. The fondness for handsome horses, prevalent among his nation, in him was a perfect passion: but a passion which the jealous laws of the Turks only suffered a rayah to indulge in secret. He might, at an immense cost, keep the most magnificent coursers that came from the rich plains of his own country: bestride them he durst not—except in their stalls: to ride and to enjoy them he was oblig-ed to hire some mean Mohammedan; and as the noble animals often wanted exercise, he was glad to assist me in flying from my sorrows, by giving me the unrestrained use of his stud.

Thus enjoying the command of the fleetest horses and the most active grooms, I took care that neither should want exercise I devoted my whole time to drawing the bow, and slinging the Djereed.[11] In no place was I seen, but at the Oc-

meidan and in the Hippodrome,[12] where I endeavour ed to raise my oppresssed spirits by sending them on the wing after a barbed arrow, or a staff that cleft the air. In order to concentrate on one point the whole bent of my faculties, and the whole scope of my feelings, I used to set myself a task. I resolved to hit a particular mark at an assigned distance, and I left not the spot until I had performed the feat. This practice gave me a dexterity in warlike exercises, of which, at a later period, I reaped the benefit. At the time, the swiftest motion of my body was not sufficient to afford my mind repose. The instant I vaulted into my saddle, the gaunt spectre leaped up behind me. I might walk or I might gallop, saunter along or fly at full speed; yet would he alike goad my galled heart, and with his iron gripe wring my breast to suffo cation. If for an instant I breathed more freely, if sometimes I conceived a transient hope that my gloom wore out, it soon proved delusive; and the sun's enfeebled rays scarce in an autumn day at Venice, less easily pierce its shroud of chilling mist, than the least glimpse of hilarity broke through the desolation which surrounded my heart.

As a last and desperate resource, I tried to drive away my frightful visions by gayer dreams, the

children of drowsy opium. I found my way to the great mart of that deleterious drug, the Theriakee Tchartchee.[13] There, in elegant coffee-houses, adorned with trelliced awnings, the dose of delusion is measured out to each customer, according to his wishes. But lest its visitors should forget to what place they are hying, directly facing its painted porticoes stands the great receptacle of mental imbecility, erected by Sultan Suleiman for the use of his capital.

In this Tchartchee, any day might be seen a numerous collection of those whom private sorrows have driven to a public exhibition of insanity. There each reeling idiot might take his neighbour by the hand, and say: "brother, and what ailed thee, to seek so dire a cure?" There did I with the rest of its familiars now take my habitual station in my solitary niche, like an insensible motionless idol, sitting with sightless eye-balls, staring on vacuity.

One day, as I lay in less entire absence under the purple vines of the porch, admiring the majestic Sulimanye, as it shaded the Tchartchee, the appearance of an old man with a snow-white beard, reclining on the couch beside me, caught my attention. Half plunged in stupor, he every now and then burst out into a wild laugh, occa-

sioned by the grotesque phantasms which the ample dose of madjoon[14] he had just swallowed was sending up to his brain. I sat contemplating him with mixed curiosity and dismay, when, as if for a moment roused from his torpor, he took me by the hand, and fixing on my countenance his dim vacant eyes, said in an impressive tone; "Young man, thy days are yet few; take the advice of one who has counted many. Lose no time; hie thee hence, nor cast behind one lingering look: but if thou hast not the strength, why tarry even here? Thy journey is but half achieved. At once go on to that large mansion before thee. It is thy ultimate destination; and by thus beginning where thou must end at last, thou mayest at least save both thy time and thy money.

The old man here fell back into his apathy, but I was roused effectually. I resolved to renounce the slow poison of whose havock my neighbour was so woeful a specimen; and, in order not even to preserve a memento of the sin I abjured, presented him, as a reward for his advice, with the little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug which I used to carry. He took the bauble without appearing sensible of the gift; while I, running into the middle of the square, pronounced, with outstretched hands,[15] against the execrable

market where insanity was sold by the ounce, an elaborate and solemn malediction.

The curse, I believe, took effect. Certain it is that with me seemed to depart for ever the prosperity of the Theriakee Tchartchee. From the day I turned my back upon its fatal abodes, the use of wine and spirits may be said in Constantinople to have superseded that of opium. Every succeeding year has seen the trade of Madjoon decline faster, and the customers of those that sell it diminish more rapily. The old worshippers of the poppy juice have dropped off like the leaves in autumn, and no young devotees have sprung up in their stead. The preparation has not even preserved its adherents among those men of the law, formerly anxious to combine, through means of a drug that may be taken unperceived, the pleasures of intoxication with the honors of sobriety.

## CHAPTER XII.

By degrees my purse, exhausted in the daily purchase of ready-made but ill-wearing mirth, had begun to partake of the depression of my spirits; and on this occasion I found pecuniary embarassments an excellent remedy for a settled melancholy. When a man knows not how to support life, he has little leisure for feeding sorrow. To replenish, however, my empty coffers, I commenced upon a novel pursuit, which, if it completed the waste of present resources, made me amends by the brilliancy it gave my future prospects.

This I shall explain.

My melancholy, my retirement and my endeavours to find relief from my sorrow in superstitious practices, had brought me in contact with a personage who long since had exchanged the society of man, for habitual converse with spirits; and who, disclaiming all further intercourse with the inhabitants of the earth, employed himself solely in cultivating an extensive acquaintance in the different regions of the heavens. The only easy and familiar chit-chat in which my friend Derwish might be said to indulge, was with the stars. His accurate information respect-

ing the various occurrences in the firmament, however gave him so superior an insight into the affairs of this globe, that he felt mortified as well as surprised at seeing, both in potentates and in private individuals, so unaccountable a backwardness to apply for his advice. He was as fond of giving it as those who have not the stars to back their opinion. And indeed, who more capable than Derwish of directing all the affairs of man? He understood the composition of cabalistic sentences capable of baffling the subtlest witchcraft, and disarming the most determined evil eye. He could tell to a second the precise period for every critical measure, from the giving a battle, to the taking a dose of physic; and as to casting nativities, and predicting seasons, the Venice calendar itself must yield in accuracy to Derwish. It is well known what innumerable little devils float in air, always on the watch, when people inadvertantly yawn, to whip into their mouths, and slip down their throats, when they make sad intestine commotion in their stomachs. These he possessed the art of expelling with rare success; and, soon preparing to soar far beyond his former flights, he was at the eve, when I made his acquaintance, of a discovery which promised mines of wealth to whoever might choose to join with him in the speculation. It consisted in

ascertaining by the itching of ones fingers what heaps of gold lay buried under those ancient piles which—like the arches of Backtchekeui,[1] the ruins in Greece, and the pyramids of Egypt—are mistaken by the ignorant for acqueducts, and temples, and mausolea, but by the wise are known to be the secret treasuries of the Constantines, the Suleimans, and the Pharaohs of old. The exact value of the deposits known; what so easy as to pull down the buildings over them!

Ere, however, this could be quite accomplished, other resources, less splendid no doubt, but more acceptable, and in which Eblis[2] had no hand, lent me their seasonable aid.

One day when walking on the quay with a brother in distress; "See," said I to my companion, "all those bales of costly goods! For whom think you they are landing? Why, for some old churl, to be sure, nailed to his counter, or buried in his warehouse. Fortune reserves all her favors for those who only know them by a cipher more or less in their ledger. Young fellows like us, who would proclaim her bounty by sound of trumpet, and show its fruits to the world, she leaves to starve."

"Fortune, Gentlemen," observed the caravokeiri[3] of the ship, who had overheard my speech, "is a lady, and as I take it, dislikes not her votaries

more than other females do, for being young. But to be won, she must be courted."

I now recognised in the captain one of our islanders: He knew me before. "You sir," added he, "might have had the lady on your own terms, as much as any body. Who so petted as you were by your worthy deceased mother?"

"What! my mother dead?" exclaimed I, both shocked and surprised.

"To be sure," rejoined the reïs; "and, had she known where to find you, ere that happened, who doubts that she would have left her wealth to you rather than to that cross-grained minx—pardon my boldness—your eldest sister."

"All left to my eldest sister," cried I, drying up the tears that had began to flow. "Ah, if I too had but scolded her all the day long! That at least shews attention, and, it seems, meets with its thanks. Or rather—if she had but scolded me, whenever I deserved reproof! But, she is gone to a better place than her son must hope to see: Peace be to my own soul, as it is sure to be to hers!

"It would not much perhaps disturb its repose," observed my companion, "to have a little tug at your sister; and to try, in your quality as Moslemin, which went furthest, your mother's partiality or that of the law."

Next to her mother and her husband, Roxana,

(now the eldest female of the family) had always made me the favorite object of her ill humour. I owed her a longer score of petty spites, than I had ever hoped to wipe out. It would have been a pleasure to me to hustle her out of the inheritance, had it even been for a stranger. Finding therefore that the accumulated produce of my mother's estate at Naxia was in the hands of a merchant in Constantinople, in ready cash, I went to claim it. My sole regret on my way was my not having provided sacks and porters sufficient to carry away the whole treasure at once.

There was little occasion for such a hurry. At first my mother's fortune scarce seemed easier to get at, than the wealth of the Pharaoh's coveted by my friend Derwish. In order to obtain it, I found legal forms to go through, certificates to sign, petitions to present, securities to give, and accounts to settle, which only at the end of several weeks allowed me to pocket my money, or rather the half of my money which had not been melted away in the interval, in law expenses, merchants commissions, presents distributed among men in power, and fees paid to men in office. Even that half however my necessities rendered a most welcome supply.

To the landed property at Naxia I could only enforce my right by personal appearance; and a little voyage round the Archipelago seemed to pro-

mise a pleasing as well as profitable change of scene. Accordingly I bargained for my passage in a Greek vessel bound for Ragusa, but intending to touch at Chio. I was not sorry once more, under the protection of the turban, to behold my native home; whence an open boat could easily convey me, when I pleased, to Naxos.

With all these arrangements settled in my mind, I sent my baggage on board; meaning myself to go by land as far as Gallipoli, where the sacoleva[4] was to ballast. Already, with one foot in the stirrup, was I taking my last leave of all my acquaintance collected around me, when from a distance resounded a loud cry of: "Stop him, stop him!" Accordingly I was going to set off as fast as possible—cursing the fellow who had girt my saddle ill, and now detained me to rectify his awkwardness—when, ere I could get away, who should burst through the opening crowd, and seize my bridle like one frantic, but the star-gazer Derwish himself!

"Can you," said he in an angry whisper—thrusting his whole mouth in my ear, "can you think of going after a paltry rabbit warren, when on the very threshold of all the treasures of the universe?"

"Friend," answered I; "accuse the stars; they have been so dilatory in performing their promises, that I disclaim all further engagement with their highnesses."

"Foolish impatience of youth!" resumed Derwish. "But if hope cannot stop you, at least listen to fear. For your sake I have spent the whole night on my roof, watching yon planet. It looks all spleen and malice. Therefore at any rate go not till Saturday. Besides, who in his senses sets out upon a journey on any other day?"

"Every day is auspicious," replied I, laughing, "to those who go after their money."

"Hark!" exclaimed the persevering Derwish, "there is the Muezzeem's of Sultan Achmet, just calling to prayers. Before you go, say your namaz." —"I have said it three times over," replied I. "And the bag of garlic for your horse, against witchcraft?"—"There it dangles?" "And the amulets for yourself?"—"Head, stomach, arms, all are stiff with them." "I see," observed my friend, deeply sighing, "you have done every thing for yourself: now do something for me, whom you desert with all my excavations on my hands. It will not cost less than fifty thousand piastres only to undermine the aqueduct, and I have not five paras in the world! Give me at least in advance a couple of sequins."

Derwish had now completely worn out my patience. In order to get rid of him—"This good gentleman," cried I to the bystanders, "only wants to deprive the capital of water, and to prevent the ablutions of the faithful. Pray assist him, as I have not time to stop." Derwish at these words

grew frightened; he let go my reins, and slunk away. I rode off, rested during the heat of the day at a village on the road, and in the evening, arrived at Gallipoli.

The captain had already taken in his ballast; so we set sail immediately. At the Dardanelles we were detained several hours, by private jobs of the crew, of which the custom-house officers bore the blame. Just as we got under sail again, an Israelite, who had heroically determined to go by water whither he could not get by land, begged to be admitted on board. He pleaded poverty so piteously that he was received out of pure charity; it being of course understood that he was to submit with a good grace to whatever tricks the sailors might choose for their diversion to play upon his person. Another Jew, seeing his countryman so readily taken in, begged hard for the same boon; but the sailors, thinking they had provided sufficient pastime for the voyage, now became obdurate, and when the supplicant attempted to creep up the sides of the vessel, unmercifully beat him off. In this operation none was so active as his brother Jew, who, concealed behind the sailors, gave him a sound rap with a long stick over the knuckles, every time he attempted to grapple the ship. I could not help noticing this want of charity in one who himself

needed so much; but I found it was from the impulses of that very virtue in which I thought him deficient our new guest acted in this way. The other Jew, he informed us, was a rogue, and if admitted, no one could tell what mischief he might do.

We now thought ourselves secure from further intrusion, when a light wherry, skimming the waters like a swallow, shot alongside of us, and flung upon our deck, without waiting for permission at all, a smart caleondgee, whose high behest was to be conveyed to Tenedos. The captain immediately bowed submission.

In this new passenger I soon recognised a personage with whom I had made acquaintance on board the Turkish fleet, during the expedition to the Morea. Never had we met since the failure of the attempt on Mayno. The marine therefore felt great pleasure in boasting of the more successful one against the same nest of pirates, undertaken the ensuing year. The delight with which he described how the Moohassil of the Morea forced the little peninsula by land, and the Capitan-pasha blockaded it by sea; and how the inhabitants, driven by the one out of their strong holds, fell with their boats into the clutches of the other, could only be exceeded by the rapture with which he painted the males all hanged, and the women and children all drowned, in

order to reconcile them to the Turkish yoke. "You," he concluded, "who are going to take possession of your estates, mean henceforth I suppose to lead a sober country life, and have done with all such frolics. May you prosper! For my part, I hate innocent amusements, and want a little vice to season my pleasures!" Tenedos now being near, my friend called for the boat, and got himself rowed ashore; while I wished him at parting a great deal of pleasure, with all manner of vice.

The current had faithfully escorted us out of the straights; but having fairly seen our ship into the open sea, it here made a deep obeisance, bid our party farewell, and dived away, leaving us for the remainder of the voyage to the care of the winds. These apparently were busy elsewhere. At least none attended our summons; and for several days we were left to confront nothing but a dead calm. Should any one be so fortunate as to have had no acquaintance thus far with the monster ennui, the most favorable situation without doubt for acquiring a thorough knowledge of its powers, is on board a vessel so small as to leave no room for exercise, in the midst of a sea so boundless as to offer no object for contemplation, where motionless in one's motionless vehicle, one lies for hours watching a cloudless sky for a breeze which stays away, and a waveless sea for a ripple which

comes not! In this situation, while all else stands completely still, time itself seems to roll on so heavily, that though every hour of one's short life runs wholly to waste, one yet regrets that it does not waste faster. I, who could only breathe in a bustle and thrive in a whirlwind, absolutely gasped in this unrelenting stillness of the elements as for breath; and it seemed to deaden in my mind even the sense of pain, which would have been a welcome relief to my. listlessness. Fifty times an hour I looked alternately at the sun and at my watch: I stretched myself; I yawned; I walked the deck longways and cross ways; I listened to the dull jokes of the sailors, and even took part in their lifeless conversation, until I became convinced that tedium levels the various conditions of life far more than love, or even gambling. All my impatience was not of the least use! The sun rose, and the sun set; and in the day time the heavenly vault displayed its uninterrupted azure, and at night the vast firmament twinkled with its innumerable stars, and still we remained in the same spot, with the same headlands ever in sight, and the same uniform sluggish sounds of flapping sails, flaunting ropes, creeking timbers and groaning mast ever dinning in our wearied ears. "The worst storm," cried I sighing, "would be a thousand times preferable to the nuisance of a calm like this!"

The storm (which happened to lurk within hearing,) took me at my word. Scarce had I uttered the wish, than it hastened with all possible alacrity to attend the invitation. A white fleece arose in the distant sky; a dark streak shot across the wave beneath it; a breeze in short was felt. This breeze became a gale, and this gale grew to a hurricane. Angry clouds, gathering on all sides, began to travel in every direction through the sky. They met, they crossed, and stopped each other as if to parley, until the whole heavenly vault became a continuous mass of darkness. It would have been difficult to decide which howled the most dismally—the frightened sailors, lowering the yards, closing the hatchways, and clearing the deck—or the frightful blast, mocking their petty endeavours, and tearing and tumbling every thing about our ears. It kept lashing the roaring waves, until they alternately heaved us up on their foamings backs to the sky, or shot us down their dark sides to the very bottom of the sea.

When the tempest became so furious that each sailor would have found employment for a dozen hands, they all wisely left off their work, to fall upon their knees, and say their prayers. Had Saint Spiridion, the protector general of ships in distress, been ears all over, he scarce could have heard or

heeded all the vows addressed to him on this occasion. But the more we prayed the more the storm continued blustering, until our ship must inevitably have sunk, had not the sailors providentially hit upon an infallible expedient for appeasing the tempest.

The Jew, who, during the whole of the fine weather had made sport for us very handsomely on deck, at the very first lowering of the sky had taken care to dive into the hold among the ballast. Entirely forgotten for a while, he just happened to be remembered at this critical period. All now saw as plain as daylight the whole cause of the hurricane, as well as the remedy; and agreed that nothing could save the ship, out dooming the Hebrew to destruction. Fairly tossed into the sea, his life, it was thought, would without fail appease the angry waves.

The poor wretch heard from his hiding place the appalling sentence. He strove to creep under the loose stones, where he was almost suffocated: but had he nestled in their very heart, like a toad, he could not have escaped. Dragged upon the deck, no entreaty could save him from his impending doom. When however, with one leg already overboard, he saw himself on the brink of eternity, he begged to ransom his life for money, and the before penniless creature offered, first, one piastre, then

two, then five, then a dozen! in order not to be thus turned adrift. But existence was at stake with the sailors as well as with him; and gold had lost its power. They let the Hebrew drop.

Meanwhile I fancied the storm began to slacken. I caught the drowning wretch by his coat; and still keeping him suspended over the roaring abyss, "Hark ye, palikaria,' said I to the crew: the question is not what the scoundrel may deserve for imposing upon our good nature; it is only what further evils we may suffer by bringing him to condign punishment. Now, if the mere sight of his uncouth figure is sufficient to frighten the sea into these fits, I only ask you, what she will do with his whole ugly carcase—skin and all—crammed down her throat? It will make her throw up—depend upon it—amidst fire and flames, some worse morsel than the shoal near Santoreen, which, they say, also came of heedlessly drowning a Jew. Let us therefore appease the ruffled elements only by quietly squeezing his soul out of him on the deck, in the shape of his gold, which it would be a thousand pities to throw to the sharks. In my quality as Moslemin, and for my advice, I only claim half the spoil."

The wind by this time having sensibly abated, the proposal was approved of by the majority: the

few that looked askance at me were silenced by my frowns; and the Jew, tossed into the vessel again, was extended on the deck to be searched.

Mordecai's vest, trowsers and shirt were shaken out first, but to no purpose! His enormous leather belt was next attacked; and for fear of losing a single scruple of the wealth its weight bespoke, we purposedly spread a small ihram[7] underneath, ere we began the dissection.

All eyes were riveted on the delicate puncture which, while two sailors held the ends of the girdle, I made in the middle of its bloated paunch with the point of my sabre; and scarce was the vein opened than out rushed, with resistless impetuosity, such a stream, not indeed of sequins, but of paras and other trash, as I thought would never cease. The whole, when collected, might amount to two piastres!

The sailors turned pale with disappointment. I sympathised with their feelings. "Son of Satan and of the witch of Endor," exclaimed I with furious gesture, "Do you wish me to treat you like your belt, and to seek for your treasure in your bowels?" Mordecai was not put to the trouble of answering; for on my clawing his head to give it a shake, his caul remained in my hands,— not a mere pliant cap like other cauls, but a

positive musket-proof helmet of sequins closely sewed in the cotton! The belt had been a mere decoy. The thought however striking me that, where the head was so well furnished, the heels might be worth looking into, I passed from one extremity to the other; and lo! Like the dirty caul, the clumsy buskins offered a solid stratum of gold!

His bare person the Jew evidently considered nothing worth; for, hard as he had struggled for life while his gold remained about him, as soon as stripped of his pelf he entreated to be dispatched at once. Another vessel just at that moment was hailing us not far off. It had thrown all its water casks over board in the storm, and wanted a supply. We granted the request, on condition of sending Mordecai into the bargain, as a great improvement upon the plan of drowning him. He went secured in an empty barrel. I put by my sequins; and the sailors lit two tapers extraordinary before the Panagia.

The gale which, without remaining utterly unmanageable, had yet not entitely fallen, at last carried us full sail into the straits of Chio, and the distant sound of bells, so long unheard, again struck my ears. Though now become a Mohammedan, it affected me with inexpressible rapture.

The feeling of approaching home, however, as it strengthened, became sadder. From what I still hoped to find under the paternal roof, I turned my thoughts to what I was to find no more. My mother had not been the wisest of mothers, as a son I owed her not unlimited gratitude; instead of cultivating what was good and weeding out the bad germs in my disposition, she first had spoiled me, and then had in a manner cast me off, as entirely good for nothing: yet she had been my mother; and however lightly all the later ties of choice or of chance often sat upon my mind, however often I may wantonly have broken the social bands of friendship and of love, the primary claims of nature and of instinct seemed, spite of my own reasonings, still to maintain their roots firm in my heart.

Absorbed in my musing, I found myself opposite the town of Chio, ere I fancied it in sight. The captain however not intending to run into the harbour until the next morning, the boat took us ashore. At first setting foot on the beach, I threw myself on my knees, with both hands gathered up the loved dust of my native land, and, bringing it with extacy to my lips; "Ah my own parental soil," cried I in a wild rapture; "defiled as thou art by the footsteps of rank barbarians, and by the yoke of ruthless Tartars, still in my soul I worship thee

with unceasing devotion; still do thy homely dwellings and thy arid surface more entrance my sated sight, than all the gilded domes of Tchibouklee, and all the gawdy gardens of Sultanieh!"

As, advancing with hurried steps, I beheld in quick succession the various spots endeared by the incidents of my early years, the agitation of my mind still encreased. Here was the corner of the quay where, with other boys of my age, I used to watch the ships unloading. There, at the turn of the street, stood the house in which on St. John's eve we played at Kleidon rysika.[9] A little further on I passed by the abode of our ancient paramana,[10] whose nursery tales I still could listen to with pleasure. Right over the way my eye fell on the fatal window whence, at Easter, a whole load of broken pots and pans,[11]—the wrecks of a twelvemonth—fell on my devoted head.[12] Before I had quite done looking with some still remaining fright at its threatening aperture, I stumbled over the steps of the cross old witch's hovel, whose flesh-pot I filled one day with glue, in revenge for her complaints of me. I was still inwardly laughing at the remembrance of her fruitless attempts to unclose her toothless gums, when I grazed the stone seat of a house where . . . . . but at present pass we on! Suffice it to say that out of the desolate open

entrance there seemed to rush a chilling blast, which, hastily as I darted by, changed the warm moisture on my forehead, into a cold clammy dew!

In this way did an uninterrupted chain of recollections carry me on from the water side to my paternal threshold. There all seemed solitude and desolation. The only acquaintance remaining, the only being that gave me welcome, was Xeno the old dog—procured when a puppy from the consul, and reared by myself. Many a time he had stood sentinel during my meetings with the donor's daughter; and when I fled from my home, I had been obliged to tie him to a post on the quay, lest he should follow me to the ship, and betray me by his fidelity. He still seemed to remember his old master, looked up in my face as if to say: "what had he done to be thus deserted;" and wagging his tail, licked my hand. His joyous yelping brought down an unknown female of uncourteous appearance, who asked my business. Having told her its nature, she desired me to go to the garden in the Campo, where the signor Droguemau at present resided.

The objects I met in my way to the country were quite as interesting as those which I had passed in the town. But in the one as in the other, I perceived a change which quite confounded all my calculations. Every thing still stood in the same

place, every thing still preserved the same shape as before, but the dimensions appeared totally altered. What I thought I had left huge, gigantic, vast as the tower of Babel, now to my infinite surprise seemed paltry, diminutive, reduced to the size of a child's play thing. Houses, gardens, hills and dales all looked as if, since my childhood, they had shrunk to half their primitive size. A few steps brought me to the end of what I thought covered acres; and what formerly I fancied reared its head in the sky, now hardly rose out of ground. I had left my home, impressed with the magnitude of every object: to the first images imprinted in my memory I had assimilated all the vaster scenes which I since had beheld; and only now I first perceived the difference, and from the comparison, thought what I saw even smaller than it was.

My long strides soon brought me abreast with a little man, advanced in years, who was hobbling on before me. The few additional wrinkles that furrowed his face could not prevent my recognising in him the Signor Polizoï, an old friend of the family, while to his failing eyesight my change from boy to man left me an entire stranger. As in that capacity I must have the more to learn, he seemed to increase in the same proportion the natural communicativeness of his disposition. At my request he went regularly

over all the members of the paternal house, until he came to a certain graceless youth named Anastasius, who, he informed me in a sort of confidential whisper, was the saddest reprobate that ever had disgraced Chïo; insomuch that even he, Polizoï—a primate as he was—never felt safe from his pranks, while yet only a boy; and if he met him now, would, he verily believed, die with positive terror!

Far be from me all suspicion of an intent to commit murder, in not resisting the too powerful temptation to acquaint the old gentleman that this reprobate actually stood before him. Thunderstruck at the intelligence, he stared at me some time in silent and motionless horror; then, suddenly wheeled about, and scampered away. My calling till I grew hoarse could neither bring him back, nor stop his progress. Some block of stone I fancy was more persuasive. For I heard a loud tumble, and would have gone to his assistance, when the sight of our door drove all other thoughts away.

I paused a few seconds on the threshold. Signor Polizoï's speech had taught me to expect little kindness; "and might it not"—thought I—"be preferable to fancy what was best, than to be certain of the worst?" But *that* worst I might make best by my change of deportment! I therefore entered.

As I ascended the steps, and under the trellice of

the landing caught my father's voice, grown tremu-ous with age, my heart began to throb. He was conversing with his friends, and the ceaseless grinding of the water wheel[13] in the yard prevented his hearing my approach. Unprepared, he saw me stand before him. Perceiving his surprise at the appearance of one in the Moslemin dress walking in thus familiarly: "Sir," said I; "you see your son." At these words my father started: yet he seemed moved, and made a sort of gesture to bid me welcome; but again suddenly checking himself, as he caught my brother Constantine's eye scanning his countenance: "the sons I know," observed he drily, "when they greet me, begin by kissing my hands: I know none other. Perhaps you are only come to wrest from them their remaining property, and to leave me, in my old age, to beg my bread."

I was going to make the only fit reply in my power; to throw myself on the ground; to kiss, not my father's hands, but his feet; to beg his blessing and to renounce his property, when my ungracious brother stepped in between the purpose and the deed, to mar all my good intent. "I made no doubt," said he in a brutal tone, "that after disgracing your family by your conduct, you would wish to brave it by your presence; but truly you

should avoid the air of Christian houses. It can do you no good, and to us your breath is pestilence."

At any other time such a speech would instantly have been resented. But I felt this the decisive moment of my life. I stood at the turn between good and evil. I determined to repress my rising wrath, though I should choak in the attempt.

"Sir," said I, to my father, looking earnestly in his face, while the tears ran down my cheek, "is it your pleasure that I should be treated thus?"

This unexpected appeal to his feelings seemed for a moment to stagger my parent. But whether it was that he felt awed by my brother, who ruled him with a rod of iron, or that his own heart had entirely ceased to plead for Anastasius; "Stanco," said he coldly, "is in the right. You ought ere this to have perceived that your company is not acceptable. We can have nothing to interchange with each other. Go therefore, and disturb us no longer."

At these harsh words my heart swelled till it was ready to burst. Lest my enemies should have the pleasure of beholding me unmanned I turned away, and leaned over the stone parapet. Had Constantine not been by, I should have made another attempt to soothe my less determined father. In his presence I knew it must be fruitless. Yet I

lingered on. I could not bring myself to depart. I still hoped to be called back. Alas! I only staid to hear my brother propose in an audible whisper to have me turned out.

Turned out of my father's house! It was too much. I rushed away!

Sacred walls of the parental mansion, I call you to witness! By your moaning echoes denounce me a wretch to all future ages: be the name of Anastasius in my native land the name of guilt, and among foreign nations a title of disgrace, if I entered not your sacred threshold with feelings of love, of peace, and of submission! They were rejected; they were spurned. Let those thank themselves for other sentiments, who strove to obtain them!

In three strides I cleared—I do not know how,—the fourteen steps of the precipitous stone flight; and got out at the gate. Then, turning round to the unkind habitation, I stopped, once more to contemplate—but for the last time—its well remembered features, before always smiling, now frowning upon me. "Dear abode," exclaimed I, "where first I received the now irksome boon of life, adieu for ever! Anastasius no more shall come within thy shade! If he do: may it prove to him the shade of death!" This said, I hurried away, as if pursued by all the fiends of hell; and in less than half an hour again reached the town.

Ah! now often does it happen in life, that the most blissful moments of our return to a long left home are those only that just precede the instant of our arrival; those during which the imagination still is allowed to paint in its own unblended colors, the promised sweets of our reception! How often, after this glowing picture of the phantasy, does the reality which follows appear cold and comfortless! How often do even those who grieved to see us depart, grieve more to see us return; and how often we ourselves only suffer sorrow, on again beholding the friends, once left happy, gay, and dispensing joy to others, now mournful, disappointed, and themselves needing what consolation we may bring!

## CHAPTER XIII.

The visit to my father was not the only fearful duty I had to perform. Another and more appalling task remained to be achieved. Of this, however, the nature was such as no longer to leave room either for hope or fear. I knew the worst, and grievously did that worst oppress my heart. Helena, my first love, Helena was no more! At Constantinople, in the heyday of my devotion to the fair Esmé, I had heard her mournful fate. The moment my flight from Chio was known, she made a full confession. To avoid unavailing exposure the consul sent her for change of air to Samos. There she was attended by one of those nuns of St. Ursula who, in our islands, double the merit of their chastity by disclaiming the defence of a convent. Wretched from the first, Helena, as the hour of maternal anguish approached, became every day more impressed with the idea that she should not survive it. In this persuasion she wrote me a letter, which she confided to the nun, and soon after gave birth to a dead child. In con-

formity with her foreboding fears, or rather perhaps in consequence of her apprehensions, she only survived her babe a few hours. The nun had made a solemn promise not to part with her trust except into my own hands. She however sent me word at Constantinople that it only waited my return to my home. Hearing that she now lived at Chio, and only a short distance from the town, I went to claim the melancholy bequest. I found sister Agnes at home, and alone. The people with whom she boarded were gone to a neighbouring fair.

The nun had heard me described as a fair complexioned Greek boy, with a smooth skin and flowing locks. No wonder therefore that, in the swarthy rough-cheeked Moslemin, with forehead bare and shaded lip, she should not recognise the original of her fancied portrait. The first sight of my fierce figure, standing unannounced before the lonely maiden, made her start with evident surprise; but when I shewed her a note from Anastasius, whose hand writing had met her eye before, she became more composed, and gave me the history of Helena's sufferings. Touched with a sense of shame for the ruin I had heaped upon this innocent girl, I had determined, while I remained in the presence of her friend, not to deposite my assumed character, but to hear the tale of woe to the end with pre-

tended unconcern. Soon however unbidden tears would start, and began to flow so fast, that for fear of betraying my feelings I hid my face in my cloak. Even that could not conceal from the quicksighted nun the anguish which throbbed beneath its gaudy trappings. "I wonder not, sir," said she, "to see you moved. In truth the story is touching, and calculated to affect even the stout heart of an Osmanlee. But, to behold such deep emotion in a stranger! while the author of so much woe, while Anastasius himself. . . ."

Here all control over my tongue forsook me. "I am that Anastasius" cried I; "Could you a moment doubt it?"

The nun appeared confounded. Shuddering with horror at finding herself thus unconsciously in the actual presence of him whom she looked upon as her friend's murderer; as little less than a devil incarnate—a complete fiend!—she darted at me the gesture of anathema,[1] and to the dread sign added such dire imprecations, that I could not help mechanically uncovering my breast, and wetting it with the moisture of my lips,[2] to avert the evil influence. This action however did not prevent a torrent of more explicit abuse from following the first vague explosion of anger; and a full quarter of an hour did sister Agnes rant, and rave,

and sputter, ere I could find an opportunity of claiming the letter I had been promised. With a hand still trembling with rage, she at last took it out of a small casket, and bade me read—with compunction if I could—the last words of my lovely and murdered mistress.

They were these;

"I neither reproach you with my ruin, which was my own fault, nor with your want of love, which was not yours. It depends not on ourselves to love; but it does to be merciful, and you were inhuman: you deliberately pierced that heart in which you were worshipped; and of this deed I die. On a foreign shore I soon shall breathe my last, and my wretched father, who expected in me the comfort of his old age, shall see me no more. Thanks be to God! The author of my unfortunate existence shall not have to blush at the sight of his daughter; nor shall I, wont to look up with the confidence of innocence, have to avert my eyes with shame from a parent. For the unfortunate offspring—I dare not say of our love—which perhaps may survive me, I must not claim a father's care. You have trod under foot the duties which you owed her who in the eyes of heaven was your wife, and had committed no offence, except loving you too ardently. My child will be abandoned to the hands

of strangers; will live in contempt, and die in misery. But should heaven ever bestow upon you the pledges of a less ill requited affection, fear, ah fear lest my infant's wrongs be visited upon them! Yet, if the last words of a wretch, who is afraid her love will only cease with her life, can find entrance into your too impenetrable heart, ah, Anastasius! ah, my Anastasius! repent of your sins, run not from crime to crime, and revenge not my woes so severely on yourself, as to leave us no chance of ever meeting again."

The time that had intervened between the writing and the perusal of this letter, might already be counted by years. The fair writer had ceased, not only to exist, but to be the subject of the public talk. The guilty individual to whom it was addressed, was from a boy become a man. The event of which he was the worthless hero had been forgotten, even in the district where it took place, for more recent adventures, and the very ink of the admonition had already become pale. Still did my heart feel every sentence of the appeal as if in all the freshness of its first inditing. It forgot the lapse of time, and became filled at once with sadness as sincere and profound as if Helena's last despairing sighs still were breathing on my ear! Keeping the sacred characters pressed to my lips, I struck

my heaving bosom, and flung myself on the floor. "Here," cried I, "let me lie, and commune undisturbed with my wretched soul; here let me shed tears of blood for her whom I first learnt to prize, when through my fault I had lost her for ever!"

Had sister Agnes known the omnipotence of mercy; had my penitent, my humble suit been unconditionally granted, who knows what richer fruits my first contrition by degrees might have borne. None such were in store for the destroyer of Helena! The nun, the fatal nun, more impelled by vanity than by friendship, more anxious to see my sex humbled than her own exalted, was not satisfied with my writhing under the reproaches of my own conscience, unless I also smarted from the sting of her viper tongue. So keenly did she sharpen its dart, so many little punctures did she one by one inflict, so much venom did she pour into each wound, that resentment at last left not room for regret, and instead of slowly rising with resolves of amendment, I hastily started up with schemes of revenge. A mean ungenerous triumph over one already prostrate deserved an exemplary punishment; and sister Agnes had wondered so much, how one like me could have charmed her lost friend, that it seemed but justice to that friend to let her wonder no longer

Assuredly, sister Agnes, who so often had heard the awful tale of my unworthiness, and so closely had witnessed the last pangs of my victim; sister Agnes, whose green curses still pursued me when her friend's less wrathful farewell was already faded by time; sister Agnes, who to a worthy and discreet lover of her own had shewn the most perverse and relentless heard-heartedness; sister Agnes, I say, ought, of all women upon earth, to have been the least accessible to the lures of my tongue; and, both from her knowledge of me and her respect for Helena, to have most victoriously resisted my most persevering suit: But it seems as if all these circumstances only had combined to manifest either my superior gifts or the nun's excessive weakness: for, whether warmed by her own tale, or surprised by the coolness of my abrupt attack, when from sheer bitterness of heart I offered the semblance of a very different feeling, she neither checked my boldness, nor resented my behaviour; and though I employed neither promises nor threats, appearance of love, nor demonstrations of esteem, soon lived to owe her virtue only to my contemptuous forbearance, and to entitle me——after the haughty dame had sneeringly exclaimed: "You of all men!" by exclaiming with equal emphasis: in my turn to retort in the same tone—"and you of all women!"

Notwithstanding the ill success of my visit to my father, I had not yet given up all hopes of being restored to his favor. Knowing the uselessness of any attempt at a conciliatory interview, where I felt sure my brother would remain on the watch to efface its impressions, I penned a letter replete with every possible offer of submission and sacrifice, consistent with my safety as a follower of Islam, and sent it to its destination by a common friend. Independant of the force of paternal feelings in the head of the family, I depended upon the suggestions of policy in the younger branches. Hatred prevailed over prudence, and I received no answer! After lingering several days in fruitless expectation, I at last prepared to leave Chio.

Ever since the sight of home had revived ancient recollections, and with them the remorse for ancient misdeeds, I had panted for a journey to Samos, there to perform on the lonely grave of my Helena the sad rites of contrition and of penance. On the morning of my own birthday I proceeded to the not far island, whose privileged earth held the sacred deposit; landed on its rocky shore early in the afternoon, and ere the evening cast its lengthened shadows around, reached the hallowed spot, sole object of my visit.

The sun's departing rays were just gliding from the moss-grown tomb. I approached it with awe: strewed upon it the wild flowers which had grown

in its shade; bedewed its silent stones with tears of grief and remorse, and over the ill-fated treasure underneath, poured out my heart's bitter anguish in alternate groans and prayers. The whole night Helena's grave-stone was my pillow; and early the next morning, ere yet the orb of day rose out of the sparkling wave—making my dagger my pen—I traced on the dusky slab as on the recording roll, my Christian, my Grecian, my old name ANASTASIUS: filled in the deep sunk characters with the hot stream from my own bosom; and exclaiming: "with the purple of my own blood I sign the marriage contract!' I make thee mine in death, and make thee mine in life hereafter!" for the last time imprinted my quivering lips on the cold marble, and rushed away from death's receptacle, which I had made my nuptial couch.

By this expiatory visit I felt my heart somewhat relieved. I thought my Helena might, from the higher regions where she dwelt, have viewed, if not in forgiveness, at least in pity, my tardy atonement; and with a lightness of soul to which I long had been a stranger, I proceeded to Paros, and there spent a day or two with some of my old kinsmen. Dull stupid islanders as they were, they entertained me not the less kindly for being out of favor at Stambool, and when I went on to Naxia, actually expressed a wish that I might visit them again!

At Naxos reigned supreme, under the wide spreading wing of Hassan-Pasha's all powerful protection, my maternal cousin Marco Politi, heir to all the favor which the papas his uncle had enjoyed before him with the grand admiral, and sole epitrope[4] of the Greek villages that cover the island. From every one of these individually might this wily and ambitious personage be said to wage an incessant warfare against the Latin inhabitants of the city; and if the Grimaldis, the Giustinianis and the Barozzis of yore once caused Marco's forefathers to groan under the weight of the Venetian yoke, amply did Marco now make the miserable relics of these proud families pay for the sins of their slumbering ancestors. He kept them absolutely shut up in their citadel and towers. Fearful of letting down their draw-bridges to take a stroll in the fields, they envied their own flocks of pigeons the liberty of their roamings, and seemed perched up in their lofty habitations for no other purpose than to have a better bird's eye view of their adversary, leisurely walking forth to skim the fatness of the land, and going his rounds among the peasantry to reap the country's choicest fruits, and to levy his tithe on its fine wines, its fragrant oils, its rich honey, and its delicious cream,—while they, to beguile gnawing hunger, often only had the hollow feast of their ancestors mouldering insignia, clumsily carved

over their melancholy gates! Such was their dread of Marco's hostility and power, that, whenever he made a trip to Constantinople, the whole nobility of Naxos took to their beds, in expectation of some new avaniah.[5]

Of his own villages Marco was the idol. Like other idols indeed he was not to be worshipped empty-handed. But he hated the Latins so cordially that it was universally allowed he must feel an unbounded love for his Greek countrymen. The more, therefore, in his management of the haratsch and the other contributions to the Turks, he squeezed out their inmost substance into his own reservoirs, the more he was thanked for his disinterestedness and public spirit. If Marco had any private foibles, they were, like those of other great men, deemed more than atoned for, by his public virtues. This was his own opinion also; and it even appeared, as he observed, to be that of the higher powers themselves: from the frequent signal interpositions of Providence in his favor, and the almost miraculous manner in which his greatest enemies had been disabled from putting their wicked purposes against him in execution, by almost always disappearing—no body knew how or where—just at the juncture when he seemed exposed to the greatest danger, or involved in the most inextricable difficulties.

It was from a kinsman thus mighty and thus fortunate that, within his own dominions, I, a poor unprotected stranger, had to claim an estate, which he called my mother's indeed, but which, for upwards of five and twenty years, he had taken care to nurse as his own. My first point for consideration therefore on landing was, whether I should at once offer to him my unwelcome visage, or first keep myself in abeyance until I had tried my ground. It was not exactly the dictates of reason which decided my conduct. During the conflict in my mind, I filled, by way of assisting my judgment, a cup of that delicious muscadel in which, I was credibly assured, Theseus had on that very spot pledged Ariadné: But just when in contact with my lips, the still untasted glass slipped through my fingers, as the hero did through those of the nymph. "I accept the favorable omen!" cried I, (to my Frank readers it might not appear such,) and resolved to dare my antagonist at once. "Let me seem to fear no one," was my maxim, "and some may fear me!"

Upon this I immediately set out for the village of Trimalia, where the primate resided. He was employed with his men in the fields. The day being sultry, I threw off my cloak in a corner of the house, and went out with a servant in search of his master. We found Marco in a little valley under

an old olive tree, in the midst of his farmers, finishing a frugal repast. He appeared to be eating with uncommon relish a crust of black barley bread, and enlarging with great earnestness on its peculiar excellence and flavor, when my salutation interrupted the eulogy.

My tone was civil, but decided. I told his primateship that, in conformity to the established custom of informing near relations and friends of especial calamities, I had thought it my duty to acquaint him with the misfortune I had had of turning Mohammedan; and added how very much I regretted my being obliged, out of respect for my new religion, to claim my mother's estate till then entrusted to his management. This circumstance he regretted as sincerely as myself; and the more, when I hinted how absolutely my particular situation prohibited my disregarding the partiality of the Moslemin law to its new proselytes; and the powerful support I was promised by the Turkish ministers in maintaining my privilege—and which, to say the truth, I a little exaggerated. At the conclusion of my speech however I assured my cousin that I did not think my obligations to my new creed so very strict, but that I might consider myself warranted in some degree to proportion my facility in passing old and intricate accounts, to the alacrity I found in giving up the trust.

Much against my expectation, my relation expressed entire readiness to conform to circumstances. No exception was taken to any part of my statement. Nay, my avowed determination to disregard all opposition seemed rather to increase Marco's apparent cordiality and frankness. He even pressed me so earnestly to take up my abode with him, during my stay at Naxos, that I found some difficulty in handsomely declining the offer: But my obstinacy being equal to his sollicitation, I at last, after fixing the time the next day when I was to return and enter upon business, took my leave, and bent my steps toward the town.

Scarce had I gone three hundred yards when I remembered the cloak I had left behind. Returning back to the house the shortest way across the fields to fetch it, my path led me by the side of a thick lentiscus hedge, which surrounded the garden. To this my cousin had by this time retired with his confidential agent, for the purpose of more private conversation. As I approached I could not help hearing my own name uttered with such emphasis, that I was tempted to stop, and indulge for a few minutes in the contemplation of the beautiful shrubs which formed the inclosure. Meantime Marco was proceeding with his conversation. "Cannot you understand," said he to his confidant, (in rather a

louder tone than became so wary a personage) "that if I had attempted at once to oppose his claim, he would immediately have resorted to the most effective means for enforcing his demands, and the world would infallibly have joined him in condemning my proceedings: whereas, by admitting his title in the gross, I begin by lulling asleep his suspicions, gain credit with others for fair dealing, and then, by every quibble about the items and every delay in the forms of law, defeat his purpose in detail, and tire out his very heart, before he gets from me a single inch of his estate?" This plan of the campaign seemed so well worth an old cloak, that I left mine, for the present, unclaimed, and wheeling about, went straight to the town.

But I had my cue for the interview of the next day. When therefore I found in the course of the discussion to which it led, that, the more Marco explained, the less I understood, and that certainly I was much less master of the subject at the conclusion of the sitting than I thought myself at the opening, I rather abruptly broke off the conference, and rising, said in the smoothest tone I was master of: "hark ye cousin; I make no doubt that you have brought forward every quibble concerning the items, and eqnally mean to use every delay in the forms of law, which belong to so

able a diplomatist: but this I would have you remember, that when, thanks to its unraveller, a business is become so thoroughly entangled as to defy the keenest intellect, I know but of one way to cut the knot asunder; and that," added I, pointing to my yatagan, " is with a good Damascus blade; and so, fare ye well."

Marco was fonder of diplomacy than of fighting. He knew his cousin to be a desperate fellow, and he began to think his agent a traitor. In this double apprehension he delivered over the whole concern into my hands; including every deed, agreement, bill and receipt, accumulated upon the estate since the last clearance of the deluge. " What a thing it is," thought I, " to shew a little mettle !"

But I soon found I had by mine got more than enough. Many of the transactions relative to the property, in the way Marco had managed them, were to me inexplicable enigmas, and this the scoundrel knew. The moment I was proclaimed sole possessor of the estate, and sole respondent for every claim relating to it, there came upon me a host of creditors of every description, from the bishop who had witnessed my mother's will to the Moiro-logistoi,[6] who had wept at her funeral, which I verily believe Marco had kept back on purpose for the occasion. With this posse constantly at my

heels I did not know which way to turn myself. My cousin Marco meanwhile was all at once become so very discreet as to decline interfering even in the smallest trifle, or offering his opinion on the simplest question, until he had the satisfaction of seeing me fairly worn out with business and with perplexity. He then ventured to suggest that the science of accounts did not seem to be that which was most congenial to my disposition, and proposed—but with the sole view of relieving me—to take over the estate entirely, for a round sum of money. Convinced, by this time, that every fresh step I took in the management would only lead to fresh confusion, I was become vastly more tractable, and so, after a little demur, agreed to have the property valued. This was done by arbitrators, all so very liberal in their concessions on my part, that the estate was estimated at about half its real worth. But this half was tendered in ready cash; and taking into consideration what most men who drive close bargains seem entirely to overlook: the waste of time, temper and breath, in standing out for more, I accepted the sum offered, signed the proper receipts, put my capital into my bag, and took leave of Marco to return to the town.

Whether or not I might think the money too little to take, Marco evidently still thought it too

much to part with. Most kindly he had stationed two of his trustiest myrmidons in a narrow lane only just outside his gate, in order to rid me of the burthen, as soon as possible. At my going he so earnestly recommended the utmost caution, and so pathetically lamented the unsafeness of the path, that it struck me he must have good authority for his surmises, and considered I could not shew my sense of his solicitude more effectually than by avoiding altogether the road to which he gave so ill a character. Accordingly I waited not even till I was out of my cousin's premises, but as soon as out of his sight, jumped nimbly over a hedge, and soon got entirely clear of his outpost. I might never have more than surmised the favor intended for me, had I not learnt all the particulars of the scheme the very next day from his own deputee. This worthy person having been drubbed by his master for not stopping me, came to demand a compliment for the civility of his forbearance. "Then," said I, "you really saw me pass by?" "Yes." "And intentionally permitted my escape?" "No doubt." "Nor let me go home unmolested, only because you could not help it?" "No indeed." "If so," exclaimed I, "heaven forbid I should encourage disobedience in servants! You were sent by your principal to rob me, and you ought to have done as

you were bid. Here is all the compliment I can in conscience make ." Upon which I gave the fellow a second drubbing, and desired him to inform his master of my proceeding: But this he neglected.

From that day forward, however, I thought it prudent not to take long walks by myself in the country; nor to put the obedience of my cousin Marco's servants a second time to the test. I remained chiefly among the Latin inhabitants of the castle, until a conveyance should offer for some other place, which only seldom occurs in an island destitute of harbour, and rarely visited by ships. But my time hung far from heavy[7] upon my hands. I was treated among the Catholics, in my quality of Moslemin, with very great deference. The chancellor held my stirrup: the fiscal lit my pipe, and the archbishop—an entertaining old capuchin—used, he swore, when I went out, to recite prayers in his chapel for my safe return. I paid these civilities in Constantinople news. What I brought not I made; but this only rendered it the more novel and acceptable. All I regretted was occasioning a schism between church and state. I had spread the report of a secret correspondence between the Grand Signor and the Pope on an intended conversion of the former to the Catholic faith; and upon

this the chancellor and the archbishop quarrelled who should sign the address of congratulation. Before the question was decided, a khirlangitsch[8] of the Admiralty, which had spent the summer in a fruitless chase of the Malthese corsairs, cast anchor at St. Mary's in the neighbouring island of Paros, and induced me to take my departure. Just on setting out however a perhaps too fastidious scruple arose in my mind. I did not like to go without making my cousin Marco some acknowledgement for his last mark of attention; however unsuccessful it had been. Five or six honest lads were come from the khirlangitsch to fetch me away in their boat. With a handful of Marco's own piastres I made it worth their while to convey to the primate my leave taking in the most cordial manner. But as my cousin had taught me by his example how necessary it is for the master's eye to watch delicate commissions, I superintended the business myself. From the high bank of the lane which led to Marco's fields I had the satisfaction not only of seeing my relation soundly bastinadoed, but of condoling with him as pathetically as he had done with me, on the unsafeness of the path. This performed, ere he had time to get up and to crawl home I bid him adieu, scampered away with my associates to the

boat which lay waiting under a cliff only a few hundred yards off, and was rowed to Parecchia. From that port, I got in a few hours, across the mountains, to St. Mary's, and on board the khirlangitsch.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The cutter which touched at Paros so conveniently, was on its way to receive the annual contribution of part of the circumjacent islands, and was to finish its cruise at Rhodes. This destination perfectly suited my purpose. In want of occupation, and without any precise aim, Rhodes promised a scene of interest to which I hastened with pleasure.

As my former connections with the arsenal gave me a certain predilection for whatever belonged to the navy, I speedily formed an acquaintance with one of the Tchawooshes of the Capitan-Pasha, who like myself was only a passenger. Aly was his name, and Crete his country. This latter circumstance added much, in my eyes, to the merit of his society. The Turks of Candia, by their constant intermarriages with Greek women, to whom they permit every latitude of worship, become divested of much of their Mohammedan asperity, and Aly, himself half a Greek, was not entitled to any great

prejudice against me for being only half a Turk. In the refinements of his toilet, however, Aly Tchawoosh might be considered as a finished Osmanlee. Nothing could exceed the exquisite taste of his apparel. His turban attracted the eye less even by its costliness of texture than by its elegance of form. A band of green and gold tissue, diagonally crossing the forehead, was made with studious ease, by its oblique position, completely to overshadow one ear, and as completely to display the other. From its fringed extremity always hung suspended like a tassel, a rose or a carnation, which, while it kept caressing the wearer's broad and muscular throat, sent up its fragrance to his disdainful nostril. An hour every day was the shortest time allotted to the culture of his adored mustachios, and to the various rites which these idols of his vain-glorious heart demanded; such as changing their hue from a bright flaxen to a jetty black, perfuming them with rose and amber, smoothing their stragling hairs, and giving their taper ends a smart and graceful curve. Another hour was spent in refreshing the scarlet dye of his lips, and tinting the dark shade of his eye-lids, as well as in practising the most fascinating smile and the archest leer which the Terzhana[1] could display. His dress of the finest broad-cloth and velvet, made after the most dashing

Barbary cut, was covered all over with gold embroidery, so thickly embossed as to appear almost massive. His chest, uncovered down to the girdle, and his arms, bared up to the shoulder, displayed all the bright polish of his skin. His capote was draped so as with infinite grace to break the too formal symmetry of his costume. In short, his handjar with its gilt handle, his watch with its concealed miniature, his tobacco pouch of knitted gold, his pipe mounted in opaque amber, and his pistols with diamond-cut hilt, were all in the style of the most consummate *petit maître*; and if, spite of all his pains, my friend Aly was not without exception the handsomest man in the Otthoman empire, none could deny his being one of the best dressed. His air and manner harmonized with his attire. A confident look, an insolent and sneering tone, and an indolent yet swaggering gait, bespoke him to be, what indeed it was his utmost ambition to appear, a thorough rake. Noisy, drunken, quarrelsome, and expert alike in the exercise of the bow (the weapon of his country), and in that of the handjar, he possessed every one of the accomplishments of those heroes, chiefly met with on the quays of Constantinople and the other principal seaports in the Otthoman empire, whom a modest woman avoids, and to whom a respectable man always gives way.

Intimacies are soon contracted at sea; and Aly was too vain to keep up much reserve. He soon favored me with an account of some of his adventures! "My dear fellow," said he one day, "I would have you know that from my earliest infancy I always had the most decided taste for idleness; and this ruling passion of my heart has never ceased increasing. The only agreeable occupation I could ever devise was doing nothing. Whatever lures were held out to me by fortune they lost all their charms to my eye, the moment their pursuit required the least exertion. Not for an empire would I give up my dear lazyness. At the same time next to doing nothing, my chief delight always consisted in spending a great deal of money. Unfortunately I was not one of the privileged few who can afford to indulge both these tastes at once. My luck, however, made me succeed in some little commissions for the governor of the Canea, which gained me his good will: And his good will in its turn gained me an employment, in which I was enabled to enjoy my too chief conditions of earthly happiness, if not together, at least alternately. It was that of Tchawoosh or messenger of the Capitan-Pasha You know the jolly lives these gentry lead; you also know the scanty wages they receive: and you moreover know the splendid figure they are expected to make. I have always suspected

our grandees, so profuse in their presents to other people's servants, and so niggardly in their salaries to their own followers, of having made a secret agreement with each other, by which each was to support his neighbour's retinue instead of his own. It is but justice to us to say, that we do all in our power to give effect to this contract; for you cannot but remember how, at the Terzhana, we lie in wait for every hapless stranger, whose evil stars inflict upon him business with our Pasha; what fees we exact for every audience he craves, and for every favor he receives. The utmost produce however of the fines levied in the capital, would but indifferently defray the expenses of our apparel, board, &c., were it not for the chance of being each in our turn intrusted with some lucrative commission in the provinces."

"For my part, I never, till I saw my wishes fulfilled, ceased praying Allah, both morning and evening, that he might be pleased to whisper in the Pasha's ear a word in my favor, and make him employ his servant Aly as his representative in some lucrative negociation. The occasion on which my prayers were granted was this. Certain Speciote[2] adventurers had waylaid a Greek vessel bound for Ancona, and not yet knowing—poor souls—the difference 'twixt good and evil, had in the innocence of

their hearts sold both cargo and ship in their own native place, among their own fellow citizens, all more or less engaged in the same primitive sort of profession with themselves. On an application from the owners of the vessel I was sent to Specia to recover the property, and to bring to justice the culprits. We gentlemen of the short dress carry little ballast, and when we have a prize in view, know the value of time. I no sooner had received my instructions than I hoisted my pennant, and set sail. Not that my journey was quite as expeditious as my departure was prompt. Ships at sea sail not always as the crow flies. Besides, one has often to seek a conveyance, as chance may offer it. In addition to which I thought it would be shewing a proper respect for the grand Admiral my patron, to represent his person in some of the smaller islands on my way. This cost him nothing, nor me either. Every where I found board and lodging gratis. I was made welcome to all the necessaries of life,—among the foremost of which I reckoned its superfluities; and at my departure, never failed to receive a small present for the honor conferred on the place, for which I always took care, in return, to promise my protection."

"By my deliberate mode of proceeding, I gave the fame of my approach time to precede me to

Specia: for I did not wish to take any unfair advantage of its inhabitants, by coming in upon them unawares, and before they had had sufficient leisure to prepare for my reception. The island is so small, and its population so scanty, that, but for some little management of this sort, I could not have avoided stumbling upon the poor wretches whom I was sent in quest of, at the very first step; and this, considering how essential it was to them to avoid my sight, would have been most unhandsome. Such was the confidence I inspired by the humanity of this proceeding, that the plunderers of the merchantman did not even seek concealment on the news of my actual arrival, but treated me with an openness of behaviour, quite equal to my own. To have taken advantage of such frankness of conduct, I must have been callous to all liberal feelings. As the rogues assured me therefore upon their honor that they had already ate and drank three fourths of the produce of their prize, I only exacted restitution of the fourth which remained. Not wishing however to mortify my employers by restoring to them so small a portion of their property, I put it into my own pocket. My conciliatory spirit gained me universal esteem; and the inhabitants—all more or less liable to the same errors—showered upon me from all quarters pre-

sents of all descriptions: sheep, kids, fowls, and other live, as well as dead stock. Just as I was considering to what market I should carry my perquisites, this vessel hove in sight. I thought the opportunity a good one for disposing of my provision and my person; and thence it happens that you find me going onward to Rhodes, instead of returning back to Constantinople."

"And do you not fear," said I, "that the grand Admiral may some day discover your exploits?" "No," replied the Candiote. "He lays his account with them before hand. He knows he cannot furnish his hall with forty or fifty strapping fellows, stiff with gold lace, and ready to break their necks at his nod, for nothing but a miserable dish of pilaff; and like a man of sense, he suffers his Greek subjects to maintain his retinue."

A young sailor boy of the district of Sphachia[1]—whose inhabitants consider themselves as the only descendants of the ancient Cretans, and are shepherds in their mountains half the year, and pirates at sea the other half—stood by listening to Aly's narrative. "You Sphachiote scoundrels," added the Tchawoosh, turning sharply upon him, "may thank your stars that your Sultana is fond of your cream cheeses. From many a well deserved ava-

niah does her favor save you, and your blessed Malkiané.[4] The last gentle correction you had, I think, was in the Russian war, when the expedition from the Canea left not a soul alive in any of your villages." "Found none to kill, you mean;" answered the boy. "Our men were on board the Russian vessels, and our women and children in the mountains with their flocks. This you knew, or you durst not have come."

Aly began to knit his brow. Wishing to prevent a quarrel: "who," said I laughing, "ever wants a broken head, that can get plunder without a scratch of his little finger? For my part I always prefer marauding when the owner is from home; were it only to save the things from being knocked about."

In this sort of conversation passed away our time, until we came in sight of the island of Scyra. "What have we here?" cried I. "A town like a sugar loaf, built on the model of a Derwishes cap; with the church at the top, by way of a tuft! It must be strange enough to step from one's garret into one's neighbour's cellar! Though I should be afraid that a walk, begun on two legs, here might end on all fours."

"This happens the oftener," observed Aly, "as the inhabitants are by disposition stately, and fond of

strutting about in long robes, in which the unevenness of their ground often makes them get entangled. Surely you must know that Scyra is the great nursery of men and maid servants of Pera. Two sacolevas,[4] loaded only with this article, go to the capital regularly every year; and no Scyrote returns home till he can live on his island in comfort. This comfort consists in milking their goats and grinding their barley in all the cast-off finery of their former masters and mistresses, with feathered heads, and furred tails. When they meet, they treat each other with the forms and ceremonious language of people of quality. The first time I visited the island I witnessed a salutation in the street between two ladies whom I took for princesses. It begun very well, but it ended with one being rolled in the mire by a jackass, and the other riding away upon a pig, which had got entangled among the folds of her trailing drapery.

The captain of our khirlangitsch had to receive the contribution of the little islet of Serpho. On going ashore for that purpose, he proceeded straight to the hospice of an old capuchin. A sort of attraction subsisted between these two gray-beards. From the heaviness of their intellects, I suppose it was only that of gravitation; for it ended in mere juxtaposition, and scarce ever was a word or idea

interchanged. Still did its constancy give their mutual regard quite a romantic air. No where but in the friar's dingy cell would the Bey receive in state the salutation and the tribute money of the Greek primates, whose troop presently made its appearance. All its members had their hands crossed on their stomachs, and their features composed into as demure a form as possible. The whole Greek community of the island, men, women, and children, formed the long train of the procession.

No sooner was it arrived within hearing of the Captain, than the coryphæus of the party stopped short, hemmed, coughed, and commenced his harangue. With singular aptitude of simile he compared the whiskered Bey to an Angel of light, and with equal consistency he besought him not to diffuse darkness over the land, by exacting a contribution which its inhabitants could not pay. The pleas for exemption consisted in a catalogue of calamities, of which pirates, floods, short crops, earthquakes and conflagrations were the least!

" All *that*, gentlemen," answered the Bey in his Barbaresque idiom, fetching a sentimental sigh, " no doubt very true and very miserable; but, sun set, you no put tribute here,"—and he pointed to his pouch—" me put bastinado there," added he, pointing to their backs.

At these appalling words the whole troop, epitrope and commoners, joined in a full chorus of lamentations. When they could squeeze out no more tears, they beat their breasts, and uttered the most piteous groans. Seeing all this of no avail, and the Bey as obdurate as ever, they at last retired, hanging their heads, and like men led out for execution.

The sun still was above the horizon when the troop returned, with faces as dolorous as before. They only brought half the sum required; affirming with greater oaths than ever, that if they were to be pounded in a mortar, they could not produce another farthing.

"Me believe that;" said the Bey, "and me therefore sorry me obliged to perform my promise. Me however begin with Signor epitrope, in due respect for his rank. Him me not dare give less than fifty strokes. Up with his lordship's heels!" added he, turning to one of his attendants, "and begin."

All now cried out for mercy, and swore that, if but allowed five minutes more, they would try to bring the complement, were they to wrest it from the bowels of the earth.

The Bey assented, and the troop again retired: but it was only to make a full stop at the first turn

of the road, and there to lug out from under their cloaks the entire sum demanded, neatly tied up in bags. With this reserve they returned, and delivered it. The Bey made the proper apologies to the epitrope, and the party was dismissed.

They now in a close phalanx walked slowly home, with the most dejected and miserable look; but they had not gone a hundred yards, when they met some friends returning from a wedding, preceded by music. Both parties stopped, a parley ensued, and presently the whole of the procession, the epitrope the foremost, spread out their arms, and began dancing the romeika! Attracted by the sound of the instruments, the Bey went to the window, and beholding the merry scene: "Mirar papas," said he to the friar in lingua franca; "mi parler bono, canaglia senza fede piandgir; ma mi bastonar, mi far pagar, subito ballar et cantar."

Not quite so gay were my friend Aly's accompaniments, when our ship lay rocking on the waves to the music of the roaring winds. On those occasions there was any thing but grace in his movements or melody in his utterance. He had not even a pretension to heroism at sea. The slightest ruffling of its surface made him as quiet as a lamb. To his noisy insolent tone immediately succeeded the most piteous and subdued look and manner.

Aware himself how altered a man he became in rough weather, he used, at the first breeze, to slink away like the moulting peacock, and conceal himself in some hole or corner, where he lay speechless while the motion lasted. Not until the sea resumed its tranquillity did Aly re-appear on the deck. How glad he was to see Rhodes need not be told. He almost plumped into the waves in his impatience to step into the boat. But even ashore, he still awhile wore a languid look, which made all the acquaintance he met ask him ironically: "with what fair one of the islands he had left in pledge his spirits?"

I ranked among those vulgar beings, who take a greater interest in the living occurrences of the passing day, than in the dead letter of remote ages. As a Greek, I ever found but little motive for exultation in any research which led me to compare the present with the past. Still, I had learnt—where, I cannot tell—that Rhodes belonged not to the Turks from the days of the deluge: that it had once obeyed a Christian order of knighthood, of noble blood, high spirit, enthusiastic devotion, and undaunted bravery: that an handful of these valiant warriors had defended it an entire twelvemonth against the whole force of the Otthoman empire; and that the Mussulmen at last only found an entrance to the citadel over the bodies of its brave

defenders, fallen, to the last man, in the long contested breach.

The outside of the ancient fortress—once the chief theatre of these brilliant and bloody achievements—might be seen from every part of the quay, towering high above the modern city. Its wide ramparts, its lofty bulwarks, its crested batteries of a black rugged stone, deprived as they now were of the mighty cannon, formerly darting all round its deadly fire, looked like the silenced crater of an extinct volcano, still frowning upon the fertile plain below, though its devastating power was no longer feared.

"Let us go," said I to Aly, "and examine this object of so much strife, which Osmanlees knew how to wrest from the hands of the infidels, but know not how to preserve from the injuries of time." "Let us go," echoed Aly, who expected some opportunity to play the Tchawoosh: and accordingly we went.

Though now thrown open to all, the formidable enclosure still seems guarded by an invisible power. Few ever enter its precincts; and on passing its massy gates, I felt struck with inexpressible awe.

Monuments that already have been so long in a state of progressive decay, as less to retain the distinct and solemn forms of art than they resume the

ruder semblance of nature; as to offer less of a former mode of existence gone by than of a new one commencing; less of lapse into death than of return to a different shape of life; less of dissolution than of regeneration: as again on all sides to let in through their prostrate walls the broad glare of day; again every where to shew their mouldering joints clothed in fresh vegetation, and again, at every step, to display their mazy precincts tenanted by the buzzing insect, and the blythe chirupping bird:—such monuments have their gloom irradiated by at least an equal portion of gaiety; and resemble the human frame so entirely returned to its original dust, as to preserve no trace of its former lineaments, and only to break forth afresh from its kindred clay, in the shape of plants and flowers more luxuriant and more gaudy.

But edifices, whose abandonment by man has been so recent that they still bear about them all the marks of death and mourning, still preserve undiminished their funereal darkness, still remain the uninvaded property of solitude and silence; that their outlines scarce are indented by the sharp tooth of time, or their surface varied by the softer weather stain; that their precincts offer not yet the smallest transition from entire unmixed death and dereliction, to a new modification of life and a new order of

inhabitants; that they say in distinct terms to the beholder: "It was but yesterday we still resounded with the voices and song of numberless gay, busy tenants,"—such edifices preserve their sadness unaltered; they chill the sense, oppress the heart, and make the blood run cold: for they resemble the human body just abandoned by the vivifying soul; just stiffened into an insensible and ghastly corpse; just displaying the first awful signs of fast approaching corruption.

And of such mansions was composed the scene before me. The broad square, the stately palace, the solemn chapel, once re-echoing with the clang of arms, the bustle of trade, the boastings of youth, and the peal of devotion, looked as if the blood scarce was clotted which had stained their massy walls, and the sounds still must vibrate in air, which had circulated through their lofty passages; as if one still might discern at a distance the dying voices of their departing tenants; though nothing was distinctly heard close to the ear but the plaintive murmur of the pensive turtle dove, nestling in the jagged battlements, or the measured bounds of some stone, slowly detached by the hand of time from the fretted roof, and dropping with hollow din, from floor to floor, into the dark vault below.

Contemplating the great names, the sadly event-

ful dates and the proud armorial bearings, still shining in marble of resplendent whiteness on the broad expanse of the black honey-combed walls, like the few memorable persons and periods that still continue to soar in light among the general obscurity of times long past: thinking on the noble ancestry, the high blood, the martial character, and the monastic life of the illustrious youth—the flower of Europe—whose habitations, whose history, and whose habits these monuments so clearly marked, I experienced a new and hitherto unfelt emotion. I envied the heroes who, after a life of religion, of warfare, and of glory, slaughtered in the very breach they defended, now slept in peace and renown, leaving after them names ever young and ever flourishing in the hearts of grateful Europe. I wished that I too had been among these noble few, that I too had sprinkled these edifices with my heart's fullest tide, that I too had fallen in these ramparts, and had filled these yawning chasms with my body. In the enthusiasm of the moment I wished that I too might now be nothing more than a spirit; but a spirit entitled to haunt this august spot as the scene of my past achievements, and to say to other inferior and wondering ghosts: "Here I lived, here I died, here I immortalized my name!"

Disposed, by the comparisons which these ideas suggested, to repine at my own country, condition and parentage, I sat down on a pillar's prostrate trunk, and there lamented the hard lot of man, who, so far from being able to adapt his circumstances to his faculties, is often, with a spirit equal to the highest station, left to linger in the lowest. In my despondency, my eye caught a piece of broken marble, gorgeously emblazoned with chivalresque insignia. But if the side which lay uppermost displayed the plumed crest of a Gothic knight, the reverse still bore the remains of an Hellenic inscription. It was a work and a record of the ancient Greeks, and had no doubt been brought from the opposite shore, where the ruins of Cnidus furnished the knights of Rhodes with an ample quarry for the monuments of their feudal vanity. At this sight, my own national pride returned in all its force. "And does it then belong to me," cried I, —trying by a sudden start to rouse the dormant energies of my mind—"to envy the borrowed greatness of Goths and barbarians, only able in their fullest pomp to adorn themselves with the cast-off feathers of my own ancestors! Am I not a Greek? And what Grecian blood, even where remotest from the source it runs in the smallest rills, is not nobler than the base stream that flows

through the veins of these children of the West, whose proudest boast is to trace their names to the obscurity of ignorance and the night of barbarism, whose oldest houses only date as of yesterday, and whose highest achievements are the exploits of savages!"

My friend Aly was not a person to sympathize with my feelings on this occasion. From his very first entrance into this abode of darkness and desolation, his mind had misgiven him. Turning as pale as if again at sea and in a storm, he cried out: "What can you be going to do among these ugly ruins? The place is too dreary even for an appointment with a Goule.[15]" All the time during which I stood considering the various objects that successively attracted my attention he had continued most impatient to return; and when, after this, he saw me sit down composedly on the old broken pillar, there to follow up at the leisure train of my reflections, he fell into complete despair. "What can this confounded son of a Greek be muttering to himself, as if possessed," I overheard him say, "and that in a place where people should keep calling to each other with all their might, in order to frighten away evil spirits?" and after various surmises, it seemed he at last settled it in his mind, that I was brewing some incantation, and going to treat him to a dance

of spectres. At this idea his teeth began to chatter; he looked round for a way by which he might escape; but after several trials, all equally abortive, he at last convinced himself as well as me, that he had not the courage to retrace his steps alone.

The only thing left for him to do, therefore, was to exert his utmost arts of persuasion, and prevail upon me to bear him company. Ere his fear had risen to its highest pitch, he had ventured for a moment to quit my side. He now became so pressing to shew me what he had seen on that occasion, and was pleased to call the prettiest prospect imaginable, that at last I consented to follow him, merely to get rid of his importunities; but fully expecting to be shewn some dunghill, or burying ground, or other object equally extraordinary and agreeable. My surprise therefore was great, when, from a projecting bastion, I really beheld a most delightful view of the city's gay and busy suburbs, stretching with their gardens full of orange and date trees, along the winding beach.

"There now," cried Aly in a coaxing tone, on perceiving the bait to take, "who in his senses would stay another moment among these frightful black shells of houses—in which all the company I could find consisted of as sociable a party of vipers and of scorpions as one would wish to join,

—that had the faculty to go and investigate all the innumerable species of delight contained in that knot of little snow-white dwellings down below?" and hereupon he began to enumerate on his fingers such a wondrous list of all the good things of this world, which might probably be found in those habitations which he longed to investigate, that my own mouth, by degrees, watered at the catalogue; and, to Aly's inexpressible satisfaction, I at last took him under my arm, and left the castle to explore the beach.

My curiosity was soon satisfied, but my newly acquired taste for travelling only received fresh excitement. From our conversation by the way, Aly had given me a longing desire to visit Egypt, to which country I had now performed more than half the distance from Constantinople; and the commander of the khirlangitsch had raised that desire to the highest pitch, by his description of the advancement which I might hope for in the land of the Mamlukes. "Egypt," he observed, "always was the cradle of revolutions and the patrimony of strangers; always welcomed the wanderers who had no predilection for any particular soil, or attachment to any particular home. At present more than ever," he added, "it holds out irresistible attractions to the bold adventurer, who seeks his fortune in strife and

confusion. To external appearances, indeed, the country slumbers in the profoundest peace. No one would guess, on a superficial glance, that the least convulsion threatened to disturb its tranquillity. The utmost which the two parties who divide the supreme sway thus far permit themselves, is each with a jealous eye to measure the strength, and to watch the proceedings of the other. But this apparent serenity is only the calm which precedes the storm. The various elements, all preparing soon to fall asunder and to assume new combinations, are all ready at a moment's warning to burst out into open defiance and hostility: uncertain when the trump of war may sound as the signal for battle. Meanwhile each party most eagerly seeks to increase the number of its adherents by every new man of tried courage, disposed to embrace its cause. Under these circumstances a youth who like you,—Greek by birth, and Mohammedan from choice—is already before-hand half a Mamluke; and, handsome, vigorous and warlike, still adds to his skill in martial exercises the more uncommon qualification of expertness in languages and readiness at his pen—wields the hollow reed as ably as the heavy spear, and can execute a delicate commission as dexterously as a dangerous enterprise—is a treasure for which all must contend. He need only shew himself on the spot to ensure

opposite factions vying which shall, by the most brilliant offer, enlist him in their ranks."

At this tempting picture, I sighed. The Bey guessed my thoughts. "I see," said he "what you want, and I can supply it. Suleiman, one of the most distinguished among the present rulers of Egypt, is my particular friend. The number of his Mamlukes has been extremely reduced by the late destructive plague. He seeks every means to recruit his house. For this purpose, his kehaya at Constantinople, knowing the number of ports and islands I should have to visit, gave me an express commission to engage for his patron whatever person I might find likely to answer his views. I have watched you during the voyage. You are resolute, sensible, and not likely to stick at trifles; and if you like the scheme, I shall give you the recommendations to my old friend which these qualities deserve."

I bowed, expressed my delight at the commander's good opinion, and accepted his offer. Elate at the idea of not only soon seeing fruitful Egypt, but perhaps myself making a figure in its annals, and alternately rioting in luxury and in warfare, while I lent my services in proud condescension to its rulers, I immediately sought a vessel on which to take my passage; and embarked in the first I could find.

As the coast of Rhodes receded from my view, my heart beat higher with eagerness and with hope. It seemed to me as if thus far I had only been trifling away my existence in contemptible pursuits, and in a contracted sphere. I was now, for the first time, going to take a flight worthy of the strength of my pinions. Wide views, noble prospects, vast plans of fortune and of fame all at once, as if by the drawing of a curtain, expanded to my enraptured view!

## CHAPTER XV.

THE sacoleva which carried Anastasius and his fortunes was first to touch at Castel-rosso, there to take in fire-wood for Alexandria. The captain seemed to have no acquaintance whatever with the coast for which we were bound; nor could any of his crew boast less ignorance: but they all agreed that Providence was great; and in order to set the greatness of Providence in its fullest light, they always kept as close as possible to a shore set round with hidden reefs, and teeming with avowed pirates.

On the second day of our departure Castel-rosso came in sight. We were just going to double the most advanced promontory of the island, and to cast anchor for the night behind its projecting cliffs, when on our last tack there suddenly appeared ahead of us, close in with the shore, a long dark object of suspicious form, though the dusk prevented our discerning its precise nature. It lay on the water as still as a rock, but it bore all the appearance of being filled to the brim with life. In

fact it seemed to be neither more nor less than a pirate boat of most respectable size, lying close to surprise us. At this sight our caravokeiri grew as pale as a ghost: and all the crew shewed equal signs of courage. "A bad way this," cried I, "to meet danger! The pirates cannot see more of us than we do of them: let us at least try what a shew of resolution may effect. And hereupon I got the swivels pointed, every pistol and cracker put in requisition, our whole artillery brought upon deck, and every preparation made for a warm engagement. The moment we thought ourselves within musket shot of the enemy I gave the signal for firing. "If the compliment produce nothing else," thought I, "it will at least make the scoundrels turn out, and show their size and strength." Off went our first volley, and after it every eye; expecting immediately to see the hostile galley in the utmost bustle. On the contrary she stirred not an inch, and so far from changing her position, deigned not even to return our salute. Half surprised and half piqued, we repeat our fire. It is no more noticed than the first. Still more amazed, we give a third broadside. Even this makes no impression. But with the seeming shyness of the enemy our own bravery rises. We approach near enough to be quite sure of our

artillery bearing, and a fourth time discharge every gun into the hostile deck. Still she remained as motionless and silent as ever; and we continued incessantly firing, without the smallest retaliation or stir on the part of our antagonist, until by degrees this very impassibility of the enemy began to alarm us even more than the utmost fury of retort could have done. For we now fancied ourselves under the influence of some spell: we supposed that we beheld nothing but an unsubstantial vision: we became convinced that we were fighting only with the phantom of a ship; which presently would either vanish, and draw us with irresistible force after it into the fatal vortex, or explode with dreadful crash, and bury us under its wide spreading wreck. As however neither happened, and the vessel seemed equally little inclined to rise or to sink, we at last adopted the only plausible conjecture left us, namely, that the very few men which she contained had all been killed or disabled by our very first broadside. We therefore contented ourselves with keeping up a slack fire during the remainder of the night, purposing as soon as the dawn appeared, to board her; in order to divide the spoil, and to remove the dead bodies.

The dawn at last did appear, though certainly

much later than usual; and to our straining eyes shewed in the object of the whole night's strenuous fighting,—at the expense of all our powder and ball—a small rock in the sea, which from the peculiarity of its shape actually bears the name of the Galley. We agreed to say nothing about our smart engagement with it. But our modesty was, in spite of our caution, put to the blush. The whole island of Castel-rosso had been alarmed by the incessant firing; every part of the shore was lined with spectators eager to witness the combat, and the moment we landed, all the inhabitants crowded round us, and in loud congratulations wished us joy of having silenced the enemy!

The cargo of wood being taken in, we pursued our voyage. It seemed an eternity in duration. Our crew knew no other mode of sailing than right before the wind; and the least cloud that arose made them put into the first creek they could reach: wholly heedless of the risk of splitting upon a rock, or running aground upon a shoal. Coasting from one headland to another, we slowly crept round every cape or promontory on our way; and there scarce exists, I believe, a single hole or nook large or small on the whole coast of Caramania, which we did not successively visit. When the wind increased to what was called a fortuna, the

sailors could only think of praying and lighting tapers before the Panagia, and as soon as fair weather returned, they could only dance and play upon the guitar; nor ever thought of repairing the damage done to the ship, until reminded of it by a fresh storm. Still was the first part of our journey, compared with the latter, the flight of the swallow contrasted with the creeping of the tortoise. In the latitude of Damiat fate seemed to have fixed us for life; and we thought ourselves doomed never to pass the eastern outlet of the Nile, even with the assistance of some more experienced sailors whom we there got on board. Every inch the feeble breeze enabled us to advance, the strong current as regularly drove us back; so that on our starboard tack we invariably lost all we had gained on the larboard. Day after day at sun rise we had the satisfaction to find ourselves just in the same place from whence we had parted at sun-set the evening before. The fatal mouth of the stream seemed to breathe a fascination which no earthly power could overcome!

An aërial one at last flew to our assistance. It arose on the fifth day of our vain attempts, in the shape of a sciroc sufficiently strong to cope with the current. Backed by the burning blast we doubled the point of the Delta in the very teeth of the per-

verse tide, and thus approached the goal. Even before we could discern the sandy shore on which it stands, we beheld the town of Alexandria, crowned with minarets, and encircled with date trees.

In its quality of Grecian property, our vessel cast anchor in the new harbour; the old being reserved for staunch Mussulmen keels. Hell itself, as the bourn of a long sea voyage, would have appeared to me a very habitable place; Alexandria seemed Heaven. In its melancholy mounds of barren sand I could only see pleasing swells, and in its dismal ruins a picturesque ruggedness. Its inhabitants, ready to assume any hue or form at will, were a sort of human cameleons: but cameleons may afford entertainment by their constant changes. To me the contrast between the liveliness of the Alexandrians and the solemn stupidity of the Turks seemed quite enchanting. As I went to secure my night's lodging at an okkal[1] I was every instant arrested by their wit and repartee. "How pleasant it must be to reside here," said I to myself; "gay people are always so good natured!"

The words were scarce out of my mouth, when I heard at some distance a loud and increasing clamour, which I supposed to be that of some rejoicing or festival. Presently appeared an immense crowd of people of every age and descrip-

tion,—men, women, and children,—rending the air with their shouts. In the midst of the motley assemblage advanced in a separate cluster a chosen band, trailing after them in procession, with louder howlings than the rest, the city weights and scales.

"What means this ceremony?" said I, accosting one of the actors in this novel scene. "For what purpose are these instruments travelling?"—"For the purpose of gibbeting the chief of the customs, a Syriac Christian, on the instrument of his malpractices;" hastily answered the fellow, impatient at the detention.

"And has the law weighed and found him wanting?"—"How could it help doing so?" was the reply, "when we all demanded his punishment? We insisted on the Shar-allah,—the justice of God; and the Cadee himself thought us too many not to be in the right. So we are going to execute the sentence."

Having now carried his courtesy to the utmost stretch, the man bade me adieu, for fear of further questions, and ran after his companions, who already were out of sight. For my part I contented myself with inwardly praying to Allah that I might be preserved from his justice; and particularly at Alexandria.

My apartment at the okkal being secured for the

night, I went to a native of the place who followed the various trades of ship agent, interpreter, and pilot, in order to get a conveyance the next day for Raschid.[2] In his youth, the personage to whom I applied for assistance had served on board Marseillese, Venetian, and Leghorn traders. He spoke with equal fluency the Turkish, the Arabic, the Greek, the Provençal and the Lingua Franca. On entering his small abode, where he sat with open door in readiness to receive strangers, I found him gravely discussing with a Franciscan monk, over a bottle of rakie,[3] the relative merits of islamism and of popery.

"Hark ye, father," said he, speaking with such a volubility of tongue and violence of gesture, that at first I thought him in a tremendous passion, "I do not mean to pass myself off for the most squeamish of Moslemen. In my long intercourse with infidels (begging your pardon) I have been obliged occasionally to relax a little from the rigor of our practices. Sometimes, when time ran short, to mumble half a prayer instead of a whole one; and where water was scarce, to perform my ablutions to the chine only instead of to the elbows; nor did I always remember, when a good joint of meat was smoaking on the table, and I sharp set with a long fast, to inquire before I fell to, whether the beast

had been stabbed with a knife or knocked down with a hatchet. But, thank God! I have never been a rank heathen,—a kafr. I never, like you, believed in scores of Gods, nor worshipped idols of wood and brass."

"Merciful Father," cried the friar, setting down the rakie already in contact with his lips:- "nor I neither, nor any of us! How can you say such things?"

"How can I?" answered the Alexandriote, "but from having witnessed them with my own eyes! Who among you, I beg, thinks of celebrating a festival, building a mosque, addressing a prayer, vowing a present, imparting a wish, or expressing a want to any but St. Anthony of Padua, St. Francis of Assisi, St. John, St. James, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Agnes, St. Catherine, St. Cecilia, or any other of the saints and saintesses, whose interference quite leaves Providence a cipher, and whose number exceeds that of days on which to worship them? In whose name but in that of these officious go-betweens are your oxen, and your sheep, and your poultry, and your very pigs blessed by the priest at the church door? In whose honor but theirs do you suspend over your altars silver tokens of broken heads and hearts, of children born, and grown people mended? Can your

cook so much as bake his meat, but by favor of St. Lawrence: delighted, it seems, to be reminded of his own broiling on a gridiron? And as to worshipping wooden images,—have I not seen whole shoals of Nazarenes leave the nicest, whitest, tidiest little madonas which your toy-shops could produce, with flaxen wigs and flounced furbelows, at home quite neglected, to travel perhaps five hundred leagues barefoot to some old mouldering figure, as ugly as a scare-crow and as black as a negro; which strange fancy you will allow could only arise from some peculiar virtue assigned to the latter, extracted as they thought by rubbing their noddle against its greasy pate.

"As to that, child," replied the friar—taking a fresh sip of his rakie, and pursing up his mouth like one who is going to give an unanswerable answer,—"it is only on the score of superior resemblance. All the world knows that the holy Virgin sat for her picture to St. Luke: and we may suppose she wishes to distinguish the originals by some peculiar mark of favor."

"Well!" exclaimed the Alexandriote, in astonishment; "if she had been my wife!"—but again checking himself: "and pray;" added he, "your other saints, have they also each had his painter?"

"No doubt," replied the Franciscan; "al

great personages with us, sit for their portraits. I myself have sat, both as a Cupid and a friar."

The factor now got up, and fetching a little parcel which he gave to the padre: "there," said he, "are the St. Domingo beans you wanted. They are the very best I could find in the market. You may safely send them to your friends in Christendom, and be sure that, when well roasted, like St. Lawrence aforesaid, they will drink them for pure Mokha, and admire how superior they are in flavor to the vile West India coffee." Upon this, he slapped the father on the back, dismissed him, and asked my business. I had made signs to him before not to break off the discussion, which I thought rather diverting.

On stating my intention to go to Raschid, he agreed for my passage on board one of the country djerms[1]. It was to sail early the next morning; and at the appointed time, I went to secure my birth.

The boat seemed chiefly loaded with live stock; and by far the noisiest article of this description was a lot of female slaves, selected from among a ship load lately brought for sale to Alexandria. A sharp grego-maestro, which kept blowing in our teeth all day long and at dusk forced us to anchor before Bekier, enabled me to form some estimate

of the value of this cargo. In the small place where we were all huddled pell mell, the motion and the rolling produced by the storm afforded me every opportunity I could wish for of forming an acquaintance with such of the ladies as looked most social; nor did our innocent chit chat suffer any interruption from the watchfulness of their keeper, who, horribly sea sick, lay speechless in the hold, and never opened his mouth for any purpose at all calculated to interrupt our conversation. His charge, inured to the sea by the voyage of the Euxine and the Mediterranean, only laughed at his distress, and in defiance of winds and waves, chattered away like magpies. A Tcherkassian damsel, whose large black eyes seemed quite determined not to suffer from the concealment of her other charms, chiefly attracted my attention. She rewarded my notice with her utmost confidence, and gave me the rude sketch of her rough adventures

"One evening" said she, "when I was in bed, and pretended to be asleep, my parents began to talk, as usual, about the trouble I gave them. My mother wished me far away. My father observed nothing was so easy as to fulfil this wish. A Turkish merchant, who used every two or three years to come and collect slaves in our country, had arrived that very day; and assuredly it was fairer that

those who had had all the expense, should have the profit of me, rather than the neighbouring Tartars, who were every day carrying off some of our girls to sell to the Turks. My mother now changed her tone, and would not hear of parting with her only daughter. But my father, telling her she was always perverse, offered her an alternative between what she liked better than keeping, and what she disliked worse than losing me: a cask of brandy or a sound cudgelling. She took the spirits and gave up her child. The next day I was carried to the merchant. After a great deal of hagling, he bought, or rather accepted me in exchange for arms, apparel, and other such things. I was stowed on board a small vessel, with a number of other slaves picked up in various parts. Most of them had been sold by their landlords in payment of rent. The ship proved so leaky that we never expected to reach Stambool. By a miracle, however, we got there. At least, so I was told: for I never saw any thing of the place, except the large ugly khan in which we were housed. Our owner here had us taught the requisites for a ready sale—the Mohammedan religion, music, and dancing. Every day customers of various descriptions used to come and cheapen some among us. The price set on me was what few could afford: but my time meanwhile

passed comfortably. I had plenty to eat, heaps of fine clothes, and a looking glass to myself. I should have been quite happy but for the dread of being bought for the Grand-Signor, who, they say, has so many wives, he does not know what to do with them, and though as old as Methusalem, yet must have a new one every Christmas. Think of being laid on the shelf at the death of this old spindle-shanks, as useless lumber, in an ancient seraglio with tremendously high walls; there to remain for life neither single nor married! This fate I escaped. The kehaya of Yousouf-Bey of Cairo bought me for his master, with some of my companions. We were immediately shipped off in a very comfortable vessel: hardly ever had a whipping during the whole voyage; and here we are, on the eve, thank God! of reaching our final destination. To me it promises a paradise. I wish I could say as much in favor of my companions. But, poor things! they were only, as it were, thrown into the bargain; and I fear will remain all their lives mere drudges."

This last piece of intelligence, though conveyed in a very low whisper, did not escape the quick ears of the damsels for whom Hamida expressed such unacceptable compassion. I thought it would have occasioned an immediate engagement. With one accord the whole party rose up from their mattresses, and.

gathering round the frightened Hamida, abused her for telling such falsehoods — she! a low bred, Tcherkassian, without faith, fat, or manners—and that too of Georgians like them, who at home every day used to go to mass, and had as much victuals as ever they wished to eat! But Hamida's own mettle rose at the base insinuation, and facing her assailants boldly: "It signifies much truly," replied she in an ironical tone, "from what country we come, when none of us will ever see it again; and whether we had much or little of our religion, when we all have renounced it alike! And as to our fat—which is the most material point—that must be seen to be judged of."

"Then, let it," replied all the others in chorus; "and trust to us for seeing nothing!" and immediately they all fell upon poor Hamida; forcibly tore open her feridgé, and displayed her bosom. It might not answer the utmost amplitude of Asiatic ideas, but I confess, though I looked hard, I perceived no deficiency.

Even before this exhibition, the keeper of the ladies had cast sundry savage glances our way. He now contrived, sick as he was, to crawl unperceived among the busy group, and only announced his presence by unexpectedly laying about him with such energy, as not only to separate the combatants, but to send them slinking away to the furthest cor-

ner of the hold. He then laid himself down before them, and thus formed an effectual mediator for the prevention of further disputes.

No one remained on the field of battle except the spectators: namely, myself, and a single female as different from our Circassian as night is from day: an Abyssinian negro woman. Manumitted by her last master, the dusky nymph had nobody to whom she was accountable for her conversation but herself, feared not the interruptions of a keeper's lash, and seemed determined to avail herself to the full of her advantages. She began by informing me, most prolixly, of all her concerns, past, present, and future. At first she told me, her stars had looked but coolly upon her. She had been carried to Constantinople in winter, had suffered much from chilblains, and been married to a black eunuch. But the husband died, the chilblains healed, the summer came and lovers began, like bees, to buz about the black rose. "Still," continued she, "as I now was rich, I resolved again to quit the cold climate of Constantinople, and gradually to re-approach the milder temperature of Sennaar. Perhaps, thought I, in my way, at Alexandria, I may chance to find among the Mawgarbees [4] some proper husband for my money, to make me amends for my former empty honors. Nothing, however, worthy the acceptance of the widow of Ibrahim-Aga, offered; and I am

now moving onwards to Cairo, where, wholly independant of your insipid whites, I am quite sure of suitably matching my own colour; unless," added she, with a significant glance, "something very tempting should offer by the way."

That this something actually had offered, and that every objection to the insipidity of whites had been overcome, I felt sufficiently sure of by the lady's expressive *oeillades*. Certain of her own approval, she did not in the least seem to trouble herself about any possible objection on my part; and her advances soon became so marked, that nothing could have saved me but the timely interposition of the Boghaz. This formidable sand-bank, which muzzles the mouth of the Nile, was announced at a most critical moment: and if many have been wrecked upon it, Anastasius found in its effects the direct reverse. Immediately all coquetry ceased. Every other passion yielded to terror. The Circassians screamed, the Turks fainted, and the Negress turned as pale as she was able. Even after the peril was surmounted, all thoughts of taking the citadel by storm seemed laid aside; and the siege dwindled into a mere blockade, which lasted till we got to Raschid.

The abrupt transition from the yellow aridity of Alexandria to the verdant freshness of Raschid,

rising on the margin of a beautiful river, and inbosomed in orange, in sycamore, and date trees, might have given a foretaste of Elysium. I spent a whole day in a jesmine arbour, eating bananas and drinking the juice of the sugar cane; and after thus having truly tasted the sweets of Raschid, re-embarked on board a maash[5], destined to sail up the river, and to land us at Cairo. It resembled Noah's ark: was filled with beasts of every description, and surrounded by an universal flood. As far as the eye could reach, the waters of the Nile suffered nothing to rise above their surface but the towns and villages, looking on their artificial platforms, as if floating in trays on the liquid plain. Among the strange animals which our barge conveyed across this vast watery waste, shone conspicuous from the bright yellow of his glossy skin, a short bloated biped, who, on a head scarce peeping above his shoulders, wore, perfectly poised, a huge flat turban, which gave the *tout-ensemble* the complete proportions of a toadstool; and truly, in the eyes of the other natives, this natural production seemed very much held in similar estimation with a fungus. An Osmanlee of Cairo—a man of unusual information for his country, and of open pleasant manners—seeing the wonder with which I contemplated this figure, whispered me: "Coobd, is the name these people give themselves, and they

trace their descent from the ancient Egyptians; but they have changed the object of their worship from cats and onions to gold; and the only hieroglyphics they preserve are those which secure to them the exclusive knowledge of the size, produce, and boundaries of all the cultivable tracts of the country. Nor is this, in their hands, a mere speculative and barren science. It secures them the stewardship of all the property of their Mohammedan masters. More conversant in arms than in arithmetic, we cannot dispense with this vermin, though it lives upon our best substance; and every Mussulman, of any rank or wealth, from the Schaich-el-belled who farms the whole territorial contribution of Egypt, to the smallest Aga of a village, or subtenant of the Schaich-el belled, has his Coobtic steward or writer, whose accounts he understands just as much as the Coobd understands the language of his own prayers. He only knows that he is cheated, and has no way to help himself."

Night, mean time, had begun to cast its veil over even the nearest objects, when, on a sudden turn of the river, we all at once beheld at a distance before us a most splendid spectacle. The left bank of the Nile seemed for a considerable space in an entire blaze, and the luminous streak which edged the winding shore, produced by its reflection a parallel

line of light in the mirror of the stream, resembling a riband edged with fire. It ran along, glittering more brilliantly from the surrounding darkness. From the spot which it skirted issued an incessant clang of cymbals, of kettle-drums, and other musical instruments; and as we approached near enough to discern in the fairy spectacle the effects of a most extensive illumination, the shouts and song of innumerable voices met the ear. The place thus distinguished was Mektoobes, famous in all seasons for its gaiety, and at this particular period celebrating its patron Schaich or Saint, whose festival drew together the population of all the surrounding districts. For almost a mile the quay was lined with barges, so closely wedged, that one might walk from deck to deck; while the interior of the town was rendered as light as day by thousands of lamps, some winding from the base to the summit of the minarets in parasitic spirals, others festooned from pinnacle to pinnacle in aerial curves, others again expanding in wreaths, in wheat sheaves, and other fanciful forms. As we drew nearer, the eye was not more dazzled by the glare of light, than the ear was stunned by the din of instruments. At every corner of a street a different band of musicians played a different tune, in hopes of drowning all the others in its noise; and in every open space some

different troop of singers, dancers, tumblers, sorcerers, or fortune-tellers, exhibited their different sorts of feats, with a view to attract the spectators from all the rest. Here a string of awalis[6] strained their windpipes in tremulous quavers, until they grew as hoarse as the frogs in the neighbouring ditches; and there a knot of ghazie[7] distorted their limbs into as uncouth postures as if they had been frogs themselves; and while one portion of our passengers stood watching the tricks of a jugler, whose troop of performers consisted in a basket full of serpents, another portion sat gaping at the feats of a rival mountebank, whose chef d'oeuvre was turning water into blood, and earth into vermin. I speak not of the female charmers who preferred for the exhibition of their fascinations the darker places, where they excelled in emptying of its last para the closest drawn purse. Of these Syrens, our poor Coobd might give the best account. He had been missing almost from the moment we went ashore; and no one could guess what witchery had conjured him away, until we all got back to our barge. It was there he first reappeared among us, and the first thing he did was to untie his pouch, in order to ascertain the damages it had sustained. A sequin was the utmost he rated it at; and that

was just twice as much as, by his own account, the thrifty personage had ever spent on similar pastimes. What was his horror, when he found that, by an art exactly contrary to that of the alchymists, the ladies, whose leger-de-main tricks he had been too curiously investigating, had converted all his gold into base metal. His purse indeed, externally, preserved its full size and weight; but alas, the contents had experienced a sad transmutation! His gold was all turned into brass!

At any other period, the adventures of Mektoobes, and the misfortunes of the Coobd, would have furnished materials for conversation till we reached Cairo: but at this moment, the mind of no Egyptian born was sufficiently disengaged for such idle talk. A topic of higher, more universal, and more vital interest engaged every thought, and dwelt on every lip; absorbed the whole mind of man, woman, and child; and was sure, whatever other subject even the most remote from it might accidentally be started, ultimately, by imperceptible steps, to regain full possession of every receptacle of thought!

This was the rise of the Nile, the phenomenon on whose measure and degree depended, throughout Egypt, the serious difference between plenty and famine; and whose increase, perceptible inch by inch,

and sometimes rapid, sometimes slow, and sometimes entirely at a stand, kept, while it lasted, every eye on the stretch, and every mind in a fever.

In vain, as a stranger not yet embued with the spirit of the universal subject, I now and then tried to turn the conversation into another channel. The slimy ducts that carried the muddy waves of the Nile to the furthest limits of the country, were the only channels which my hearers had senses for. When I talked of Hassan's expedition to the Morea, a person on my right observed it must have happened the year when the river only rose fifteen cubits; when I hoped to engage the attention of the company by describing the splendors of the Sultan's court, a man on my left asked whose office it was to bring him the daily intelligence of the Nile's increase; and when I extolled the beauty of our islands, some one, who till that instant had never opened his lips, sighed to think they had no rivers to rise like the Nile. I now despaired of any other general conversation, and, in order to hear the last of the ruling topic, took my Osmanlee friend aside, supplicated as a favor that he would first say all his imagination could possibly suggest concerning the Nile, and would then vouchsafe to give me a little sketch of the last political events of Egypt. This he readily

undertook, and as his information on that subject may render more intelligible my own subsequent adventures in that country, I shall here transfer it to the reader—in substance more than in form—and with such additions and emendations as I subsequently derived from my own observation.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"EGYPT," said (or said not) my Osmanlee, "after its conquest by Omar first obeyed a race of Arab sovereigns called Kaliphs. To these succeeded, on its occupation by Selah-el-din, a race of Tartar princes denominated Sultans.

It was the early practice prevailing in every country under Tartar government to leave the cultivation of the ground to the free-born peasant, and to employ the prisoner taken in war and the purchased slave in domestic and personal services alone. When however the Tartar swarms, in their southward progress, came in contact with black and woolly-haired nations, the destination of their slaves became as changed as their color. The more pliant and pacific negro, foreign in habits as in looks from his purchaser, was under the name of Abd or domestic slave confined to household services, and was never kept for defence. Admitted to the highest posts in the household, he could attain no advancement in the state. The more warlike white slave on the contrary, not unfrequently the neigh-

bour, nay the relation of his master in the country whence both derived their origin, and considered more able to wield a patron's authority, and more fit to represent his person, was, under the name of Mamluke, trained up to arms as well as to attendance. While in his master's house, he served him not only as his domestic but as his military guard and defender, and when manumitted, he became entitled to aspire to the highest dignities in the army and the state. The custom of raising military slaves or Mamlukes to eminent employments has prevailed wherever throughout a great portion of Europe, Asia, and Africa, a Tartary dynasty has arisen. Indeed, slaves of this description were employed by Tartar sovereigns as their generals and their ministers, in preference to free-men, whether of the conquered or even of the conquering race. Torn up by the root from their native soil, strangers to that into which they were transplanted, unconnected with the body at large either of the vanquished or of the vanquishers, deriving their existence, their support, their greatness from their master alone, raised by his will, and at his nod again reduced to their original nothingness, they appeared of all descriptions of men the least formidable to a despotic ruler. In their hands the power which an absolute monarch is obliged to delegate in all its

fulness to each of his ministers, down to the last and least, seemed most exempt from the danger of being turned against its author.

No device, however, has yet been discovered by which a single hand can long continue to hold undivided an absolute sway over an extensive country. He who singly must resist the pressure of many, is doomed at last to fall. Thus it fared with Selah-el-din's successors. The Mamlukes intrusted by them with the command of provinces, amended their original insulation by their subsequent leagues. They set aside their legitimate sovereign, and established a military government in a republican form. Each of the fourteen provinces of Egypt was governed by its own Bey. These lesser chiefs used to assemble in council under a president called Schaich-el-belled, or chief of the country. In this Divan were enacted by plurality of votes the decrees for the common welfare of all, and each Bey separately in his own department presided over their due execution.

From its first origin, and throughout all its later vicissitudes, this republic of Beys has been perpetuated by means unexampled to the same extent in any other country, namely, by an uninterrupted importation of strange slaves, transformed by degrees into rulers of Egypt. Not that, as foreigners

have sometimes imagined, the constitution of the Egyptian common-wealth prohibited natives, freemen, and actual descendants of those in power, by any positive law, from participating in the government of the country: not that any express ordination ever reserved the succession to power and the exercise of authority, exclusively to strangers and to slaves. Throughout every period of the domination of the Beys, instances have existed of individuals who were neither slaves nor strangers, but free born Mohammedan Turks, nay sons of Mamlukes and of Beys, being allowed to attain the highest employments in the state. Three generations of Beys shone in the family of Beloufi: at this moment, Ibrahim, our Schaich-el-belled, boasts of the great destinies that await his son Marzook; and at some future day you yourself, who as far as I know were never bought nor sold, may, unless prevented by prior claims, become one of our Beys.

But a concurrence of circumstances has nearly effected what no law ever expressly decreed. According to our customs the prolific period of youth is spent by the Mamluke under his patron's roof in forced singleness, and in the society of none but his fellow soldiers. His constitution, more liable to the enervating tendency of the climate in proportion as

it derives from its more bracing native atmosphere a greater natural fullness and succulence, is weakened, perhaps his very imagination receives a fatal bias, ere manumission allows him to quit his master's house, and to enjoy the comforts of the connubial state. No sooner indeed is he gifted with freedom than he seeks a wife, were it only to acquire in the sacredness of the harem a security for his person, and a sanctuary for his property; but even on this occasion his pride and his prejudice lead him to spurn from his embrace the women of the country, whose seasoned constitution might counteract the effects of his debilitated system, and permit him only to form an alliance with some female slave of his own nation, on whom the climate of Egypt exerts the same enervating influence. Seldom does any progeny arise from these too well assorted marriages; or if blessed with offspring, and such as attains maturity, it is in general too degenerate in body and too imbecile in mind, to hold, and to defend the parental authority against a host of sturdier competitors: and for want of a sufficiency of natural heirs to succeed to their possessions and their power, the rulers of Egypt have, throughout every period of their history, been obliged to seek in fresh slaves imported from their own native realms, the heirs to their wealth, and the successors to their dominion.

Among these creatures of servitude and devotees to ambition, the Abases, the Tcherkassians, and the youths of Odeshé and of Gurgistan,[4] are in general the most esteemed, as being the nearest in blood to their patrons, and the most eminent in corporal endowments and warlike accomplishments. Renegadoes themselves, their masters make it a rule, more in compliance with custom than out of respect for religion, to raise no servant to any employment who is not by birth or from choice a Mohammedan. But this condition fulfilled, whatever native of any country north of Egypt is willing to owe his whole existence and advancement to his patron, may aspire to all the advantages an Egyptian grandee can bestow. The Bey connects with the artificial relationship between master and slave, all the reciprocal duties, nay attaches to it all the reciprocal appellations, that belong to the natural ties of which he lives bereft: he calls his Mamlukes his children, and hears them call him their father: according to the measure of their attachment, their deserts, or their favor in his eyes, he promotes them successively, while yet in bondage, to all the honorable offices in his own household, from that of simple body guard, to that of hasnadar or treasurer; and, when manumitted, to all the dignities in the state at his disposal, from that of single Aga, to that of Kiashef,[5] and Bey,

and Schaich-el-belled. During his life time he marries them to whatever female relations of his own he can find; and at his death he leaves them heirs to his wealth and his offices. So much are these adoptive children considered as the natural heirs to all their patron's property, that his very wives, and sisters, and daughters devolve to them, according to the date of their creation, and the eminence of their rank: and the greater number of such creatures, devoted to his service, defending his person, devouring his property, and raised by his patronage to wealth and to dignities a man in power possesses, the more the reflected lustre of these satellites that move around him, swells his own pride, encreases his own importance, and extends his own sway. It is by the vast circumference of the base that beholders may in some measure estimate the altitude of the mountain's summit.

Such is in Egypt the inertness of the native, and such the insulation of the country, encompassed on all sides by seas or by deserts, that the domination of the Beys, though only continued by slaves, by renegadoes, and by strangers—by men forswearing every tie of country, of blood, of sex, and of religion, and offering every form of anarchy, civil war, and murder by steel and by poison,—yet subsisted

near two centuries, without being wrested from the feeble hands that held it, either by an indigenous subject, or by a foreign invader.

At last, however, the sway of the Mamlukes received a check. In the year 923 of the Hegyra, Selim, Sultan of the Turks, conquered Egypt, and rendered it a province subject to a Pasha. The task of levying the yearly contribution imposed upon the land, partly to defray the internal administration, partly to fill the conqueror's coffers, was the only office left to the Beys, and to the Kiachefs employed by them for that purpose; and for the performance of this task, the president of the Beys of Upper-Egypt stationed at Djirdgé, and the Scaich-el-belled, or chief of the whole corps residing at Cairo, were held responsible. To enforce his edicts and to defend his conquest, Selim instituted in Egypt, several Odgiaks, or corps of provincial militia, of which the heads and the larger division were quartered in the Citadel of Cairo, to defend the Pasha, and lesser detachments were stationed at Djirdgé, in the Saïd, to execute his orders.

Of these corps, the two principal were those of the Jenissaries and of the Azabs. Each had its Divan, or council, in which the chief or Kehaya, and the officers, or Odgiaklees, discussed the interests of

the corps. But this continued not long their only care. By degrees these chiefs, stationary in the country, and commanding a formidable force, began to resist the orders of a Pasha, liable to constant removals, and the bearer of unsupported mandates. Assuming all the substance of power to themselves, they only left in the hands of the Visier, the shadow of authority. They employed him to sanction with the Sultan's name the statutes decreed in their private Divans. While the Pasha remained in Egypt, they kept him a close prisoner in the castle, and when they grew tired of his presence, they dismissed him at their pleasure. They treated the Beys, employed by the sovereign to levy the territorial contributions, as their own subjects, in so far as to make the Schaich-el-belled, on days of ceremony, hold the stirrup to the Aga of the Jenissaries: and the subjects at large they oppressed so heavily, that the natives could only escape their rapacity by enlisting in their corps. In proportion, however, as the candidate for the privileges of the militia was wealthier, and thus exposed to greater extortions, the immunity which he more urgently sought, he with more difficulty obtained. One half of his fortune was in general the price of his security during his life, and at his death, the other half devolved to the corps in whose lists his name was enrolled: nor

if a rich individual had by some means succeeded while he lived, in eluding the burthensome boon, could his good fortune while he breathed, avail his heirs on his demise. In defect of a real engagement, a forged one was soon provided, and promptly acted upon; and to such an extent was carried this abuse, that no external control seemed any longer able to prevent the militia of Egypt from swallowing up the whole substance of the country: when the very excess of the evil produced the cure, and the internal weakness, disease, and torpor—effects of their unbounded voracity and repletion—again forced the Odgiaklees to yield up the fruits of their usurpation. Just as when arrived at its utmost height you see the Nile. . . . . ."

At this impending episode I took fright, put my finger on the narrator's lips, earnestly begged to have no similes, especially about the Nile, and entreated him only to continue his straight-forward narration.

He smiled, and thus proceeded. "Selim had ordained that the troops should remain in the citadels. They were neither to exercise any trade or to possess any land, lest their diffusion over the country should diminish their strength, and pacific pursuits should destroy their martial spirit; but their rapacity had caused these regulations to be

disregarded. On the one hand, every peaceful artisan, however unable to wield a musket, was nominally enrolled, for the sake of his admission fee, in the militia, without doing any duty or receiving any pay, and on the other, the number of effective soldiers, able to do duty and entitled to pay, was every day left more defective, in order that the officers might appropriate their unclaimed stipend. Thus, the disposable force of the country, in proportion as it nominally encreased on the regimental lists, in reality dwindled away more rapidly in the field; and the army became a body bloated with superfluous saps, while bereft of requisite stamina and vigor. The cupidity of the Odgiaklees made them by degrees retain not only all the personal property, but all the land they could grasp. By these means the members of the militia became accountable for that territorial imposition of which their corps had been destined to enforce the payment, and at the very epoch when their diminished strength made them less able to bring the Beys before their tribunal, their increased territorial possessions rendered them more answerable before the tribunal of the Beys. The situation of these farmers of the public revenue, which erst the soldiery had despised, they now began to respect. The distinct and opposite offices and powers, intended by Selim to check each

other, thus became blended, the balance lost, and the state plunged into utter confusion. While formerly the Odgiaklees had conferred on their creatures and dependants the dignities of Beys, Beys now gave to their adherents and freed men the places of Odgiaklees. No longer submitting to the confinement of their provinces, all these Beys now left their Kiachefs to grind their districts, and flocked to Cairo, to make the capital the scene of their cabals. The public revenue, before squandered by the Odgiaklees, now became wasted by the Beys; and whatever military force remained, was employed not to resist but to protect their usurpation. The spider now wove its cobwebs in silence over those superb chambers, which had resounded with the fierce discussions of the Janissaries and Azabs; and the Pasha, who formerly had only feared the power of the militia, now only trembled at the name of the Beys. Meanwhile the Mamlukes, that indestructible plague of Egypt, that weed which amidst its neglected fertility ever springs up anew, had continued to offer, as before, its unceasing renovation; and as the character of the soldier, promoted by his sovereign, sunk, that of the slave, raised by his private master, again rose in the public estimation.

The Bey, who singly attained the greatest power, was Aly, by birth a Georgian. Called to the office

of Schaich-el-belled, he not only reduced to a cipher the Odgiaklees, but completely silenced his very colleagues, and reserved every dignity for his own favourite Mamlukes, Mohammed, Ismaïl, and Hassan. Carrying his audacity so far as at last even to renounce his allegiance to the Porte, he contracted an alliance with its enemies the Russians, and sent his adoptive son Hassan to sack the city of Djedda on the Arabian coast. His tide of prosperity was stemmed by his other son, Mohammed. This Mamluke, whom Aly had honoured with the hand of his own sister—sent for purposely from Gurgistan, whom he had had loaded with such wealth, as to confer on him the surname of Abou-dahab or the father of gold, and had endowed with such power as to enable him to make his own dependants Beys, finding at last that he could rise no higher, except by the fall of his benefactor, slew him in 1776.

Every earthly blessing seemed to crown Abou-dahab's crime. Nominated by the Beys of his own creation to the dignity of Schaich-el-belled, and elevated by the Sultan to the post of Pasha, he offered the first example in Egypt, as he did the last, of all the grandeur the country can bestow, and all the authority the Porte can give, united in the same person. Intoxicated unto madness by these long draughts of successful ambition, his blood began to

ferment, his fluids turned to poison, a raging fever struck his brain; and the conqueror whom Acre one day saw resplendant with glory, she beheld the next day a mass of corruption.

No sooner had Abou-dahab breathed his last than his Mamlukes hastened back to Cairo to divide his spoil. Ibrahim, the eldest Bey of his creation, obtained, with the place of Schaich-el-belled, the widow of Aly. Mourad, the second in rank of the Beys named by Mohammed, married his own relict. The other Beys of Mohammed's recent house, Osman, Mustapha, Suleiman, and the two Ayoobs, took, according to their rank and seniority, what else remained to be divided.

The younger children of Mohammed's ill requited patron, Ismaïl and Hassan, who shared not in their eldest brother's ingratitude, had, on Aly's death, fled to upper Egypt. There they remained quiet during the short period of Abou-dahab's reign; but gained strength by an alliance with two great Arab Schaichs; those of Esneh and of Negaddi. Thus re-inforced, they determined not to suffer Mohammed's children to supersede the remaining sons of Aly himself, and marched directly to Cairo. Ibrahim, Mourad, and their party had not yet had leisure to prepare for the attack. With all their followers they passed through the citadel, situated

on the utmost verge of the mount Mokhadem; gained the defiles of that range of mountains which extends along the right bank of the Nile, all the way to upper Egypt, and there took that station which their antagonist had just quitted to occupy their own at Cairo.

Ismaïl, received in the capital with acclamation, and immediately installed as Schaich-el-belled, by a Pasha, no longer of any use but to confer the investiture of that place on whosoever was strong enough to seize its prerogatives, lost no time in clearing his residence of all lurking leaven of sedition. Two old Beys still existed, owned by no party in being, but supposed secretly to favor that of Ibrahim. Yet had they, when Ismaïl entered Cairo, remained in the capital; either prevented from quitting it by their infirmities, or relying for protection on their age. They were friends, and saw each other familiarly. But when Sogei came to pay his court, Ismaïl exacted, in proof of his loyalty, the head of Abderahman: and Sogei bowed submission. In the midst of the customary reminiscences, which formed the conversation of men who had outlived all their cotemporaries, Sogei dropped his chaplet. Abderahman stooped to pick it up, and Sogei plunged his dagger into his colleague's side. His feeble hand, however, could not give a home thrust,

and Abderhaman, intended to be laid prostrate for ever, rose from the blow, and struggled with his adversary. The surrounding Mamlukes viewed unmoved two men, seemingly united in the closest friendship until both were grown grey with age, contend which should first bereave the other by violence of the few remaining sparks of a life almost extinct, should first draw from the other's heart the few remaining drops of a tide almost stagnant in their veins, and should first push the other into that grave, on whose brink both were already tottering. This feat Sogeir achieved. He then crawled back to the Schaich with the head demanded; but, exhausted with the fight, fell dead in the act of presenting the prize.

Ibrahim and Mourad remained not much longer in upper Egypt than Ismail and Hassan had done before them. With the assistance of the Arab Schaichs of Farshout and of Dendera, they descended from Djirdgé, and demanded re-admittance in Cairo. Ismaïl consented, in hopes of more effectually ending the struggle by treachery. With the concurrence of Ezedlee, the Pasha, his antagonists were to be murdered in the citadel in full Divan. Hassan, however, dissatisfied with the small share of power ceded him by Ismaïl, thought he now had the means for ever to secure the gratitude

of the adverse party. He warned its leaders of the plot; and the same night Ibrahim and Mourad, with all their adherents, again evacuated Cairo. As soon as they had passed the gates, they proclaimed all reconciliation with Ismaïl henceforth at an end, and went back to their old post at Djirdgé. Here they fortified themselves, and determined to reduce the capital by famine. All provisions which descended the Nile were intercepted; and Ismaïl at last found himself obliged by the impending scarcity, to collect his few troops and to march southward, in hopes of dislodging his foes from a place fraught with such powers of annoyance. Ibrahim and Mourad awaited him in battle array under the walls of Djirdgé. Already, with forces nearly equal and a doubtful issue had the combat begun, when Hassan, whose followers formed the chief strength of Ismaïl's army, with all his troops passed over to the enemy. Ismaïl now became certain of defeat. The signal of retreat was sounded, and he fled back to Cairo.

The Schaich-el-belled's popularity in the capital had been annihilated by his exactions. Closely pursued, he felt his situation desperate. In haste he loaded his camels with his treasure, abandoned his honors, and crossed the desart as a fugitive. At Gaze he embarked for Stambool, to seek assistance from the Porte.

As Ismaïl went out at one gate of the city, Ibrahim and Mourad rushed in at the other. Content to resume their former station, they impeded not their enemy's flight. After reinstating themselves in all their offices, they strengthened their party and rewarded their adherents, by making a considerable promotion of Beys and of Kiachefs.

Hassan himself gained the least by his defection. This Bey, surnamed Djeddawee from the sacking of that city, was among those unfortunate individuals who, with the greatest physical bravery, entirely want moral resolution and steadiness; by their waverings and changes forfeit the confidence of all parties, and to every faction alike appear more desirable in the character of avowed enemies, than in those of seeming friends. Whatever sacrifices he might make to the cause he espoused, they were uniformly attributed to interested motives; truth from his lips was received as falsehood; and generosity in his behaviour could only be viewed as cunning. The bare circumstance of his asserting a fact caused it to be discredited, and his being the author of a scheme sufficed for its rejection. Thus situated, he always found the thanks of his associates short of his pretensions; failed not soon to accuse his colleagues of black ingratitude, and scarce had joined a party, when he afresh meditated a change.

His most ordinary converse necessarily degenerated into a tissue of dissimulation and fraud, which produced no illusion; and his life became a series of intrigues and of cabals, which brought him no benefit.

Tired of his complaints and fearing his fickleness, the sons of Mohammed resolved to stop his reproaches, by cutting short his career. The saturday exercises in the place of Roumaïli were fixed upon to execute the purpose.

The exercise of the Djereed was over. One of Mourad's Mamlukes enters the lists for the game of the jar.[6] He advances in the circle, takes aim, fires, and misses. A second darts forward, and equally fails. A third now tries in his turn: his ball goes wider still than the former from the pretended mark; but it strikes the real one, for it grazes the turban of Djeddawee. Every bystander loudly laments the accident. The Bey alone saw the intent: he saw his death-warrant signed. Immediately he calls round him his Mamlukes, and from their close pressed circle raises the cry of war and the sword of defiance. His suite all draw their sabres: so do Mohammed's children. The games cease; the fight commences: the few remaining adherents of Ismaïl join the banners of Hassan.

Three entire days did every street of Cairo in turns become the field of battle. Three entire days

did every stone of the capital in turns stream with blood. At last Hassan felt his strength give way, and saw his supporters fall off, one by one. On the point of being overwhelmed by his enemy's superior force, he gathers together a small troop which he still could rely upon, and breaks through the very midst of his assailants. With a speed which nothing could slacken, he gains the vast suburb of Boolak, on the Nile, and there seeks shelter in the house of an old friend, of the Schaich Damanhoori. The sanctity even of that distant asylum is disregarded, and the approach invested, a few minutes after its gates had received the noble fugitive.

For a while however, intrenching himself behind the inclosure of his fortress, Hassan gallantly stands the siege, from every window and battlement of the edifice pours down upon Mourad's satellites every species of murderous implement, and makes many a foe atone with his life for the relentless pursuit. But after more than an hour's strenuous defence, he beholds from the top of the building the door burst open, and the entire hostile torrent rush in at once. He now resolves to quit the hopeless contest, and to save himself by flight. Mounting on the terrace of the mansion now no longer secure, he thence clambers on the roof of a neighbouring house. From that, passes

on to the next, and in this manner vaults from terrace to terrace,[7] and climbs from roof to roof; sometimes scaling almost inaccessible heights, at others leaping down awful precipices, and at others again clearing frightful chasms: until at last he gains the furthermost of the habitations that form a connected cluster. Here he finds his aërial progress stopped; and from the summit of this final promontory again is compelled to descend to the regions below, and to return to the level of his pursuers. From the terrace he lets himself down into the attics; from these into a lower floor: gains the top of the stairs, runs down an hundred steps, reaches the hall, and opens the entrance door. In the very porch stood sentinel a hostile Mamluke of gigantic stature, waiting his arrival to intercept his passage. Him he fells with his sabre at a single blow, and mounting the Mamluke's own steed, he rides back at full speed to Cairo. But at every turn his antagonists were watching. They soon espy his escape: and in a moment he heard the whole troop again close at his heels. Danger seemed to lend him wings. He reaches Cairo the first; though scarce by the distance of a pistol shot. Clearing the crowded entrance of the city, and pushing up the main street, he rushes, as soon as opportunity favors, into the midst of the most

populous and busy district; runs up one narrow lane, and down another. As he enters a new division, he causes its gates to be shut behind him, in order to delay the progress of his pursuers. Meeting a string of camels, carrying water, he rends open the skins with his dagger, to encrease the slippery smoothness of the pavement. Coming up with a file of Arabas, conveying a wedding, he tilts over the waggons to bar the passage. No throng of human beings, however great, stops his career. His yatagan cuts its way through the thickest cluster of passengers. Overthrowing some, trampling others under foot, he still advances unslackened in his speed. Every where warning shouts announce his approach; every where screams of terror precede his rapid steps. At sight of him the horror-struck mob flies in every direction like chaff before the hurricane: and his wide circuit frequently bringing him back to the same places he had appeared in before,—but each time more pale and ghastly and covered with blood than before,—he at last begins to be viewed as his own ghost, still continuing the flight of the body. It was a stupendous thing to behold a vast capital, successively filled throughout each of its numerous quarters, from one end to the other, with ever encreasing terror, and dismay, by the appearance of a single

man, and that man himself a fugitive, only darting by like a meteor, just heard, just seen, and then again disappearing.

Hassan's strength now begins to fail him. His horse is ready to drop. His pursuers, who for a while had lost his track,—guided by the clamour of the mob at his appearance,—again recover the scent. They gain ground upon him so fast, nothing seems capable any longer of saving him from becoming their victim.

He now bethinks himself of one last desperate expedient. The house of his most inveterate enemy,—of Ibrahim, the Schaich-el-belled,—had just risen in sight. He springs from his exhausted steed, no longer able to move, and summoning all his remaining strength, runs to this perilous abode, and gains with difficulty its portal. Entering the frowning gates, he forces his way athwart the bevy of astonished pages, who in vain try to stop the intruder; and makes straight for the holy of holies, for the women's apartment. Pushing away right and left the eunuchs, the slaves, and the guards stationed to defend the entrance of the gynecæum, he bursts open the prohibited door, advances through the labyrinth of narrow passages, and at last, after many wanderings, reaches the very centre of the awful sanctuary.

Here, totally exhausted, and faint with fatigue and loss of blood from many a wound inflicted by a distant carbine, Djiddawee at last stops, lays down on the rich carpet his naked ensanguined sword; and viewing before him that mightiest of her sex, the sister of Aly, the widow of Mohammed, and the wife of Ibrahim,—risen from her seat in mute astonishment,—he throws himself prostrate at her feet, clasps the hem of her embroidered garment, and implores her all powerful protection.

What could Ashtar do? when a son of her brother, and a brother of her first husband, humbled to the dust, implored her to save his life!

She swore to protect him, while he remained in her sight; and in her presence none durst lift his hand against the supplicant. Even Ibrahim her husband, consented to respect his hated existence, until he again should go forth from the shadow of his roof.

But Mourad appears! Furious from his numerous disappointment, and Hassan's hair breadth escapes, he demands possession of his victim, or threatens to abandon his party. The Schaich-el-belled wavers, and at last consents to cast a stain upon his character, in order to satisfy his colleague. In defiance of the laws of hospitality he insists on Hassan's quitting his habitation, content to receive a

safeguard to the frontiers of Egypt. The Bey was not in a condition to decline the specious offer. Accompanied by a numerous escort he takes leave and departs. But what is his new dismay, when he learns on the road that his destination is the very town in Arabia, once the scene of his devastations! To turn him adrift among the injured populace of Djedda was to devote him to a death more cruel than the fate he fled from. On the least resistance, however, to the mandate of his enemies, he was to be killed on the spot. He therefore feigned acquiescence, and suffered himself quietly to be conveyed to Suez, and there to be embarked for the harbour of Meccah. At sea he might by surprise have slain a few of his conductors, but in so rash an attempt he must soon have been overpowered by the rest. He devised a better plan. In the darkness of the night he fell upon the reïs himself, the moment sleep closed his eyelids; and with his arm round the pilot's throat and his pistol to his heart, he forced him to steer for the African coast, and for the port of Cosseir. There, under favour of a mob whom the cry of a son of Aly soon collected round the boat ready for his defence, he disembarked, by forced marches gained Akmim, and from that place plunged into the desert. In a few days he reached the tents of his

former Arab allies. Under their wing he took shelter: the fame of his wonderful escape spread in all directions:—at last it reached Cairo, and the wreck of his party, remaining in that capital, insensibly withdrew, and joined its imperishable leader.

Ismail, on his arrival at Constantinople, had found the Porte too deeply engaged in war with Austria, to involve itself in fresh hostilities with Egypt. Tired of consuming his time in fruitless expectation, and his wealth in unproductive bribes, he at last reimbarked, landed at Derné, and through the Oasis of Sewa, rejoined Hassan near the Cataracts. Either chief had gained too little by deserting the other, not to meet his former rival half way. Common disappointment for this time rivetted the union of the Beys. They agreed to consign to oblivion the past, and for the future never more to abandon each other.

Thus far,—added my Osmanlee,—the engagement has remained inviolate. Three years and more the sturdy veterans have continued to live together in undisturbed possession of Es-Souan, the furthest place in the Saïd, on this side the falls. Too weak to molest the chiefs at Cairo, and too near the confines of Nubia to fear their molestation, they are watched, but are left quiet. All the land on either

side the river, their small district excepted, obeys Ibrahim and Mourad. These chiefs reign uncontrolled at Cairo, and heavy is the yoke which they impose upon the provinces. But it bears alike on every one and therefore appears less galling than the partial miseries of civil war. People pray for an oppression which prevents their being torn limb from limb, in the strife of contending parties."

Here ended the long narration of my Caïreen friend; or rather here end the events he undertook to relate. Almost the same moment concluded his recital and our voyage. Already rose in sight the vast Pyramids to the right, and the castle of Cairo on our left. Each passenger began to collect his parcels: and scarce half an hour more elapsed, ere we cast anchor at Boolak, and stepped ashore. Our little party broke up, and every one of its members went his different way. My new friend and myself walked on together to Cairo.

# NOTES.

## CHAPTER I.

Note.

1. p. 1. *Jubbee*: flowing gown, generally worn in the Levant by men of sedentary habits and professions.

2. p. 2. *Drogueman*: official interpreter employed by Franks in their conferences with the Mohammedans.

3. p. 2. *Agrumi*: Italian denomination used in the Levant for every species of fruit of the orange and lemon kind.

4. & 5, p. 2. *An Ipsariote reis*: or master of a merchant vessel from the Island of Ipsara,

6. p. 4. *Hamal*: the Turkish for a porter.

7. p. 6. *Caloyera*: a nun, as Caloyer means a friar.

8. p. 10. *Moslemin*: a true believer; title assumed by the Mohammedans.

10. p. 10. *Papas*: Greek priest.

11. p. 10. *Panagia*: the All-holy! the Virgin.

12. p. 11. *The Mitre*: the cap of the Greek priesthood.

13. p. 12. *Yaoor*: infidel; word of abuse frequently used by the Turks in reference to Christians.

Note

14. p. 12. *The Russian war:* namely, that which ended in 1774, by the peace of Kainardgee.

15. p. 16. *The slim Perote dress:* that worn by the Greek women of Pera, and of the continental provinces; wholly different from that of the islands.

16. p. 20. *Caravan:* word applied in the Levant to voyages of merchant ships, as well as to land journeys of merchants and goods.

17. p. 24. *Maynote:* native of the Peninsula of Mayno, whose inhabitants are almost all pirates.

18. p. 25. *Capitan-pasha:* Commander in Chief of the Turkish Navy.

19. p. 25. *Arnaoot:* Turkish name given to the Albanians who profess the Mohammedan religion; and form the body guard of many of the Turkish Pashas.

20. p. 25. *Caravellas:* frigates.

## CHAPTER II.

1. p. 27. *Codgea-bashees:* heads of the Greek communities, accountable to the Turkish governors for the contribution imposed upon their districts.

2. p. 28. *Lacedemon and Christianopolis:* two Greek

Note

bishopricks in the Morea, thus denominated.

3. p. 30. *Rayahs:* subjects of the Porte, not Mohammedan, who pay the capitation tax; such as Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Gipsies.

4. p. 30. *Grand Visier.* All Pashas, before whom are carried the three horse-tails, have the title of Visier: but the head of that distinguished body, the lieutenant of the Grand Signor, who represents him in his councils, and commands his armies, is called by the Turks Vezir Azem, by the Franks Grand Visier,

5. p. 33. *Waywode:* Turkish farmer of the revenue of a district.

6. p. 34. *Haratch tickets:* vouchers for the payment of the haratch or poll-tax, due by all rayahs

7. p. 35. *Cadee:* Turkish judge.

8. p. 42. *Taooshan:* hare: epithet given to the Greek islanders.

9. p. 42. *Fanar:* district of Constantinople, where chiefly reside the Greeks of the higher class.

## CHAPTER III.

Note

1. p. 44. *Tergiuman:* the Turkish for Drogueman.
2. p. 44. *Benish:* cloth vestment worn over the jubbee on occasions of ceremony.
3. p. 44. *Calpack:* cap worn by rayahs.
4. p. 44. *Tshawooshes:* ushers and messengers of men in office.
5. p. 50. *Cafedgee:* The servant who in Greek and Turkish houses hands round the coffee.
6. p. 53. *Osmanlee:* follower of Osman or Othman, the founder of the Turkish Empire; epithet which sounds as agreeable to its bearers, as the name of Turks is offensive to them.
7. p. 54. *Spahee:* Turkish holder of a military fief, in virtue of which he is obliged to join, the army, mounted at his own expense.
8. p. 55. *Yatagan*: Turkish sabre, worn in the belt or sash.
9. p. 60. *The head, &c.* it is customary among the Turks after a battle to give a reward for every head of an enemy that is brought to the commander.
10. p. 62. *The difference between Kyrie-eleïson and Allah Illah Allah:* Greek and Mohammedan forms of prayer or invocation to the Supreme Being.

Note

11. p. 65. *Kehaya:* official agent of a public personage in Turkey.
12. p. 65. *Roumili:* the Greeks of the lower Empire affected to call themselves Romans, their language the Romaïc, and their country Romania, which the Turks have changed into Roumili.
13. p. 65. *Moohassil:* a governor of a province, inferior in rank and power to a Pasha.
14. p. 66. *Stambool:* the Turkish corruption of the Greek εἰς την πολιν, pronounced by them ees teen bolin; and used to denote their going to the City κατ' ἐξοχὴν.
15. p. 68. *Shaksheer:* ample breeches made of cloth.
16. p. 70. The *Boghaz:* generic Turkish name for streights; here applied to those of the Dardanelles.
17. p. 71. *Didaskalos:* a teacher.
18. p. 72. *Three entirely different Cities:* namely Constantinople, Galata, and Scutari.

## CHAPTER IV.

1. p. 73. *Caïck:* light wherry of a most elegant shape plying about the quays of Constantinople.
2. p. 73. *A house of dark and dingy hue, crumbling to pieces with age and neglect.* The former circumstance being in consequence of the sumptuary laws imposed by the Turks

Note

upon the Greeks; the latter in consequence of the Greeks often affecting poverty in order to avoid being heavily taxed by their tyrants.

3. p. 75. *A Mamluke*: name given among Mohammedans to such white slaves as are destined to be gradually promoted to offices of importance within doors and without.

4. p. 76. *Frank philosophers:* all Europeans not rayahs, and therefore considered as strangers in Turkey, are called Franks or Franguee, their country Franguestan, and the corrupt idiom composed of their various languages, current along the Mohammedan shores of the Mediterranean: lingua Franca.

5. p. 76. *Purses:* denomination for a sum of five hundred piastres.

6. p. 76. *Tchartchees and Bezesteens:* places in Turkish cities, distinct from the habitations of the merchants, in which they keep and sell their wares.

7. p. 78. *Harem:* The Turkish name for the apartment of the women: Seraglio or Seraï, meaning palace in general.

8. p. 78. *Therapiah:* one of the villages on the Bosphorus, which the Greeks of quality make their country residences.

Note

9\. p. 79. *The Bostandgee-bashee:* officer who acts as ranger of the Sultan's demesne, and superintends the police of the waters about Constantinople.

10\. p. 80. *Tandoor:* a square table placed in the angle of the sofa, with a brazier underneath and a rich counterpane over it, under which, in Greek houses, in cold weather, the company creep close to each other.

11\. p. 81. *Bab-Humayoon:* the imperial gate or principal entrance of the Sultan's palace at Constantinople.

12\. p. 81. *Feridjee:* cloth capote worn out of doors by the Greek and Turkish women of Constantinople.

13\. p. 81. *Archons:* denomination assumed by the principal Greeks.

14\. p. 81. *Spatar:* sword bearer; one of the principal officers at the courts of the Hospodars of Moldavia and Valachia, which are formed on the model of the ancient Greek court of Constantinople.

15\. p. 81. *Slipper money of the Sultanas:* in Turkish Peshmalik. Equivalent to our pin-money.

16\. p. 81. *Reïs Effendee:* the Turkish Secretary of State for foreign affairs.

Note

17. p. 81. *Pounding the grand Mufti in a mortar:* according to the ancient mode of capital punishment inflicted on the heads of the law, whose blood it was deemed irreverend to shed.

18. p. 86. *Caleondjees:* marines, from Caleon, a galley.

19. p. 86. *Romaïc:* the modern Greek: as Hellenic means the ancient Greek.

20. p. 88. *The Holy Mountain:* mount Athos; that beautiful promontory, now occupied by twenty-two Greek convents.

21. p. 94. *Kiad-hané:* beautiful Promenade near Constantinople, called by the Franks Les Eaux douces.

## CHAPTER V.

1. p. 100. *Galata:* suburb divided from Constantinople by the harbour; and occupying the base of the hill of which Pera crowns the summit.

2. p. 100. *Para:* a small Turkish coin.

3. p. 104. *The anteree:* part of the long dress of men of sedentary professions.

4. p. 105. *Sultan-Bayezid:* one of the Imperial Mosques at Constantinople, near which is held the market of second hand apparel.

Note

5. p. 105. *Hash-keui:* suburb of Constantinople, where the Jews live.

6. p. 106. *Furred cap:* which the Droguemen wear when in *fiocchi*, and the physicians at all times.

7. p. 107. *Lahse jacket:* the Lahses or inhabitants of the northern shores of Asia minor are chiefly employed at Constantinople in garden work.

8. p. 107. *Lorenzo:* namely Nucciolo; a Raguseen; physician to Abd-ooi Hameed.

9. p. 108. *Hekim-bashee:* chief of the College of Physicians.

10. p. 110. *Blacquernes:* a remote district of Constantinople.

11. p. 111. *A Beglier-bey:* or Bey of Beys; title given to the Pashas of Roumili and of Anadoly.

12. p. 112. *Moonedjim:* astrologer.

13. p. 112. *Backtche-Capoossee:* the garden gate; one of the gates of Constantinople.

14. p. 115. *Bagnio:* the vast enclosure near the Arsenal, which serves as a prison to the Christian captives, and the Turkish and Rayah criminals.

Note

## CHAPTER VI.

1. p. 127 This description of the plague is conformable to the form in which Greek superstition embodies that disease.

2. p. 131. *Islamism*: the true belief according to the Mohammedan doctrine,

3. p. 131. *Namaz*: the chief prayer of the Mohammedans.

## CHAPTER VII.

1. p. 134. *Proësti*: the Greek primate of a district.

2. p. 138. *A seven years ague*: the liberal wish of an enemy in a country replete with *mal aria.*

3. p. 139. *Hydriote*: from the island of Hydra; chiefly inhabited by sailors and ship-owners, who, at the beginning of the revolution, when France was shut out from the Baltic, supplied her with corn from the Archipelago.

4. p. 140. *Tophana*: the cannon foundery, which gives its name to a handsome quay near Galata.

5. p. 140. *Kiebabs*: mutton steaks, sold in the cook-shops at Constantinople.

6. p. 140. *Stambool Effendee*: inspector of the police of the Capital.

7. p. 141. *My cries of "Aman*:" of mercy or pardon.

Note

8. p. 143. *My forehead used to be studded with gold coins:* Turkish mode of rewarding public dancers and singers.

9. p. 144. *The Mewlewi Derwishes:* sort of Turkish friars who in their devout exercises twirl round in their Tekkie or Chapel, like tops.

10. p. 147. *Yaoort:* a sort of Turkish cream cheese.

11. p. 150. *The solemn ceremony*; still in use in Albania and along the eastern shore of the Adriatic.

## CHAPTER VIII.

1. p. 156. *Hoshab:* a beverage made of fruit of various sorts.

2. p. 160. *St. Demetrius:* remote suburb of Constantinople, where the Greeks have an hospital.

3. p. 162. *Araba:* Turkish waggon.

4. p. 162. *Tartar:* the Mohammedan messengers and couriers, in the service of the Porte and the foreign ministers at Constantinople, are called Tartars, as the gate porters of the French nobility used to be called *Suisses*, from their original extraction.

5. p. 163. *Sultana's husbands:* the Sultan's sisters and daughters — whom consequently

Note

he cannot espouse—are alone called Sultanas: his wives or concubines never assume that title, which belongs exclusively to the Imperial blood.

6. p. 164. *Internuncio:* title given to the Austrian Minister at Constantinople, in order to avoid conflicts of etiquette. Baron Herbert Rathkeal was equally venerated by Turks and by Christians.

7. p. 164. *Envoy of Sweden:* Mouradgea d'Ohson; an Armenian by birth, originally Drogueman to the Swedish mission; and author of a celebrated work on the Otthoman Empire.

8. p. 165. Anastasius sometimes spells Frank names as incorrectly as probably his editor spells his Turkish names; on enquiry I find that of the gentleman in question to be: Vanden Dedem tot Gelder.

9. p. 166. *Kislar-Aga:* chief of the black eunuchs: a personage of vast power and patronage in the Turkish Empire; as he has the administration of all the religious foundations, of which the revenues are immense.

10. p. 167. *Shaksheer:* the folds of this nether garment are so ample as to make it look like a petticoat.

11. p. 172. *Handjar:* Turkish poniard.

Note

12. p. 174. *Emir:* or Shereef: names given to the descendants of Mohammed's daughter, who in every city of the Empire have their own distinct tribunals, and the exclusive privilege of wearing turbans of the prophet's favorite color, green; with which it would be a profanation to adorn an inferior part of the body.

## CHAPTER IX.

1. p. 179. *Berath:* Foreign Ministers being often obliged to employ rayahs as their domestics, originally obtained for them regular patents of exemption from the jurisdiction of the Porte, which they now find it more profitable to sell to rayahs not their servants.
2. p. 197. *Djamee*: name given to the mosques founded by Sultans.
3. p. 197. *The Mihrab:* or altar.

## CHAPTER X.

1. p. 201. *Extended no farther than his nose.—Il ne voyoit pas plus loin que son nez:* was the proverbial expression used in the French original.
2. p. 206. *Scheyis:* the two principal sects among the Mohammedans are the Sunnees and the Scheyis; and as the difference between

Note

them is small, so is the hatred proportionably intense. The Turks are all Sunnees, the Persians all Scheyis: the former are more fanatical, and the latter more superstitious.

3. p. 206. *Pretty faces:* the Persians admit representations of human figures in their books of poetry, which the Turks hold in abhorrence.

4. p. 206. *The bridge Seerath:* over which the souls of the elect glide into heaven; while those of the damned tumble from it into hell.

5. p. 207. *Three hundred and sixty days in the year:* the Mohammedan months are lunar.

6. p. 207. *Devas:* the Mohammedan spirits that guard subterraneous treasures.

7. p. 207. *Hafeez:* holy, but in a less degree than the Wely or saint.

8. p. 207. *Reekath:* a division of the Mohammedan prayer.

9. p. 207. *Karagheuz:* black-eyes; the principal personage in a Turkish puppet show resembling the Ombres Chinoises.

10. p. 207. *Ramadan:* or Ramazan: the month during which the Mohammedans fast all day and feast all night. While the sun remains above the horizon they dare not even refresh themselves with a drop of water or a whif of tobacco.

Note

11. p. 208. *Moollah:* generic name for the doctors of law, who according to the Mohammedan system are doctors of divinity; in as far as the Mohammedan law is entirely founded on the Koran.

## CHAPTER XI.

1. p. 216. *Top Capoussee:* cannon gate: one of the gates of Constantinople.
2. p. 216. *Zeeameth:* military fief of those which ought to supply the regular cavalry of the Otthoman Empire, but by a frequent abuse pass into the hands of women or children, who find substitutes.
3. p. 217. *Sharp stirrups:* which with the Turks perform the office of spurs.
4. p. 218. *Bernoos:* cloak worn by the Barbaresques, by the navy, and by those who adopt the short dress.
5. p. 219. *Illuminated Coffee-houses:* which form part of the nocturnal festivities of the Ramadan.

5* p. 220. *The same festival:* outside the Top Capousse there is a holy well much resorted to by the Greeks on the day of St. George's festival.

Note

6. p. 221. *Candiote Turks:* reckoned peculiarly brave and dashing, though often intermarrying with Greek women, whom they suffer to retain their religion.

7. p. 226. *Mekkiemé:* Turkish hall of justice.

8. p. 226. *Naïb:* the Cadee's clerk.

9. p. 227. *The boiled wheat:* or Colyva, distributed by the Greeks at burials.

10. p. 228. *Moirai:* The Fates, who in some of the Greek islands are still worshipped with superstitious rites.

11. p. 229. *Djereed:* a staff, which the Turks make it one of their favourite sports to fling at each other with prodigious force on horseback.

12. p. 230. *Oc-Meidan* and *Hippodrome.* The first the place of arrows, the latter, still called by the Turks At-Meidan, or the place of horses.

13. p. 231. *Theriakee Tchartchee:* place where the lovers of opium used to resort. On one side of it rises the superb Mosque built by Suleiman the 3d; and in front stands the hospital for insane persons.

14. p. 232. *Madjoon:* Turkish name for opium.

15. p. 232. *With outstretched hands:* the Greeks still utter their imprecations with outstretched hands and fingers.

Note

## CHAPTER XII.

1. p. 236. *The arches of Backtché Keui* : magnificent aqueduct near the village of that name, built under the Greek emperors, in the pointed style, and which still supplies Constantinople abundantly with water.
2. p. 236. *Eblis* : his satanic majesty.
3. p. 236. *Caravokeiri* : master of a merchant vessel.
4. p. 239. *Sacoleva* . small merchant ship.
5. p. 240. *Muezzeem* : person who among the Turks cries the hour of prayer from the top of the minarets. Sultan Achmet is a magnificent Mosque at Constantinople, built by that sovereign, and the only one which has six minarets.
6. p. 247. *Palikaria* : my brave fellows!
7. p. 248. *Ihram* : a small floor carpet, used chiefly by the Turks for prayers.
8. p. 251. *Tchibouklee and Sultanieh* : the former a beautiful village, the latter a delightful valley, on the Asiatic shore opposite Constantinople.
9. p. 251. *Kleidon Rysika* ; the game of drawing lots by means of keys.
10. p. 251. *Paramana* : nurse.

11. and 12. p. 251. It is the custom among the Greek Islanders to preserve the broken vessels

Note

of a twelvemonth, in order to throw them away in a single heap at Christmas.

13. p. 255. *The ceaseless grinding of the water wheel*: used in the gardens of Chio to irrigate the numerous plantations of orange trees.

## CHAPTER XIII.

1. p. 261. *The gesture of Anathema*: directing the outstretched hands and fingers towards the object of imprecation.

2. p. 261. *With the moisture of my lips*: the mode in which the Greeks think to avert the influence of the evil eye or other ominous circumstances.

3. p. 267. *With the purple of my own blood I sign, &c.*: alluding, I suppose, to the custom of the Greek emperors of signing their name with purple.

4. p. 268. *Epitrope*; primate of a Greek community:

5. p. 269. *Avaniah*: name given to a contribution imposed by Turks on rayahs, on some unfounded pretence.

6. p. 274. *Moiro logistri*: the hired female who in some of the Greek islands still follows a funeral, singing the praises, and bewailing the loss of the deceased.

7. p. 277. Inserted by mistake.

Note

8. p. 278. *Kirlangitsch*: properly a swallow; a Turkish sloop of war.

## CHAPTER XIV.

1. p. 281. *Terzhana*: the Admiralty.
2. p. 284. *Speciote*: from the island of Specia.
3. p. 287. *Spachia*: district on the coast of Crete, forming the dower of one of the Sultanas, and whose inhabitants combine the pastoral and piratical life.
4. p. 288. *Malkiané*: fief of the nature of an *Appanage.*
5. p. 299. *A Goule*: ghost of a deceased person, such as the Mohammedans fancy to haunt burying places, and there to hold converse with witches and sorcerers.

## CHAPTER XV.

1. p. 310. *Okkal*: name for an inn or caravan seraï, in Egypt.
2. p. 312. *Raschid*: Rosetta.
3. p. 312. *Rakie*: an ardent spirit.
3* p. 315. *Djerms*: small country vessels.
4. p. 320. The *Mawgarbees*: men from Garbieh, or the West; name given to the Barbaresques.
5. p. 322. *Maash*: covered passage boats that sail up and down the Nile.

Note

6. p. 322. *Schaich-el-belled*: chief of the country, or rather land; title given alike to the chief of the whole body of Beys of Egypt and to the chief among the notables of a small district.

6. p. 325. *Aoalis*: plural for Almé; public female singers.

7. p. 325. '*[illegible]*:' female public dancer.

## CHAPTER XVI.

1. p. 334. (Printed by mistake 4) *Gurgistan*, Georgia

5. p. 334. *Kiashef*: an officer commanding part of a province under a Bey, though like the title of Bey, that of Kiashef is often merely honorary.

6. p. 347. *The jar*: an earthen vessel, which, in one of their martial sports the Mamlukes try to hit.

7. p. 349. *From terrace to terrace*: the houses at Cairo are all flat roofed; and each peculiar district of the city is separated from the neighbouring ones, by its particular gate, which is kept shut at night.

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London: Printed by W. Bulmer and Co.
Cleveland-row, St. James's.